

THE
W O R K S
OF THE
P O E T S
OF
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.
WITH
P R E F A C E S
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH,

CONTAINING,

MOORE,
CAWTHORNE,
COLLINS,
DYER,

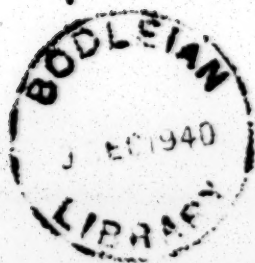
SHENSTONE,
MALLET,
AKENSIDE,
GRAY,

LITTLETON,
AND
GAY.

D U B L I N :

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1801.



THE
ENGLISH POETS.

THE
POEMS OF EDWARD MOORE.

THE
DISCOVERY:
AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY PELHAM.

—Vir bonus est quis?

HOR.

I.
TAKE wing, my muse! from shore to shore
Fly, and that happy place explore
Where Virtue deigns to dwell;
If yet she treads on British ground,
Where can the fugitive be found,
In city, court, or cell?

II.
Not there, where wine and frantic mirth
Unite the sensual sons of earth
In Pleasure's thoughtless train;
Nor yet where sanctity's a show,
Where souls nor joy nor pity know
For human bliss or pain.

III.
Her social heart alike disowns
The race, who shunning crowds and thrones,
In shades sequester'd doze;
Whose sloth no generous care can wake,
Who rot like weeds on Lethe's lake,
In senseless, vile repose.

IV.
With these she shuns the factious tribe,
Who spurn the yet unoffer'd bribe,
And at corruption lour;
Waiting till Discord Havock cries,
In hopes, like Catiline, to rise
On anarchy to pow'r!

V.
Ye Wits, who boast from ancient times,
A right divine to scourge our crimes,
Is it with you she rests?
No. Int'rest, slander are your views,
And Virtue now, with every muse,
Flies your unhallow'd breasts.

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VI.
There was a time, I heard her say,
Ere females were seduc'd by play,
When Beauty was her throne;
But now, where dwelt the Soft Desires,
The Furies light forbidden fires,
To Love and Her unknown.

VII.
From these th' indignant goddess flies,
And where the spires of Science rise,
A while suspends her wing;
But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
And Faction tainting all the air,
And pois'ning every spring.

VIII.
Long through the sky's wide pathless way
The muse observ'd the wand'rer stray,
And mark'd her last retreat;
O'er Surrey's barren heaths she flew,
Descending like the silent dew
On Esther's peaceful feat.

IX.
There she beholds the gentle Mole
His pensive waters calmly roll,
Amidst Elysian ground:
There through the windings of the grove
She leads her family of Love,
And strews her sweets around.

X.
I hear her bid the Daughters fair
Off to yon gloomy grot repair,
Her secret steps to meet;
Nor Thou, she cries, these shades forsake,
But come, lov'd Confort, come and make
The husband's bliss complete.

XI.
Yet not too much the soothing ease
Of rural indolence shall please
My Pelham's ardent breast;
The man whom Virtue calls her own
Must stand the pillar of a throne,
And make a nation blest.

XII.

Pelham! 'tis thine with temp'rate zeal
To guard Britannia's public weal,
Attack'd on every part:
Her fatal discords to compose,
Unite her friends, disarm her foes,
Demands thy head and heart.

XIII.

When bold Rebellion shook the land,
Ere yet from William's dauntless hand
Her barbarous army fled;
When valour droop'd, and Wisdom fear'd,
Thy voice expiring Credit heard,
And rais'd her languid head.

XIV.

Now by thy strong assisting hand,
Fix'd on a rock I see her stand,
Against whose solid feet,
In vain, through every future age,
The loudest, most tempestuous rage
Of angry war shall beat.

XV.

And grieve not if the sons of Strife
Attempt to cloud thy spotless life,
And shade its brightest scenes;
Wretches, by kindness unobdu'd,
Who see, who share the common good,
Yet cavil at the means.

XVI.

Like these, the metaphysic crew,
Proud to be singular and new,
Think all they see deceit;
Are warm'd and cherish'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heav'nly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

THE
T R I A L
OF
SELIM THE PERSIAN*,
FOR DIVERS
HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS.

THE court was met; the pris'ner brought;
The counsel with instructions fraught;
And evidence prepar'd at large,
On oath, to vindicate the charge.

But first 'tis meet, where form denies
Poetic helps of fancy'd lies,
Gay metaphors, and figures fine,
And similes to deck the line;
'Tis meet (as we before have said)
To call description to our aid.

Begin we then (as first 'tis fitting)
With the three Chiefs in judgment sitting.
Above the rest, and in the chair,
Sat Faction with dissembled air;
Her tongue was skill'd in specious lies,
And murmurs, whence dissensions rise;

* George Lyttelton, Esq. afterwards Lord Lyttelton.
The Persian Letters of this nobleman were written
under the character of Selim, which occasioned Mr.
Moore to give him the same name in this poem.

A smiling mask her features veil'd,
Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd;
With study'd blandishments she bow'd,
And drew the captivated crowd.
The next in place, and on the right,
Sat Envy, hideous to the sight;
Her snaky locks, her hollow eyes,
And haggard form forbade disguise;
Pale discontent and sullen hate
Upon her wrinkled forehead sat;
Her left-hand, clench'd, her cheek sustain'd,
Her right (with many a murder stain'd)
A dagger clutch'd, in act to strike,
With starts of rage, and aim oblique.

Last on the left was Clamour seen,
Of stature vast, and horrid mien;
With bloated cheeks, and frantic eyes,
She sent her yellings to the skies;
Prepar'd with trumpet in her hand,
To blow sedition o'er the land.

With these, four more of lesser fame,
And humbler rank, attendant came;
Hypocrisy with smiling grace,
And Impudence with brazen face,
Contention bold, with iron lungs,
And Slander with her hundred tongues.

The walls in sculptur'd tale were rich,
And statues proud (in many a niche)
Of chiefs, who fought in Faction's cause,
And perish'd for contempt of laws.
The roof in vary'd light and shade,
The seat of Anarchy display'd.
Triumphant o'er a falling throne
(By emblematic figures known)
Confusion rag'd, and Lust obscene,
And Riot with distemper'd mien,
And Outrage bold, and Mischief dire,
And Devastation clad in fire.
Prone on the ground a martial maid
Expiring lay, and groan'd for aid:
Her shield with many a stab was pierc'd,
Her laurels torn, her spear revers'd;
And near her, crouch'd amidst the spoils,
A lion panted in the toils.

With look compos'd the pris'ner stood,
And modest pride. By turns he view'd
The court, the counsel, and the crowd,
And with submissive rev'rence bow'd.

Proceed we now, in humbler strains,
And lighter rhymes, with what remains.

Th' indictment grievously set forth,
That Selim, lost to patriot worth,
(In company with one Will Pitt*,
And many more, not taken yet)
In Forty-five, the royal palace†
Did enter, and to shame grown callous,
Did then and there his faith forsake,
And did accept, receive, and take,
With mischievous intent and base,
Value unknown, a certain place.

He was a second time indicted,
For that, by evil zeal excited,
With learning more than layman's share,
(Which parsons want, and he might spare)

* Afterwards Earl of Chatham.

† Mr. Lyttelton was appointed a Lord of the
Treasury 25th Dec. 1744.

In Letter to one Gilbert West,*
He, the said Selim, did attest,
Maintain, support, and make assertion
Of certain points, from Paul's conversion,
By means whereof the said apostle
Did many an unbeliever jostle,
Starting unfashionable fancies,
And building truths on known romances.

A third charge ran, that knowing well
Wits only eat as pamphlets sell,
He, the said Selim, notwithstanding,
Did fall to answ'ring, shaming, branding
Three curious Letters to the Whigs†;‡
Making no reader care three figs
For any facts contain'd therein;
By which uncharitable sin
An author, modest and deserving,
Was destin'd to contempt and starving;
Against the king, his crown and peace,
And all the statutes in that case.

The pleader rose with brief full charg'd,
And on the pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd—
But not to damp the Muse's fire
With rhet'ric, such as courts require,
We'll try to keep the reader warm,
And sift the matter from the form.
Virtue and social love, he said,
And honour from the land were fled;
That patriots now, like other folks,
Were made the but of vulgar jokes;
While Opposition dropp'd her crest,
And courted pow'r for wealth and rest.
Why some folks laugh'd, and some folks rail'd,
Why some submitted, some assail'd,
Angry or pleas'd—all solv'd the doubt
With who were in, and who were out.
The sons of Clamour grew so sickly,
They look'd for dissolution quickly;
Their Weekly Journals, finely written,
Were sunk in privies all besh—n;
Old-England †, and the London-Evening,
Hardly a soul was found believing in;
And Caleb ‖, once so bold and strong,
Was stupid now, and always wrong.

Ask ye whence rose this foul disgrace?
Why Selim has receiv'd a place,
And thereby brought the cause to shame;
Proving that People, void of blame,
Might serve their country and their king,
By making both the self-same thing:
By which the credulous believ'd,
And others (by strange arts deceiv'd)
That Ministers were sometimes right,
And meant not to destroy us quite.

That bart'ring thus in state affairs,
He next must deal in sacred wares,
The clergy's rights divine invade,
And smuggle in the gospel-trade;

* Entitled, "Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul. In a Letter to Gilbert West, Esq." 8vo. 1747.

† Entitled, "Three Letters to the Whigs; occasioned by the Letter to the Tories." 8vo. 1748.

‡ An Opposition Paper at that time published, in which Mr. Lyttelton was frequently abused.

‖ Caleb D'Anvers, the name assumed by the writers of the Craftsman.

And all this zeal to re-instate
Exploded notions, out of date;
Sending old rakes to church in shoals,
Like children, sniv'ling for their souls;
And ladies gay, from smut and libels,
To learn beliefs, and read their bibles;
Erecting conscience for a tutor,
To damn the present by the future:
As if to evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal;
When all of human life we know
Is care, and bitterness, and woe,
With short transitions of delight,
To set the shatter'd spirits right.
Then why such mighty pains and care,
To make us humbler than we are?
Forbidding short-liv'd mirth and laughter,
By fears of what may come hereafter?
Better in ignorance to dwell;
None fear, but who believe a hell;
And if there should be one, no doubt,
Men of themselves would find it out.

But Selim's crimes, he said, went further,
And barely stopp'd on this side murder;
One yet remain'd to close the charge,
To which (with leave) he'd speak at large,
And, first, 'twas needful to premise,
That though so long (for reasons wise)
The press inviolate had stood,
Productive of the public good;
Yet still, too modest to abuse,
It rail'd at vice, but told not whose.
That great improvements, of late days,
Were made, to many an author's praise,
Who, not so scrupulously nice,
Proclaim'd the person with the vice;
Or gave, where vices might be wanted,
The name, and took the rest for granted.
Upon this plan, a Champion* rose,
Unrighteous greatness to oppose,
Proving the man "inventus non est,"
Who trades in pow'r, and still is honest;
And (God be prais'd) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain junto soundly.
But chief his anger was directed,
Where people least of all suspected;
And Selim, not so strong as tail,
Beneath his grasp appear'd to fall.
But Innocence (as people say)
Stood by, and sav'd him in the fray.
By her assisted, and one Truth,
A busy, prating, forward youth,
He rally'd all his strength anew,
And at the foe a Letter threw†:
His weakest part the weapon found,
And brought him senseless to the ground.
Hence Opposition fled the field,
And Ignorance with her seven-fold shield;
And well they might, for (things weigh'd fully)
The pris'ner with his Whore and Bully,
Must prove for every foe too hard,
Who never fought with such a guard.
But Truth and Innocence, he said,
Would stand him here in little stead;

* Author of the Letters to the Whigs.

† Probably, "A Congratulatory Letter to Selim on the Letters to the Whigs." 8vo. 1748.

For they had evidence on oath,
That would appear too hard for both.

Of witnesses a fearful train
Came next, th' indictments to sustain;
Detraction, Hatred, and Distrust,
And Party, of all foes the worst,
Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,
And Disappointment worn with grief,
Dishonour foul, unaw'd by shame,
And every fiend that Vice can name.
All these in ample form depos'd,
Each fact the triple charge disclos'd,
With taunts and gibes of bitter sort,
And asking vengeance from the court.

The pris'ner said in his defence,
That he indeed had small pretence
To soften facts so deeply sworn,
But would for his offences mourn;
Yet more he hop'd than bare repentance
Might still be urg'd to ward the sentence.
That he had held a place some years,
He own'd with penitence and tears,
But took it not from motives base,
Th' indictment there mistook the case;
And though he had betray'd his trust
In being to his country just,
Neglecting Faction and her friends,
He did it not for wicked ends,
But that complaints and feuds might cease,
And jarring parties mix in peace.

That what he wrote to Gilbert West,
Bore hard against him, he confess'd;
Yet there they wrong'd him; for the fact is,
He reason'd for Belief, not Practice;
And People might believe, he thought,
Though Practice might be deemed a fault.
He either dreamt it, or was told,
Religion was rever'd of old,
That it gave breeding no offence,
And was no foe to wit and sense;
But whether this was truth, or whim,
He would not say; the doubt with him
(And no great harm he hop'd) was, how
Th' enlighten'd world would take it now:
If they admitted it, 'twas well;
If not, he never talk'd of hell;
Nor even hop'd to change men's measures,
Or frighten ladies from their pleasures.
One accusation, he confess'd,
Had touch'd him more than all the rest;
Three Patriot-Letters, high in fame,
By him o'erthrown, and brought to shame.
And though it was a rule in vogue,
If one man call'd another rogue,
The party injur'd might reply,
And on his foe retort the lie;
Yet what accru'd from all his labour,
But foul dishonour to his neighbour?
And he's a most unchristian elf,
Who others damns to save himself.
Besides, as all men knew, he said,
Those Letters only rail'd for bread;
And hunger was a known excuse
For prostitution and abuse:
A guinea, properly apply'd,
Had made the Writer change his side;
He wish'd he had not cut and cur'd him,
And own'd, he should have bought, not starv'd him.

The court, he said, knew all the rest,
And must proceed as they thought best;
Only he hop'd such resignation
Would plead some little mitigation;
And if his character was clear
From other faults (and friends were near,
Who would, when call'd upon, attest it)
He did in humblest form request it,
To be from punishment exempt,
And only suffer their contempt.

The pris'ner's friends their claim preferr'd,
In turn demanding to be heard.
Integrity and Honour swore,
Benevolence, and twenty more,
That he was always of their party,
And that they knew him firm and hearty.
Religion, sober dame, attended,
And, as she could, his cause befriended.
She said, 'twas since he came from college,
She knew him introduc'd by Knowledge;
The man was modest and sincere,
Nor farther could she interfere.
The muses begg'd to interpose;
But Envy with loud hissings rose,
And call'd them women of ill fame,
Liars, and prostitutes to shame;
And said, to all the world 'twas known,
Selim had had them every one.
The pris'ner blush'd, the Muses frown'd,
When silence was proclaim'd around,
And Faction rising with the rest,
In form the pris'ner thus address'd.

You, Selim, thrice have been indicted:
First, that by wicked pride excited,
And bent your country to disgrace,
You have receiv'd, and held a Place;
Next, Infidelity to wound,
You've dar'd, with arguments profound,
To drive Freethinking to a stand,
And with Religion vex the land:
And lastly in contempt of right,
With horrid and unnat'ral spite,
You have an Author's fame o'erthrown,
Thereby to build and fence your own.

These crimes successive, on your trial,
Have met with proofs beyond denial;
To which yourself, with shame, conceded,
And but in mitigation pleaded.
Yet that the justice of the court
May suffer not in men's report,
Judgment a moment I suspend,
To reason as from friend to friend.

And first, that You, of all mankind,
With Kings and Courts should stain your mind!
You! who were Opposition's lord!
Her nerves, her sinews, and her sword!
That You at last, for servile ends,
Should wound the bowels of her friends!
Is aggravation of offence,
That leaves for mercy no pretence.
Yet more——For You to urge your hate,
And back the Church, to aid the State!
For You to publish such a Letter!
You! who have known Religion better!
For You, I say, to introduce
The fraud again!—there's no excuse.
And last of all, to crown your shame,
Was it for You to load with blame

The writings of a Patriot-Youth,
And summon Innocence and Truth
To prop your cause?—Was this for You?—
But Justice does your crimes pursue;
And sentence now alone remains,
Which thus, by Me, the court ordains:

“That you return from whence you came,
“There to be stript of all your fame
“By vulgar hands; That once a week
“Old-England pinch you till you squeak;
“That ribbald Pamphlets do pursue you,
“And lies and murmurs, to undo you.
“With every foe that Worth procures,
“And only Virtue's friends be Yours.”

O D E
TO
G A R R I C K,
UPON
THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

“When I said I would die a batchelor, I did not
“think I should live till I were married.”

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I.

NO, no; the left-hand box, in blue;
There! don't you see her?—“See her! Who?”
Nay, hang me if I tell.
There's Garrick in the music-box!
Watch but his eyes; see there—“O pox?”
“Your servant, Ma'moiselle!”

II.

But tell me, David, is it true?
Lord help us! what will some folks do?
How will they curse this stranger!
What! fairly taken in for life!
A sober, serious, wedded wife!
O fie upon you, Ranger!

III.

The clergy too have join'd the chat;
“A papist!—Has he thought of that?”
“Or means he to convert her?”
Troth, boy, unless your zeal be stout,
The nymph may turn Your faith about,
By arguments experter.

IV.

The ladies, pale and out of breath,
Wild as the witches in Macbeth,
Ask if the “deed be done!”
O, David! listen to my lay!
I'll prophesy the things they'll say;
For tongues, you know, will run.

V.

“And pray, what other news d' ye hear?
“Marry'd!—But don't you think, my dear,
“He's growing out of fashion?
“People may fancy what they will,
“But Quin's the only actor still,
“To touch the tender passion.

VI.

“Nay, madam, did you mind, last night,
“His Archer? Not a line on't right!
“I thought I heard some hisses.
“Good God! if Billy Mills, thought I,
“Or Eilly Havard would but try,
“They'd beat him all to pieces.

VII.

“'Twas prudent though to drop his Bayes—
“And (entre nous) the Laureat says,
“He hopes he'll give up Richard.
“But then it tickles me to see,
“In Hastings, such a shrimp as he
“Attempt to ravish Pritchard.

VIII.

“The fellow pleased me well enough
“In—what d'ye call it? Hoadley's stuff;
“There's something there like nature:
“Just so, in life, he runs about,
“Plays at bo-peep, now in, now out,
“But hurts no mortal creature.

IX.

“And then there's Belmont, to be sure—
“O ho! my gentle Neddy Moore!
“How does my good lord-mayor?
“And have you left Cheapside, my dear!
“And will you write again next year,
“To shew your fav'rite player?

X.

“But Merope, we own, is fine,
“Eumenes charms in every line;
“How prettily he vapours!
“So gay his drefs, so young his look,
“One would have sworn 'twas Mr. Cook,
“Or Mathews, cutting capers.”

XI.

Thus, David, will the ladies flout,
And councils hold at every rout,
To alter all your plays;
Yates shall be Benedict next year,
Macklin be Richard, Tafwell Lear,
And Kitty Clive be Bayes.

XII.

Two parts they readily allow
Are yours; but not one more, they vow;
And thus they close their spite:
You will be Sir John Brute, they say,
A very Sir John Brute all day,
And Fribble all the night.

XIII.

But tell me, fair ones, is it so?
“You all did love him once *,” we know;
What then provokes your gall?
Forbear to rail—I'll tell you why;
Quarrels may come, or madam die,
And then there's hope for all.

XIV.

And now a word or two remains,
Sweet Davy, and I close my strains:
Think well ere you engage;
Vapours and ague-fits may come,
And matrimonial claims at home,
Un-nerve you for the stage.

XV.

But if you find your spirits right,
Your mind at ease, your body tight,
Take her; you can't do better:
A pox upon the rattling Town!
The fops that join to cry her down
Would give their ears to get her.

* Julius Cæsar.

XVI.

Then if her heart be good and kind,
 (And sure that face bespeaks a mind
 As soft as woman's can be)
 You'll grow as constant as a dove,
 And taste the purer sweets of love,
 Unvisited by Ranby.

ENVY AND FORTUNE:

A T A L E.

TO

MRS. GARRICK.

SAYS Envy to Fortune, "Soft, soft, Madam Flirt!
 "Not so fast with your wheel, you'll be down
 in the dirt!"

"Well, and how does your David? Indeed, my dear
 creature,

"You've shewn him a wonderful deal of good-na-
 ture;

"His bags are so full, and such praises his due,

"That the like was ne'er known—and all owing to
 you;

"But why won't you make him quite happy for life,

"And to all you have done add the gift of a wife?"

Says Fortune, and smil'd, "Madam Envy, God
 save ye!"

"But why always sneering at me and poor Davy?

"I own that sometimes, in contempt of all rules,

"I lavish my favours on blockheads and fools;

"But the case is quite different here, I aver it,

"For David ne'er knew me, 'till brought me by
 Merit,

"And yet to convince you—nay, Madam, no hisses—

"Good-manners at least—such behaviour as this
 is—!"

(For mention but Merit, and Envy flies out
 With a hiss and a yell that would silence a rout.

But Fortune went on)—"To convince you, I say,

"That I honour your scheme, I'll about it to day;

"The man shall be marry'd, so pray now be easy,

"And Garrick for once shall do something to please
 ye."

So saying, she rattled her wheel out of sight,
 While Envy walk'd after, and grinn'd with delight.

It seems 'twas a trick that she long had been brewing,
 To marry poor David, and so be his ruin:

For Slander had told her the creature lov'd self,

And car'd not a fig for a soul but himself;

From thence she was sure, had the Devil a daughter,

He'd snap at the girl, so 'twas Fortune that brought
 her:

And then should her temper be fullen or haughty,
 Her flesh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,

"I would fret the poor fellow so out of his reason,
 That Barry and Quin would set fashions next season.

But Fortune, who saw what the Fury design'd,

Resolv'd to get David a wife to his mind:

Yet afraid of herself in a matter so nice,

She visited Prudence, and begg'd her advice.

The nymph shook her head when the business she
 knew,

And said that her female acquaintance were few;

That excepting Miss R * * *—O, yes, there was one,

A friend of that lady's, she visited none;

But the first was too great, and the last was too good,
 And as for the rest, she might get whom she cou'd.

Away hurried Fortune, perplex'd and half mad,
 But her promise was pass'd, and a wife must be had:
 She travers'd the town from one corner to t'other,
 Now knocking at one door, and then at another.
 The girls curtsy'd low as she look'd in their faces,
 And bridled and primm'd with abundance of graces;
 But this was coquettish, and that was a prude,
 One stupid and dull, t'other noisy and rude;
 A third was affected, quite careless a fourth,
 With prate without meaning, and pride without
 worth;

A fifth, and a sixth, and a seventh were such
 As either knew nothing or something too much—
 In short as they pass'd, she to all had objections;
 The gay wanted thought, the good-humour'd affec-
 tions,

The prudent were ugly, the sensible dirty,
 And all of them flirts, from fifteen up to thirty.

When Fortune saw this she began to look silly,
 Yet still she went on till she reach'd Piccadilly;
 But vex'd and fatigu'd, and the night growing late,
 She rested her wheel within Burlington gate.

My lady rose up, as she saw her come in,

"O ho, madam Genius! pray where have you
 been?"

(For her ladyship thought, from so serious an air,
 'Twas Genius come home, for it seems she liv'd
 there.)

But Fortune, not minding her ladyship's blunder,
 And wiping her forehead, cry'd, "Well may you
 wonder

"To see me thus flurry'd;"—then told her the case,
 And sigh'd till her ladyship laugh'd in her face.

"Mighty civil indeed!"—"Come, a truce, says
 my lady,

"A truce with complaints, and perhaps I may
 aid ye.

"I'll shew you a girl that—Here, Martin! go
 tell—

"But she's gone to undress; by-and-by is as well—

"I'll shew you a sight that you'll fancy uncommon,

"Wit, beauty, and goodness, all met in a woman;

"A heart to no folly or mischief inclin'd

"A body all grace, and all sweetness a mind."

"O, pray let me see her," says Fortune, and
 smil'd,

"Do but give her to me, and I'll make her my
 child—

"But who, my dear, who?—for you have not told
 yet"—

"Who indeed, says my lady, if not Violette?

The words were scarce spoke when she enter'd the
 room;

A blush at the stranger still heighten'd her bloom;

So humble her looks were, so mild was her air,

That Fortune, astonish'd, sat mute in her chair.

My lady rose up, and with countenance bland,

"This is Fortune, my dear," and presented her
 hand:

The goddess embrac'd her, and call'd her her own,

And, compliments over, her errand made known.

But how the sweet girl colour'd, flutter'd, and
 trembled,

How oft she said no, and how ill she dissembled;

Or how little David rejoic'd at the news,

And swore, from all others, 'twas her he would chuse;

What methods he try'd, and what arts to prevail;
All these, were they told, would but burden my
tale—

In short, all affairs were so happily carry'd,
That hardly six weeks pass'd away till they marry'd.

But Envy grew sick when the story she heard,
Violette was the girl that of all she most fear'd;
She knew her good-humour, her beauty and sweet-
ness,

Her ease and compliance, her taste and her neatness;
From these she was sure that her man could not
roam,

And must rise on the stage, from contentment at
home:

So on she went hissing, and inwardly curs'd her,
And Garrick next season will certainly burst her.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY PELHAM,
THE
HUMBLE PETITION
OF THE
WORSHIPFUL COMPANY
OF
POETS AND NEWS-WRITERS.

SHEWETH,

THAT your Honour's petitioners (dealers in
rhymes,
And writers of scandal, for mending the times)
By losses in business, and England's well-doing,
Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That these their misfortunes, they humbly con-
ceive,

Arise not from dulness, as some folks believe,
But from rubs in their way which your Honour has
laid,

And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of
their use,

And meant their last breath should go out in abuse;
But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears)
Since your Honour has sat at the helm of affairs,
No party will join them, no faction invite

To heed what they say, or to read what they write;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord are fled,
And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—

In short, public business is so carry'd on,
That their country is sav'd, and the patriots undone.

To perplex them still more, and sure famine to
bring,

(Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting)
If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise,
Your honour regards not, and nobody pays.

YOUR petitioners therefore must humbly intreat
(As the times will allow, and your Honour thinks
meet)

That measures be chang'd, and some cause of com-
plaint

Be immediately furnish'd, to end their restraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.

Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one)
Now the Parliament's rising, and business is done,

That your Honour would please, at this dangerous
crisis,

To take to your bosom a few private vices,
By which your petitioners haply might thrive,
And keep both themselves and Contention alive.

In compassion, good Sir, give them something to
say,

And your Honour's petitioners ever shall pray.

THE
T R I A L
OF
SARAH *, ALIAS SLIM SAL,**
FOR
PRIVATELY STEALING.

THE pris'ner was at large indicted,
For that by thirst of gain excited,

One day in July last, at tea,
And in the house of Mrs. P.

From the left breast of E. M. gent.
With base felonious intent,
Did then and there a heart with strings,
Rest, quiet, peace, and other things,
Steal, rob and plunder; and all them
The chattels of the said E. M.

The prosecutor swore, last May
(The month he knew, but not the day)
He left his friends in town, and went
Upon a visit down in Kent:
That staying there a month or two,
He spent his time as others do,
In riding, walking, fishing, swimming;
But being much inclin'd to women,
And young and wild, and no great reasoner,
He got acquainted with the prisoner.
He own'd, 'twas rumour'd in those parts
That she 'ad a trick of stealing hearts,
And from fifteen to twenty-two,
Had made the devil and all to do:
But Mr. W. the vicar,

(And no man brews you better liquor)
Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,
The frolicks of a girl forsooth:

Things now were on another score,
He said; for she was twenty-four.

However, to make matters short,
And not to trespass on the court,
The lady was discover'd soon,

And thus it was. One afternoon,
The ninth of July last, or near it,
(As to the day, he could not swear it)

In company at Mrs. P.'s,
Where folks say any thing they please;
Dean L. and lady Mary by,

And Fanny waiting on Miss Y.
(He own'd he was inclined to think
Both were a little in their drink)

The pris'ner ask'd, and call'd him cousin,
How many kisses made a dozen?

That being, as he own'd, in liquor,
The question made his blood run quicker,
And, sense and reason in eclipse,
He vow'd he'd score them on her lips.

That rising up to keep his word,
 He got as far as kiss the third,
 And would have counted t' other nine,
 And so all present did opine,
 But that he felt a sudden dizziness,
 That quite undid him for the business:
 His speech, he said, began to falter,
 His eyes to stare, his mouth to water,
 His breast to thump without cessation,
 And all within one conflagration.
 Bless me! says Fanny, what's the matter?
 And lady Mary look'd hard at her,
 And stamp'd, and wish'd the pris'ner further,
 And cry'd out, Part them, or there's murder!
 That still he held the pris'ner fast,
 And would have stood it to the last;
 But struggling to go through the rest,
 He felt a pain across his breast,
 A sort of sudden twinge, he said,
 That seem'd almost to strike him dead,
 And after that such cruel smarting,
 He thought the soul and body parting.
 That then he let the pris'ner go,
 And stagger'd off a step or so;
 And thinking that his heart was ill,
 He begg'd of Miss Y.'s maid to feel.
 That Fanny step'd before the rest,
 And laid her hand upon his breast;
 But, mercy on us! what a stare
 The creature gave! No heart was there;
 Soufse went her fingers in the hole,
 Whence heart, and strings, and all were stole.
 That Fanny turn'd, and told the prisoner,
 She was a thief, and so she'd christen her;
 And that it was a burning shame,
 And brought the house an evil name;
 And if she did not put the heart in,
 The man would pine and die for certain.
 The pris'ner then was in her airs,
 And bid her mind her own affairs;
 And told his reverence, and the rest of 'em,
 She was as honest as the best of 'em.
 That lady Mary and dean L.
 Rose up and said, 'Twas mighty well,
 But that, in general terms they said it,
 A heart was gone, and some one had it:
 Words would not do, for search they must,
 And search they would, and her the first.
 That then the pris'ner dropp'd her anger,
 And said, she hop'd they would not hang her;
 That all she did was meant in jest,
 And there the heart was, and the rest.
 That then the dean cry'd out, O fie!
 And sent in haste for justice I.
 Who, though he knew her friends and pity'd her,
 Call'd her hard names, and so committed her.

The parties present swore the same;
 And Fanny said, the pris'ner's name
 Had frighten'd all the country round;
 And glad she was the bill was found.
 She knew a man, who knew another,
 Who knew the very party's brother;
 Who lost his heart by mere surprise,
 One morning looking at her eyes;
 And others had been known to squeak,
 Who only chanc'd to hear her speak:
 For she had words of such a sort,
 That though she knew no reason for't,

Would make a man of sense run mad,
 And rifle him of all he had;
 And that she'd rob the whole community,
 If ever she had opportunity.

The pris'ner now first silence broke,
 And curtsy'd round her as she spoke.
 She own'd, she said, it much incens'd her,
 To hear such matters sworn against her,
 But that she hop'd to keep her temper,
 And prove herself "eadem semper."
 That what the prosecutor swore
 Was some part true, and some part more:
 She own'd she had been often seen with him,
 And laugh'd and chatted on the green with him;
 The fellow seem'd to have humanity,
 And told her tales that sooth'd her vanity,
 Pretending that he lov'd her vastly,
 And that all women else look'd ghastly.
 But then she hop'd the court would think
 She never was inclin'd to drink,
 Or suffer hands like his to daub her, or
 Encourage men to kiss and slobber her;
 She'd have folks know she did not love it,
 Or if she did, she was above it.
 But this, she said, was sworn of course,
 To prove her giddy, and then worse;
 As she whose conduct was thought "lævis,"
 Might very well be reckon'd thievish.
 She hop'd, she said, the court's discerning
 Would pay some honour to her learning,
 For every day from four to past six,
 She went up-stairs, and read the classics.
 Thus having clear'd herself of levity,
 The rest, she said, would come with brevity.
 And first, it injur'd not her honour
 To own the heart was found upon her;
 For she could prove, and did aver,
 The paltry thing belong'd to her:
 The fact was thus. This prince of knaves
 Was once the humblest of her slaves,
 And often had confess'd the dart
 Her eyes had lodg'd within his heart:
 That she, as 'twas her constant fashion,
 Made great diversion of his passion;
 Which set his blood in such a ferment,
 As seem'd to threaten his interment:
 That then she was afraid of losing him,
 And so desisted from abusing him;
 And often came and felt his pulse,
 And bid him write to doct' Hulse.
 The prosecutor thank'd her kindly,
 And sigh'd, and said she look'd divinely;
 But told her that his heart was bursting,
 And doctors he had little trust in;
 He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
 And hop'd 'twould mend if once she kept it.
 That having no aversion to it,
 She said, with all her soul, she'd do it;
 But then she begg'd him to remember,
 If he should need it in December,
 (For winter months would make folks shiver,
 Who wanted either heart or liver)
 It never could return; and added,
 'Twas her's for life, if once she had it.
 The prosecutor said, Amen,
 And that he wish'd it not again;
 And took it from his breast and gave her,
 And bow'd, and thank'd her for the favour;

But begg'd the thing might not be spoke of,
 As heartless men were made a joke of.
 That next day, whisp'ring him about it,
 And asking how he felt without it,
 He sigh'd, and cry'd, Alack! alack!
 And begg'd, and pray'd to have it back;
 Or that she'd give him her's instead on't:
 But she conceiv'd there was no need on't;
 And said, and bid him make no pother,
 He should have neither one nor t'other.
 That then he rav'd and storm'd like fury,
 And said, that one was his "de jure,"
 And rather than he'd leave pursuing her,
 He'd swear a robbery, and ruin her.

That this was truth she did aver,
 Whatever hap betided Her;
 Only that Mrs. P. she said,
 Miss Y. and her deluded maid,
 And lady Mary, and his reverence,
 Were folks to whom she paid some deference;
 And that she verily believ'd
 They were not perjurd, but deceiv'd.

Then doctor D. begg'd leave to speak,
 And sigh'd as if his heart would break.
 He said, that he was madam's surgeon,
 Or rather, as in Greek, chirurgon,
 From "cheir, manus, ergon, opus"
 (As scope is from the Latin "scopus").

That he, he said, had known the prisoner
 From the first sun that ever rise on her;
 And griev'd he was to see her there;
 But took upon himself to swear,
 There was not to be found in nature
 A sweeter or a better creature;
 And if the king (God bless him) knew her,
 He'd leave St. James's to get to her:
 But then as to the fact in question,
 He knew no more on't than Hephæstion;
 It might be false, and might be true;
 And this, he said, was all he knew.

The judge proceeded to the charge,
 And gave the evidence at large,
 But often cast a sheep's eye at her,
 And strove to mitigate the matter,
 Pretending facts were not so clear,
 And mercy ought to interfere.

The jury then withdrew a moment,
 As if on weighty points to comment;
 And right or wrong, resolv'd to save her,
 They gave a verdict in her favour.

But why or wherefore things were so,
 It matters not for us to know:
 The culprit, by escape grown bold,
 Pilfers alike from young and old,
 The country all around her teazes,
 And robs or murders whom she pleases.

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

FABLE I.

THE EAGLE, AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
 I write, Fair Excellence, to you;
 Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
 Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
 Truth under fiction I impart,
 To weed out folly from the heart;
 And shew the paths, that lead astray
 The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.
 I flatter none. The great and good
 Are by their actions understood;
 Your monument if actions raise,
 Shall I deface by idle praise?
 I echo not the voice of fame,
 That dwells delighted on your name;
 Her friendly tale, however true,
 Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
 The jilt, the prude, demand my strain;
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To these, detesting praise, I write,
 And vent, in charity, my spite.
 With friendly hand I hold the glass
 To all, promiscuous as they pass;
 Should folly there her likeness view,
 I fret not that the mirror's true;
 If the fantastic form offend,
 I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in every clime and age,
 Spurns at the folly-soothing page,
 While satire, that offends the ear
 Of vice and passion, pleases her.

Premising this, your anger spare,
 And claim the fable you who dare.

THE birds in place, by factions press'd,
 To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd;
 By specious lies the state was vex'd,
 Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
 They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
 A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
 Jove grants their suit. The Eagle fate,
 Decider of the grand debate.

The Pyc, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
 Demands permission to be heard.
 Says he, Prolixity of phrase
 You know I hate. This libel says,

"Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
 "Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice,
 "And skill'd to chatter out the hour,
 "Rise by their emptiness to pow'r."
 That this is aim'd direct at me,
 No doubt, you'll readily agree;
 Yet well! this sage assembly knows,
 By parts to government I rose;
 My prudent counsels prop the state;
 Magpies were never known to prate.

The Kite rose up. His honest heart
 In virtue's suff'rings bore a part.
 That there were birds of prey he knew;
 So far the libeller said true;
 "Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
 "Who knew no int'rest but their own;
 "Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
 "Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd."
 This might be true, but if apply'd
 To him, in troth, the slanderer ly'd.
 Since ign'rance then might be misled,
 Such things, he thought, were best unpaid.

The Crow was vex'd. As yester-morn
 He flew across the new-sown corn,
 A screaming boy was set for pay,
 He knew to drive the crows away;
 Scandal had found out him in turn,
 And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.

The Owl arose, with solemn face,
 And thus harangu'd upon the case.
 That magpies prate, it may be true,
 A kite may be voracious too,
 Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease;
 He libels not, who strikes at these;
 The slander's here—"But there are birds,
 "Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words;
 "Blund'ers, who level in the dark,
 "And always shoot beside the mark."
 He names not me; but these are hints,
 Which manifest at whom he squints;
 I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
 To question if he meant an owl.

Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries,
 'Tis conscience, conscience that applies;
 The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
 Secur'd by innocence from harm;
 While guilt, and his associate fear,
 Are startled at the passing air.

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE man, who seeks to win the fair,
 (So custom says) must truth forbear;
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
 And raise the goddess to the sky.
 For truth is hateful to her ear,
 A rudeness, which she cannot bear.
 A rudeness? Yes. I speak my thoughts;
 For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Cloe, then am I,
 Who love you, and yet cannot lie!
 And still to make you less my friend,
 I strive your errors to amend!
 But shall the senseless sop impart
 The softest passion to your heart,

While he, who tells you honest truth,
 And points to happiness your youth,
 Determines, by his care, his lot,
 And lives neglected, and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease
 Your taste for flatt'ry I could please,
 And similes in each dull line,
 Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine.
 What if I say your lips disclose
 The freshness of the op'ning rose?
 Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
 Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
 Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
 Time every beauty will invade.
 The butterfly, of various hue,
 More than the flow'r resembles you;
 Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing,
 To pleasure ever on the wing,
 Gayly coquetting for an hour,
 To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth should last?
 'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
 An easy carriage, wholly free
 From four reserve, or levity;
 Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
 And looks unskill'd in any art;
 Humility, enough to own
 The frailties, which a friend makes known;
 And decent pride enough to know
 The worth, that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms, which ne'er decay,
 Though youth and beauty fade away;
 And time, which all things else removes,
 Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and ask to what intent
 This blunt address to you is sent?
 I'll spare the question, and confess
 I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less;
 But rail, be angry, or complain,
 I will be rude, while you are vain.

BENEATH a lion's peaceful reign,
 When beasts met friendly on the plain,
 A Panther, of majestic port,
 (The vainest female of the court)
 With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
 Fill'd every bosom with desire,
 Where-e'er she mov'd, a servile crowd
 Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd;
 Assemblies every week she held,
 (Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
 Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
 And lies and scandal fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantastic thing,
 Encircled by the spacious ring.
 Low-bowing, with important look,
 As first in rank, the Monkey spoke.
 "Gad take me, madam, but I swear,
 "No angel ever look'd so fair:
 "Forgive my rudeness, but I vow,
 "You were not quite divine till now;
 "Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!"
 "O, close them, or the gazer dies!"
 Nay, gentle Pug, for goodness hush,
 I vow, and swear, you make me blush;
 I shall be angry at this rate;
 'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence !
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain,
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That Pug was rival'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame ;
And burnt—for what he durst not name ;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd ; but yet she must confess,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd ;
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd ;
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.

The horse, whose gen'rous heart disdain'd
Applause, by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage, silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke.

When flatt'ring monkeys fawn, and prate,
They justly raise contempt or hate ;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful Fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends ;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray.
Dismiss the train of fops, and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom's rules ;
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm ;
For who would court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an ape ?

He said ; and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and fought the plain.

FABLE III.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily, and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen ;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
“ The fairest fruits attract the flies.”

ONE night, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects, that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view ;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd ! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth, to live and shine.
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky,

And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay ;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare ;
A while he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke.

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate :
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain :
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

FABLE IV.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'ye say ? Nay then 'tis time ;
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay—The settlement ! “ That's made.”
Why then's my simple girl afraid ?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.

THE shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in their caverns hush'd,
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait.
Behind him, through the green-wood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd,
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
Out-went his pace, and join'd his side.
The chat on various subjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began.

Relentless Death, whose iron sway
Mortals reluctant must obey,
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign ?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts
All over stuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot, that Hymen ty'd.
Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
The miser, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue ?
But must the gentle, and the kind,
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find ?

The monarch calmly thus reply'd :
Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd ;
Then let the charge be justly laid ;
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus sends ;
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife
Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me ; more than all mankind,
Your vot'ries my compassion find ;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
Who seek the wretched to release ;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indissoluble but for me.

'Tis I entice him to the yoke ;
By me, your crowded altars smoke :
or mortals boldly dare the noose,
secure that Death will set them loose.

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY, Cælia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd ?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride ?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed !
Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace,
As nature every morn bestows
The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress ?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd ? Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
No matter now how loose your dress is ;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas ! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind !
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that fours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart ;
Let neatness then, and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue ;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen ?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But every woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd your husband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty power to bless ?
Pursue it still ; be neater seen ;
'Tis always frugal to be clean ;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

IN garret high (as stories say)
A Poet sung his tuneful lay ;
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
Apollo, and the muses there.
Through all the town his praises rung,
His sonnets at the playhouse sung ;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddesses Want her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phoebus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble Youth, of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,
Who, but the Poet, and my Lord !

Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines ;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek ;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddess flew.

Now, dropt for politics, and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muse ;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame ;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.

With just contempt his Patron saw,
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool bespoke.

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the sun of favour shone ?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart ;
But idly thou reject'st the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts, that taught them first to rise.

FABLE VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice ;
In that, is due obedience shown ;
To chuse, belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace ;
Hence virtue sickens ; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A WOLF, rapacious, rough and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
His purpose known, the savage race,
In num'rous crowds, attend the place ;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought ;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd, as at early dawn,
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive Lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy Dam ;
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew ;
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the Dam bespoke.

Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near ;

These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder business brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter—Sweet, forgive
A Wolf's address—In her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightning came,
And set my marrow all on flame;
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth, and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep.

Discourse like this, attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;
Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
Of settlements, and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her demands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The Wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells;
And of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her Dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma best knew
What inexperience'd girls should do;
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
A formal Afs the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant-mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
Reluctant, meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;
But (as we find in human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd, in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought;
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws;
Food must be had, and lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.
Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
To scent his footsteps on the ground?
Thou trait'refs vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!

So saying, on the Lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

FABLE VII.

THE GOOSE, AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
Are topperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior grace enchants
The face, which Nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom, and good-humour sit,
And easy gaiety, and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love,
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds, we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, less fair?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom, that emulates the rose,
Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form, Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the crowd,
At every public show are seen,
With look awry, and aukward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may under-do her part,
But seldom wants the help of art;
Trust Her; she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A GOOSE, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud, and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say, geese hobble in their pace;
Look here! the stand'rous lie detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stript, I'd pawn my word,
A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese fet off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting, crosses the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,

Again, what arrogance we see !
Those creatures ! how they mimic me !
Shall every fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim ?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs ;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt, and Mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd.

Conceited thing, elate with pride !
Thy affectation all deride ;
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.

Learn hence, to study wisdom's rules ;
Know, soppery's the pride of fools ;
And striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

F A B L E VIII.

THE LAWYER, AND JUSTICE.

LOVE ! thou divinest good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know !
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.

The bounteous God of nature made
The sexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he assign'd
That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
That can, by sympathy, impart
Its likeness to the roughest heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish every blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould,
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd ;
He gave him knowledge, taste and sense,
And courage, for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong ;
To man she flies, when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's sov'reign, and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles, invade
The weakness, he was meant to aid ?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,

Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence ?

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep ;
Nor was the tyger, or the pard
Meant the benighted trav'ler's guard ;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance, to betray ;
His strength against the weak employs,
And where he should protect, destroys.

PAST twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the studious lawyer ply'd ;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies ;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound ;
When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook,
Loose every joint, and pale his look ;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in Reports,
He ask'd, with falt'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came ?

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
(A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
Canst thou be doubtful who I am ?
Is Justice grown so strange a name ?
Were not your courts for Justice rais'd ?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My sacred temple to protect,
That thou, and all thy venal tribe
Should spurn the goddess for the bribe ?
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Justice has neither ears, nor eyes ;
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
And rarely issues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd.
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd.

I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak th' excuse that can be made ;
Yet search the spacious globe, and see
If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, skill'd in Romish lies,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes ;
O'er conscience rides without controul,
And robs the man to save his soul.

The doctor, with important face,
By sly design, mistakes the case ;
Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.

The soldier, rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war ;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast ?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee ?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd,
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others' frauds excuse thy own?
For sickly souls the priest was made;
Physicians, for the body's aid;
The soldier guarded liberty;
Man woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the law is fled.
She spoke; and hid in shades her face,
'Till HARDWICKE sooth'd her into grace.

FABLE IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said, that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead frowns,
As if her merit lessen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All must be blind, because you see.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That these are neither sweet, nor fair.
The crystal shines with fainter rays,
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;
And sops will say, the di'mond dies,
Before the lustre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs, that deck the field;
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you;
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

AS at his board a farmer sate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd.
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd:
'Till fated now, supine he lay,
And stor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry cat in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
Her modest worth the Master knew,
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw:
Enrag'd the snarling Cur awoke,
And thus, with spiteful envy, spoke.

They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat.
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game;
Or, plunging in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep,
From prowling wolves, his fleecy sheep;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breast with kindness glows;
For this, his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you?

I own (with meekness Pufs reply'd)
Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pil'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From burking rats secures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me?

Thy words are just, the Farmer cry'd,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

FABLE X.

THE SPIDER, AND THE BEE.

THE nymph, who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood,
With silken line, my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
Along the forest as we stray'd
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near?
For as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?

The maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whatever the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
And dress was meant for fancy's aid.

Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Cælia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop; for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook, and bait, alike;
While salmon play regardless by,
'Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

BENEATH a peasant's homely thatch,
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or flutt'ring, struggled in the toils,
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.

A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more;
A thoughtless fly or two, at most,
Is all the conquest thou canst boast;
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.

The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to the gaze;
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to every wanton breeze,
Attracts not me: where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
Reluctant, she my ardour meets,
And bashful, renders up her sweets.

To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend.
She, who with modesty retires,
Adds fewel to her lover's fires,
While such incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own schemes undo.

F A B L E XI.

THE YOUNG LION, AND THE APE.

TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice,
And peevish grow, and sick, to hear
His exclamations, O how fair!
I listen not to wild delights,
And transports of expected nights:
What is to me your hoard of charms?
The whiteness of your neck and arms?
Needs there no acquisition more,
To keep contention from the door?
Yes; pass a fortnight, and you'll find,
All beauty cloy, but of the mind.

Sense and good-humour ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love.
Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,
You never think but to perplex,

Coquetting it with every ape,
That struts abroad in human shape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast:
To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey,
The tyrant-mistress change for life,
To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend.

Reluctant, hear the first address,
Think often, ere you answer, yes;
But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes.
With caution every look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breast a wound.
Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
Nor use your pow'r, unless to please;
For fools alone with rigour sway,
When soon, or late, they must obey.

THE King of brutes, in life's decline,
Resolv'd dominion to resign;
The beasts were summon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train.

Why cringe my friends with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And ere we feel it, own his pow'r?
The counsels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wise;
Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn;
At others' woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ills himself has felt.

He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride.
The youthful Lion thus reply'd.

What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules:
To them return; in such a cause,
From only such expect applause;
The partial sex I not condemn,
For liking those, who copy them.

Would'st thou the gen'rous Lion bind,
By kindness bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good, from others he receives:
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'rest, scorn for scorn.

FABLE XII.

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
Why so averse, so coy to man?
Did nature, lavish of her care,
From her best pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?
And miser-like, with-hold that store,
Which, by imparting, blesses more?

Beauty's a gift, by heav'n assign'd,
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And though by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal?
The summer of your youth to rove,
A stranger to the joys of love?
Then, when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rlless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty, once possess'd;
How will you curse that stubborn pride,
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And failing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind?

Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you, I write my tale.

A COLT, for blood, and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength, and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where-e'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropp'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound;
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.

As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliverance near.
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat;

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His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The Master saw his woeful plight,
His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
And, friendly, to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
In slothful ease, all night he lay;
The servants rose at break of day;
The market calls. Along the road,
His back must bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he struggles, or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;
While scanty meals, at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
By arrogance and folly led,
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson nature taught,
Then had I, like my fires of yore,
The prize from every courser bore;
While man bestow'd rewards, and praise,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now lasting servitude's my lot,
My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot,
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.

FABLE XIII.

THE OWL, AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

TO know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean, and tight;
If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When miss comes in with boisterous shout,
And drops no curtsy going out,
Depend upon 't, mamma is one,
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.

If bottled beer her thirst assuage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts, and workings of the spirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy, but death, remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet, to such a wife.
At home, superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground;
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order, but of soul;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace
Fill up the intermediate space.

B

Ahroad, at visitings, her tongue
Is never still and always wrong;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands, with truth and sense, at bay.

If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there,
She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, Lord help us! what a creature!

Melissa, if the moral strike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.

AN OWL, puff'd up with self-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd every grocer's shop;
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
And strip, for science, every pye.
For modern poetry and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to every art, and science,
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom, with that haste,
That cits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,
One ev'ning, as he musing stood,
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A Nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And, screeching, interrupts the song.

Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplations soar.
What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance, and noise?
Be wise. True harmony, thou'lt find,
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And, if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little Warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance, and pride,
Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man.
No useless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their ev'nings with a song.

Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men, and birds I claim applause;
While, nurs'd in pedantry, and sloth,
An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.

FABLE XIV.

THE SPARROW, AND THE DOVE.

IT was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat
Instructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease, bow'd round.

For every she his bosom burns,
And this, and that he wooes by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill,
And here—those eyes, so form'd to kill!
And now, with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows, and dem-me's skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.

Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better;
But these he held as specious arts,
To shew his own superior parts,
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of the day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the mason's sign,
The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir!—pray Sir, explain your meaning—
Go prate to those, that may endure ye—
To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!—
Then off she glided, like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd, licentious, on the joy.

Hist, love! the male companion cry'd,
Retire a while; I fear we're spy'd.
Nor was the caution vain; he saw
A Turtle, rustling in the straw,
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young.

Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair!
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us with only love to guide,

Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wintry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare,
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should I survive to see the day,
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all that heav'n could give,
The life, by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who, in the thought, already die!

Ye pow'rs, whom men, and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall, and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess,
Enervates every pow'r to bless;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
And, life! what art thou, without love?

Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart,
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue, rising in his breast;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd.

Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good-manners never can intrude;
I vow I come through pure good-nature—
(Upon my soul a charming creature!)
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, mooping life?
No doubt, that odious thing call'd duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other.
The greatest ill in the creation,
Is sure the want of education.

But think ye?—tell me without feigning,
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame, reject this mean employment,
Enter the world, and taste enjoyment;
Where time by circling bliss we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure:
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wife, be happy, and be free.

Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be bless'd
Is a deep thirst in every breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not, should heav'n give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.

Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
Methinks to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation;

Where brats, and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention,
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage;
That fly decoy, with vary'd snares,
That takes your widgeon in by pairs;
Alike to husband, and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm, and lasting;
The sin, by heav'n's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.
It is the double snake, that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcass still astray,
By dragging each a diff'rent way.
Of all the ills, that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!

Give Me frank nature's wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range;
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;
Delights, still vary'd, and divine,
Sweet goddesses of the hills! are thine.

What say you now, you pretty pink you?
Have I, for once, spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never study for an answer;
Away, cast every care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.

Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
A question more, or so—and then, Sir.
You've rally'd me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?
“No, no.” How then? “Why, dare I tell,
“What does the business full as well.”
Do you ne'er love? “An hour at leisure.”
Have you no friendships? “Yes, for pleasure.”
No care for little ones? “We get 'em,
“The rest the mothers mind, and let 'em.”

Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
Quite lost to life, as lost to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortune surely must;
In the dread season of dismay,
In that, your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?

Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;
For times, at no persuasion, stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
That soul of pertness, whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest'd;
No friend, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall seek thy cold, unsocial side;
No chirping prattlers, to delight
Shall turn the long-enduring night;

No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.

Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course,
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Fore-boding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union every creature
Subsists, through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in space, primæval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The source of endless good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
Then motion first exulting came;
Each atom sought its sep'rate class,
Through many a fair enamour'd mass;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form, and order o'er the sky,
First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The sun display'd his orb to fight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
And scal'd the breathing steep of air;
Then infant stems, of various use,
Imbib'd her soft, maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form, and hue;
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloath'd their parent ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, subliming, and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind.
Caught in the fond, celestial fire,
The Mind perceiv'd unknown desire,
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

Here ever blessing, ever blest'd,
Resides this beauty of the breast;
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad,
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring, by which the world is bound,
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart and spirit live,
Enrich'd by every joy they give;
Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty fold.

Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade;
But as the stem, and scion stand,
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wintry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.
A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaste desire,
Fan, and support the mutual fire,
Whose flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,
Like Nile it opens, and descends,
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The fire, first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life, and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow,
In fondness down on sons below:
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremest verge they glide,
While kindred streams, on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
No sister greet thy ent'ring voice,
With partial eyes no parents see,
And bless their years restor'd in thee.

In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien, e'en among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face,
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side,
Thy name shall like thy carcase rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving pow'r! great source of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life, thou ledest from above,
Though little, make it large in love.
O bid my feeling heart expand
To every claim, on every hand;
To those, from whom my days I drew,
To these, in whom those days renew;
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd;
To friends, with steely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind!

But chief, the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my fire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name;
O spare him, spare him, gracious pow'r!
O give him to my latest hour!
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my sole enjoyment joy.
His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And every needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.

When he with graceful action woe,
And sweetly bills, and fondly coos,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own,
And in my circling wings carest'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.

Then in our chaste, connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose,
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond what'er my sex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake.
Let one unruffled, calm delight
The loving and belov'd unite;
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one with inform;
Through life, one mutual aid sustain,
In death, one peaceful grave contain.

While, swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart!
Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
And forth, with eager joy she sprung.
As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings their souls embracing meet,
Their hearts with answ'ring measure beat;
Half lost in sacred sweets, and blest'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Strait to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
Transported, to their fire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round.
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand;
The fire, his life-sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport giv'n, though won with toil;
While, all collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord, and infant smiles.

The Sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little flights disarm'd,
And from himself, by virtue, charm'd,
When now he saw, what only seem'd,
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
His soul to envy he resign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind,
In secret wish'd a turtle too,
And sighing to himself, withdrew.

FABLE XV.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being, in the breath of fame,

Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close.
Though distant every hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
'Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error? None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without alloy,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,
The moon repletes her waning face,
All-beauteous, from her late disgrace,
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death, and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in every heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To cloath a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from every latent root
The bladed stem, and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er, like ev'ning suns, decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of vital fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste, and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil posses'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendor burn?

No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore,
And woman falls, to rise no more.

WITHIN this sublunary sphere,
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all, who tread poetic ground.
A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies,
And there, the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect, as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance, and Religion, nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature, yearly, took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd.

O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter, too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dangerous way;
A painful journey, all must go,
Whose doubtful period none can know,
Whose due direction who can find,
Where Reason's mute, and Sense is blind!
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Through such a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love, and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo, there the arduous path's in view,
Which Virtue, and her sons pursue!
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk, for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands disperse,
A food indelicate to sense,

Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigour flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright, celestial shore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness, leading up to light:
Sense backwards shrinks, and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train,

Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross, incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wand'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O! thither wing thy speed,
Though pleasure charm, or pain impede!
To such th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
For present earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
And endless bliss, for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;
There sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste;
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gayly-colour'd bow;
Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wise, and lightly vain,
'Till verging on the gulphy shore,
Sudden they sink, and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
And every foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,

A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While honour, hand-maid, late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck, the much admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision how'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtues at the sight:
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded Dame,
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where-e'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands, where she moves, attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New-melts the frost in every breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' etherial plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While Nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now, for momentary rest,
The Nymph her travel'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When strait the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk, and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd.
The Maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung.

Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys, too mighty to be told;
Taste what extasies they give,
Dying raptures taste, and live.

In thy lap, disdainful measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires, that sweetly languish,
Fierce delights that rise to anguish;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

Lift not, when the froward chide,
Bans of pedantry, and pride,

Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
Ev'n against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, past the painting;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And, O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our Fair-One might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity with prying eyes,
And hands of busy, bold emprise;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet.
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of every good possess'd,
And but in expectation bless'd.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien, all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around.
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety ev'n the flying find,
Who vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd:
With smiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes, and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning Pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.

As when some stately vessel, bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land,
Lurk the dire rock, and dangerous sand;
The pilot warns with sail and oar,
To shun the much-suspected shore,
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
'Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight,
So baffling every bar to sin,
And heaven's own pilot, plac'd within,

Along the devious, smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The Dames, accusom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long-reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair-ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you, and heav'n, restor'd;
'Till then, with weeping honour wait,
The servant of her better fate;
With honour, left upon the shore,
Her friend, and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch, betray'd;
But o'er her failing cast the veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all-enquiring light
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all wrapt amidst his store,
But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
Within, without, obscure, and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, the cry'd!

Her trumpet slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd, and blasted every grace;
Officious shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd, to whiten at her side,
And every lewd, insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the Mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left a host of friends:
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,

Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.

From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant fate, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n, and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, care, and melancholy, made.

Through this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite Fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still;
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the furling of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung.

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister-angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide,
'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by mourning dreams,
Sands, that trip the sitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys, that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life, like all its circles, vain!

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak, and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way,

Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?
Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a scepter, grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.
Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience, and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorers own.

What though hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Chear thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest.
Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise,
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture, pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes, that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumphs wait;
On my cares, a period bless'd;
On my toils, eternal rest.

Come, with virtue at thy side,
Come, be every bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native shore;
Sister, come, and turn no more.

FABLE XVI.

LOVE AND VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health, and lusty labour rose,
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale;
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife.

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Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A Nymph, who lightly tript it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,
Her self-sufficient grace, and air,
Her steps, that mincing meant to please,
Her study'd negligence, and ease;
And, curious to enquire what meant
This thing of prettiness, and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The Lady, slightly,—Sir, your servant.

Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair-one, you do the country grace:
At court, no doubt, the public care,
But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes, Sir, reply'd the Nutt'ring Dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride, and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honour centers,
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts, and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives its weight, and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.

Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in, where nature fails,
And every breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still, where heav'n is sparing.

But chief in all their arts, and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits, and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robeing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From fix to fixty, sick, or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide;
Was there no province to invade,
But that by love, and meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign,
But be the sphere of beauty mine.

For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuse to live, and chuse to reign.

Far-sighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army strong,
And chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold,
And lowliness, to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
And modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye,
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three,
And rosy peace, the cherub bless'd,
That nightly sings us all to rest.

E

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted every shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To every heart, and every eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids base merit stand confess'd,
And like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.

The gentle science, she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul;
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd to all that's light, and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere, by heav'n assign'd,
And rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The nymph impatient stood,
And laughing, thus her speech renew'd.

And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told?
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?
Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning—in romances.
Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for soft'ning, and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Through the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Through all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, or rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Trackless, and shifting as the wind,
A sea, whose fathom none can find,
A moon, still changing, and revolving,
A riddle, past all human solving,
A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
A—something, which no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your counsel, and attend.

Though in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex, nor selves consistent,

'Tis but the difference of a name,
And every woman is the same.
For as the world, however vary'd,
And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes, and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Though in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution,
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms, and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste to all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.

And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad;
Prais'd for her shape, her face, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress, becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,
High on the floating lappet fail,
Or curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale.
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And show the lovely idol there,
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And numb'ring every beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.

Then all for parking, and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading,
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what passion!
And churches, sometimes—if the fashion;
For woman's sense of right, and wrong,
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of every stream.
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects,
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly, her wisest acquisition,
And ev'n from pity, and disdain,
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from every form and feature,
The wealth, and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire,
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.

Those shining virtues, which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre?
From native honour, and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er makes sinners;

'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;
For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees, still mounts the higher,
And virtue, so extremely nice,
Demands long toil, and mighty price;
Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tott'ring state;
Sap these, and in a moment's space,
Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles, and from toys,
I spring, the fount of female joys;
In every widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss.
For them each tropic I explore;
I cleave the sand of every shore;
To them uniting Indias sail,
Sabæa breathes her farthest gale;
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and Virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention,
Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
They hold the sov'reign balm of woe;
Beyond the Stoic's boasted art,
I soothe the heavings of the heart;
To pain give splendor, and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace, and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign;
Through every age, in every nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
Alike I fill, and empty bags,
Flutter in finery, and rags,
With light coquets through folly range,
And with the prude disdain to change.

And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply—
But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,
Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.
When every pleasure's run a-ground,
And folly tir'd through many a round;
The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church, or cloyster;
Then on I lead her with devotion
Conspicuous in her dress, and motion,
Inspire the heav'nly-breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony, and grace.

Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour;
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head,
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not, with her parting breath;
'Then do I set, in order bright,
A length of funeral pomp to fight,
The glitt'ring tapers, and attire,
The plumes, that whiten o'er her bier;
And last, presenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,

To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoin'd Love's gentle God,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And strange, in all the toilsome way,
No house of kind refreshment lay,
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her sex exempted.

For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since every fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected,
And so my system stands protected.

O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd.
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypsipile, who sav'd her fire;
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire,
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catherine, smiling on the wheel.

But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient things, call'd fables!
And thus the Goddesses turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And cho'er flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view
A Goddess, whom our grandames knew,
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,
As heav'n's autumnal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.

Quick at a venture, both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related;
The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion?
When thus the Goddess, answering mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd.

Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I shar'd the fickle sex with you,
But from their preference long precluded,
Or held as one, whose form intruded,
Full fifty annual suns can tell,
Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of neither knew;
For both, still bias'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperience'd gait, and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

Now, now! cry'd Love's triumphant Child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our difference may be soon decided:
Behold yon wench; a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.
Go you, while I retire aloof;
Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented;
And well our Goddess seem'd contented;
Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.

Mean while the Godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then, bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the Dame whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to fight;
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world, reveal'd to her alone:
Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centers every fond desire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A

HYMN TO POVERTY.

O POVERTY! thou source of human art,
Thou great inspirer of the poet's song!
In vain Apollo dictates, and the Nine
Attend in vain, unless thy mighty hand
Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid
The canvas breathes no longer. Music's charms,
Uninfluenc'd by thee, forget to please:
Thou giv'st the organ sound; by thee the flute
Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owns
Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine:
Thou gav'st to Nicolini every grace,
And every charm to Farinelli's song.
By thee the lawyer pleads. The soldier's arm
Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gown-man feels,
And, urg'd by thee, unfolds heav'n's mystic truths.
The haughty fair, that swells with proud disdain,
And smiles at mischiefs, which her eyes have made,
Thou humblest to submit and bless mankind.

Hail, Pow'r omnipotent! Me uninvok'd
Thou deign'st to visit, far, alas! unfit
To bear thy awful presence. O, retire!
At distance let me view thee; lest too nigh,
I sink beneath the terrors of thy face!

THE

LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O THOU, for whom my lyre I string,
Of whom I speak, and think, and sing!
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness every wish employs!
Thou dearest of thy sex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring strain;
No idle praise my verse shall stain;
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not distant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my hopes away;
Then frown not, fairest, if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye,
Or force your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what arose from love and you;
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindness, or disdain:
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame,
And suffer'd ill, that want a name;
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept;
Till grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

I saw you still. Your gen'rous heart
In all my sorrow bore a part;
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,
But mildly bid me cease to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain:
Thou lovely maid, to thee I cry,
Heal me with kindness, or I die!
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

Curs'd be all wealth that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts, O Fortune! I resign,
Let her and poverty be mine!
And every year that life shall lend,
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
To keep a dying hope alive;
The last sad remedy remains,
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

Vain thought! though seas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart,
And death's decisive stroke must end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

S O N G S.

SONG THE FIRST.

I.

THUS I said to my heart, in a pet t'other day,
I had rather be hang'd than go moping this way;
No throbbings, no wishes your moments employ,
But you sleep in my breast without motion or joy.

II.

When Cloe perplex'd me 'twas sweeter by half,
And at Thais's wiles I could often-times laugh;
Your burnings and akings I strove not to cure,
Though one was a jilt, and the other a whore.

III.

When I walk'd up the Mall, or stroll'd through the street,
Not a petticoat brush'd me, but then you could beat,
Or if hang went the hoop against corner or post,
In the magical round you were sure to be lost.

IV.

But now if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,
Like Adam, unfallen, you never perceive;
Or the seat of delight if the tippet should hide,
You tempt not my fingers to draw it aside.

V.

Is it caution, or dread, or the frost of old age,
That inclines you with beauty no more to engage?
Tell me quickly the cause, for it makes me quite mad,
In the summer's gay season to see you so sad.

VI.

Have a care, quoth my heart, how you tempt me to stray;
He that hunts down a woman, must run a d——d way:
Like a hare she can wind, or hold out with the fox,
And, secure in the chace, her pursuers she mocks.

VII.

For Cloe I burnt with an innocent flame,
And beat to the music that breath'd out her name;
Three summers flew over the castles I built,
And beheld me a fool, and my goddess a jilt.

VIII.

Next Thais, the wanton, my wishes employ'd,
And the kind one repair'd what the cruel destroy'd:
Like Shadrach, I liv'd in a furnace of fire,
But, unlike him, was scorch'd, and compell'd to retire.

IX.

Recruited once more, I forgot all my pain,
And was jilted, and burnt, and bedevil'd again:
Not a petticoat fring'd, or the heel of a shoe,
Ever pass'd you by day-light, but at it I flew.

X.

Thus jilted, and wounded, and burnt to a coal,
For rest I retreated again to be whole;
But your eyes, ever open, to lead me astray,
Have beheld a new face, and command me away.

XI.

But remember, in whatever flames I may burn,
'Twill be folly to ask for, or wish my return:
Neither Thais, nor Cloe, again shall inflame,
But a nymph more provoking than all you can name.

XII.

This said, with a bound from my bosom he flew ;
O, Phillis ! these eyes saw him posting to you ;
Enslav'd by your wit, he grows fond of his chain,
And vows I shall never possess him again.

SONG THE SECOND.

COLLIN.

BE still, O ye winds, and attentive, ye swains,
'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my strains ;
The sun never rose on, search all the world through,
A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true.

PHEBE.

Glide softly, ye streams, O ye nymphs, round me
throng,

'Tis Collin commands, and attends to my song ;
Search all the world over, you never can find
A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so kind.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear ;
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

COLLIN.

With Phebe beside me, the seasons how gay !
Then Winter's bleak months seem as pleasant as
May ;
The Summer's gay verdure springs still as she treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

PHEBE.

When Collin is absent 'tis Winter all round,
How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground !
Instead of the linnet and nightingale's song,
I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the sun, &c.

COLLIN.

O'er hill, dale and valley my Phebe and I
Together will wander, and love shall be by :
Her Collin shall guard her safe all the long day,
And Phebe at night all his pains shall repay.

PHEBE.

By moonlight, when shadows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain ;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or sleep in a church-yard, if Collin is near.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the sun, &c.

COLLIN.

Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your transports, how lasting your
pain,

Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy of Phebe and me.

PHEBE.

Ye nymphs, who the pleasures of love never try'd,
Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide ;
Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy of Collin and me.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear ;
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

SONG THE THIRD.

I.

AS Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
Went forth to the meadows a maying,
A clown lay asleep by a river so deep,
That round in meanders was straying.

II.

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
Her heart it was gone without warning,
With cheeks of such hue, that the rose wet with
dew,
Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning.

III.

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him she lay,
Her wishes too warm for disguising ;
She play'd with his eyes, till he walk'd in surprize,
And blush'd like the sun at his rising.

IV.

She sung him a song, as he leant on his prong,
And rested her arm on his shoulder ;
She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,
And taught his two arms to unfold her.

V.

The rustic grown kind, by a kiss told his mind,
And call'd her his dear and his blessing :
Together they stray'd, and sung, frolick'd, and
play'd,
And what they did more there's no guessing.

SONG THE FOURTH.

HE.

LET rakes for pleasure range the town,
Or misers doat on golden guineas,
Let plenty smile, or fortune frown,
The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

Let wanton maids indulge desire,
How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is !
The joys of virtue never tire,
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

BOTH.

Together let us sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is ;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.

Let roving swains young hearts invade,
The pleasure ends in shame and folly ;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
The poor, believing, simple Molly.

SHE.

So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry;
But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithless Harry.

BOTH.

But we'll together sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.

By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies;
Or fondly stray where love shall lead,
And every joy be mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,
The constant heart is always bonny;
Content, and peace, and sweet delight
And love shall live with me and Johnny.

BOTH.

Together still we'll sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

SONG THE FIFTH.

I.

STAND round, my brave boys, with heart and
with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,
And let the world know we'll be free.

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
And echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, long live the king!

II.

Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our
shore,
And plenty and peace blest the isle;
The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.

CHORUS.

The rebels, &c.

III.

Kind love shall repay the fatigues of the day,
And melt us to softer alarms;
Coy Phillis shall burn at her soldier's return,
And blest the brave youth in her arms.

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly as with shouts we draw nigh,
And echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it long live the king!

SONG THE SIXTH.

I.

TO make the wife kind, and to keep the house
still,
You must be of her mind, let her say what she will;
In all that she does you must give her her way,
For tell her she's wrong, and you lead her astray.

CHORUS.

Then, husbands, take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves.

II.

Abroad all the day if she chuses to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to come
home;
The man she likes best, and longs most to get at,
Be sure to commend, and she'll hate him for that.

CHORUS.

Then, husbands, &c.

III.

What virtues she has, you may safely oppose,
Whatever her follies are, praise her for those;
Applaud all her schemes that she lays for a man,
For accuse her of vice, and she'll sin if she can.

CHORUS.

Then, husbands, take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves.

SONG THE SEVENTH.

DAMON.

HARK, hark, o'er the plains how the merry
bells ring,
Asleep while my charmer is laid!
The village is up, and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid.

PHILLIS.

'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away,
O, Damon, I'm young and afraid;
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid.

DAMON.

The bride-maids are met, and mamma's on the fret,
All, all my coy Phillis upbraid;
Come open the door, and deny me no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

PHILLIS.

Dear shepherd, forbear, and to-morrow I swear,
To-morrow I'll not be afraid;
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

DAMON.

No, no, Phillis, no, on that bosom of snow
To-night shall your shepherd be laid;
By morning my dear shall be cas'd of her fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a maid.

PHILLIS.

Then open the door, 'twas unbolled before,
His bliss silly Damon delay'd ;
To church let us go, and if there I say no,
O then let me die an old maid.

SONG THE EIGHTH.

I.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my
pride,
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ;
I dwell on her praises wherever I go,
They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no.

II.

At ev'ning oft-times with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"
My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below !
But say not 'tis love, for I answer no, no.

III.

She sings me a song, and I echo each strain,
Again I cry, Jenny! sweet Jenny, again !
I kiss her soft lips, as if there I could grow,
And fear I'm in love, though I answer no, no.

IV.

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :
My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so ;
Who knows but she loves, though she tells me no,
no ?

V.

Yet such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
I ask not Her heart, but would conquer my own :
Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
And wish to persuade, while I answer no, no ?

VI.

From beauty, and wit, and good-humour, ah !
why
Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly ?
Thy bounties, O Fortune ! make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I say no.

SONG THE NINTH.

I.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how
true,
And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too :
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in
tune :
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me, must flatter me more.

II.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !
My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a
spring.

For charms such as these then, your praises give o'er,
To love me for life, you must love me for more.

III.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
For Cloe, the wanton, can rival me there :
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour, as sunshine the day ;
For that if you love me, your flame shall be true,
And I in my turn, may be taught to love too.

SONG THE TENTH.

I.

HOW blest has my time been, what days have I
known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own !
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

II.

Through walks, grown with woodbines, as often
we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play ;
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

III.

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green ;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

IV.

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year
through ;
Time still as he flies brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her
youth.

V.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam !
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

SONG THE ELEVENTH.

I.

HARK! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb !
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away ;
The grave of thy Collin has room,
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come ;
Ye friends and companions, adieu ;
I haste to my Collin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.

II.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose ;
And forth to the green-turf she sprung,
Where Collin's pale ashes repose.

All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

III.

How long, my lov'd Collin, she cry'd,
How long must thy Lucy complain?
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdes liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly,
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.

IV.

Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more,
And Lucy forgot and alone,
To death shall her Collin deplore.

V.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground:
I hear the kind call, and obey,
Oh, Collin receive me, she cry'd!
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone and dy'd.

SONG THE TWELFTH.

I.

FOR a shape and a bloom, and an air and a
mien,
Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay green;
But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,
Those her beauties invited, her pride would destroy.

II.

By the flocks as she stray'd with the nymphs of the
vale,
Not a shepherd but woo'd her to hear his soft tale;
Though fatal the passion, she laugh'd at the swain,
And return'd with neglect, what she heard with disdain.

III.

But beauty has wings and too hastily flies,
And love unrewarded, soon sickens and dies.
The nymph cur'd by time of her folly and pride,
Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she denied.

IV.

No longer she frolicks it wide o'er the plain,
To kill with her coyness the languishing swain;
So humbled her pride is, so softened her mind,
That, though courted by none, she to all would be kind.

VOL. VII.

SONG THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But ah! how swift they flew!
The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale!
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

II.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.
But heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the spirit there.

THE

N U N;

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

OF Constance holy legends tell,
The softest sister of the cell;
None sent to heav'n so sweet a cry,
Or roll'd at mass so bright an eye.
No wanton taint her bosom knew,
Her hours in heav'nly vision flew,
Her knees were worn with midnight pray'rs,
And thus she breath'd divinest airs.

AIR.

In hallow'd walks, and awful cells,
Secluded from the light and vain,
The chaste-ey'd maid with virtue dwells,
And solitude, and silence reign.

The wanton's voice is heard not here,
To heav'n the sacred pile belongs;
Each wall returns the whisper'd pray'r,
And echoes but to holy songs.

RECITATIVE.

Alas, that pamper'd monks should dare
Intrude where faintest vestals are!
Ah, Francis! Francis! well I weet
Those holy looks all are deceit.
With shame the muse prolongs her tale,
The Priest was young, the Nun was frail,
Devotion falter'd on her tongue,
Love tun'd her voice, and thus she sung.

AIR.

Alas, how deluded was I,
To fancy delights as I did!
With maidens at midnight to sigh,
And love, the sweet passion, forbid!

F

O, father! my follies forgive,
 And still to absolve me be nigh;
 Your lessons have taught me to live,
 Come teach me, O! teach me to die!
 To her arms in a rapture he sprung,
 Her bosom, half-naked, met his;
 Transported in silence she hung,
 And melted away at each kiss.
 Ah! father, expiring she cry'd,
 With rapture I yield up my breath!
 Ah, daughter! he fondly reply'd,
 The righteous find comfort in death.

S O L O M O N,

A SERENATA:

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BOYCE.

P A R T I.

CHORUS.

BEHOLD, Jerusalem, thy king,
 Whose praises all the nations sing!
 To Solomon the Lord has giv'n
 All arts and wisdom under heav'n:
 For him the tuneful virgin throng
 Of Zion's daughter's swell the song:
 While young and old their voices raise,
 And wake the echoes with his praise.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. From the mountains, lo! he comes,
 Breathing from his lips perfumes;
 While zephyrs on his garments play,
 And sweets through all the air convey.

A I R.

Tell me, lovely shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care?
 Direct me to the sweet retreat,
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat:
 Left by the flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide, and lose my way:
 Where rest, at noon, thy bleating care,
 Gentle shepherd, tell me where?

A I R.

HE. Fairest of the virgin throng,
 Dost thou seek thy swain's abode?
 See yon fertile vale along
 The new-worn path the flocks have trod:
 Pursue the prints their feet have made,
 And they shall guide thee to the shade.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. As the rich apple, on whose boughs
 Ripe fruit with streaky beauty glows,
 Excels the trees that shade the grove,
 So shines, among his sex, my love.

A I R.

Beneath his ample shade I lay,
 Defended from the sultry day;
 His cooling fruit my thirst assuag'd,
 And quench'd the fires that in me rag'd;
 'Till satiated with the luscious taste,
 I rose and blest the sweet repast.

RECITATIVE.

HE. Who quits the lily's fleecy white,
 To fix on meaner flow'rs the sight?
 Or leaves the rose's stem untorn,
 To crop the blossom from the thorn?
 Unrival'd thus thy beauties are;
 So shines my love among the fair.

A I R.

Balmy sweetness, ever flowing,
 From her dropping lips distills;
 Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
 And her voice with music thrills.
 Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,
 Waiting sweets from every tree,
 Sick'ning sense with odours cloying,
 Breathe not half so sweet as she.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Let not my prince his slave despise,
 Or pass me with unheeding eyes,
 Because the sun's discolouring rays
 Have chac'd the lily from my face.
 My envious sisters saw my bloom,
 And drove me from my mother's home;
 Unshelter'd all the scorching day
 They made me in their vineyard stay.

A I R.

Ah simple me! my own, more dear,
 My own, alas; was not my care:
 Invading love the fences broke,
 And tore the clusters from the stock.
 With eager grasp the fruit destroy'd,
 Nor rested, till the ravage cloy'd.

A I R.

HE. Fair and comely is my love,
 And softer than the blue-ey'd dove;
 Down her neck the wanton locks
 Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;
 Her teeth like flocks in beauty seem,
 New shorn, and dropping from the stream;
 Her glowing lips by far outvie
 The plaited threads of scarlet dye;
 Whene'er she speaks the accents wound,
 And music floats upon the sound.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Forbear, O charming swain, forbear!
 Thy voice enchants my list'ning ear;
 And while I gaze my bosom glows,
 My flutt'ring heart with love o'erflows.
 The shades of night hang o'er my eyes,
 And every sense within me dies.

A I R.

O fill with cooling juice the bowl!
 Assuage the fever in my soul!
 With copious draughts my thirst remove,
 And soothe the heart that's sick of love.

P A R T II.

RECITATIVE.

HE. The chearful spring begins to-day;
 Arise, my fair-one, come away!

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Sweet music steals along the air—
 Hark!—my beloved's voice I hear!

A I R.

HE. Arise, my fair, and come away,
The cheerful spring begins to-day :
Bleak winter's gone with all his train
Of chilling frosts, and dropping rain.
Amidst the verdure of the mead
The primrose lifts her velvet head :
The warbling birds, the woods among,
Salute the season with a song :
The cooing turtle in the grove
Renews his tender tale of love :
The vines their infant tendrils shoot :
The fig-tree bends with early fruit :
All welcome in the genial ray :
Arise, my fair, and come away !

C H O R U S.

All welcome in the genial ray,
Arise, O fair-one, come away !

D U E T.

Together let us range the fields,
Impearled with the morning dew ;
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apple's clust'ring bough :
There in close-embower'd shades,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rills, on rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away.

R E C I T A T I V E.

HE. How lovely art thou to the sight,
For pleasure form'd, and sweet delight !
Tall as the palm-tree is thy shape,
Thy breasts are like the clust'ring grapes.

A I R.

Let me, love, thy bole ascending,
On the swelling clusters feed :
With my grasp the vine-tree bending,
In my close embrace shall bleed.
Stay me with delicious kisses,
From thy honey-dropping mouth ;
Sweeter than the summer breezes
Blowing from the genial south.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SHE. O that a sister's specious name
Conceal'd from prying eyes my flame !
Uncensur'd then I'd own my love,
And chasteest virgins should approve :
Then fearless to my mother's bed
My seeming brother would I lead :
Soft transports should the hours employ,
And the deceit should crown the joy.

A I R.

Soft ! I adjure you, by the fawns
That bound across the flow'ry lawns,
Ye virgins, that ye lightly move,
Nor with your whispers wake my love !

R E C I T A T I V E.

HE. My fair's a garden of delight,
Enclos'd and hid from vulgar sight ;
Where streams from bubbling fountains stray,
And roses deck the verdant way.

A I R.

Softly arise, O southern breeze !
And kindly fan the blooming trees ;
Upon my spicy garden blow,
That sweets from every part may flow.

C H O R U S.

Ye southern breezes, gently blow,
That sweets from every part may flow.

P A R T III.

A I R.

HE. Arise, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me shivering with the cold.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SHE. My heart amidst my slumbers wakes,
And tells me my beloved speaks.

A I R.

HE. Arise, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me, shivering with the cold :
The chill-drops hang upon my head,
And night's cold dews my cheeks o'erspread :
Receive me, dropping, to thy breast,
And lull me in thy arms to rest.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SHE. Obedient to thy voice I hie ;
The willing doors wide open fly.

A I R.

Ah ! whither, whither art thou gone ?
Where is my lovely wand'rer flown ?
Ye blooming virgins, as you rove,
If chance you meet my straying love,
I charge you tell him how I mourn,
And pant, and die for his return.

C H O R U S OF VIRGINS.

Who is thy love, O charming maid !
That from thy arms so late has stray'd ?
Say what distinguish'd charms adorn,
And finish out his radiant form ?

A I R.

SHE. On his face the vernal rose,
Blended with the lilly, glows ;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets waving down his back ;
His eyes with milder beauties beam,
Than billing doves beside the stream ;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flowers,
Enripen'd by refreshing showers ;
His lips are of the rose's hue,
Dropping with a fragrant dew ;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.
This, O ye virgins, is the swain,
Whose absence causes all my pain.

R E C I T A T I V E.

HE. Sweet nymph, whom ruddier charms adorn,
Than open with the rosy morn ;
Fair as the moon's unclouded light,
And as the sun in splendour bright ;
Thy beauties dazzle from a-far,
Like glitt'ring arms that gild the war.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SHE. O take me ! stamp me on thy breast !
Deep let the image be impress !
For love, like arm'd death, is strong,
Rudely he drags his slaves along :
If once to jealousy he turns,
With never-dying rage he burns.

DUET.

Thou soft invader of the soul!
 O love, who shall thy pow'r controul!
 To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,
 Thy burning heat shall still remain.
 In vain we trace the globe to try,
 If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
 The treasures of the world will prove
 Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

CHORUS.

In vain we trace the globe to try,
 If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
 The treasures of the world will prove
 Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

P R O L O G U E

T O

G I L B L A S,

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD

IN THE CHARACTER OF A CRITIC, WITH A
 CATCALL IN HIS HAND.

ARE you all ready? Here's your musick
 here! *
 Author, sneak off, we'll tickle you, my dear.
 The fellow stopped me in a hellish fright—
 Pray sir, says he, must I be damn'd to-night?

* Blowing his catcall.

Damn'd! surely, friend—Don't hope for our com-
 pliance,

Zounds, sir!—a second play's downright defiance.
 Tho' once, poor rogue, we pitied your condition,
 Here's the true recipe—for repetition.

Well, sir, says he, e'en as you please, so then
 I'll never trouble you with plays again.

But harkee, poet!—won't you tho'? says I.

'Pon honour.—Then we'll damn you, let me die.

Sha'n't we, my Bucks? Let's take him at his
 word—

Damn him—or by my soul, he'll write a third.

The man wants money, I suppose—but mind ye—

Tell him you've left your charity behind ye.

A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!

As if we Bloods had bowels for a bard!

Besides, what men of spirit, now-a-days,

Come to give sober judgments of new plays?

It argues some good-nature to be quiet—

Good-nature! Ay—but then we lose a riot.

The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,

'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis sport to us.

Don't mind me tho'—for all my fun and jokes,

The bard may find us Bloods good-natur'd folks;

Not crabbed critics—foes to rising merit—

Write but with fire—and we'll applaud with spirit—

Our author aims at no dishonest ends,

He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends;

He takes no methods down your throats to cram it;

So if you like it, save it; if not—damn it.

END OF MOORE'S POEMS.

THE
POEMS OF MR. CAWTHORN.

TO
MISS ———,
OF HORSEMANDEN, IN KENT.

WHEN Wit and Science trimm'd their wither'd
bays,
At Petrarch's voice, and beam'd with half their
rays.

Some heav'n-born genius, panting to explore
The scenes oblivion wish'd to live no more,
Found Abelard in grief's sad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the shade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to age;
From age to age the soft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man;
Pride dropt her crest, Ambition learn'd to sigh,
And dove-like pity stream'd in every eye.

Sick of the world's applause, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with Eloise to charm,
He asks of verse to aid his native fire,
Refines, and wildly lives along the lyre;
Bids all his various passions throb anew,
And hopes, my fair, to steal a tear from you.

O blest with temper, blest with skill to pour
Life's ev'ry comfort on each social hour;
Chaste as thy blushes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for spleen;
Indulg'd to win, to soften, to inspire,
To melt with music, and with wit to fire;
To blend, as judgment tells thee how to please,
Wisdom with smiles, and majesty with ease;
Alike to virtue as the Graces known,
And proud to love all merit but thy own!

These are thy honours, these will charms supply,
When those dear suns shall set in either eye;
While She, who, fond of dress, of paint, and place,
Aims but to be a goddess in the face;
Born all thy sex illumines to despise,
Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wise,
Haunts for a year fantastically vain,
With half our Fribbles dying in her train;
Then sinks, as beauty fades and passion cools,
The scorn of coxcombs, and the jest of fools.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

FIRST PUBLISHED 1747.

A R G U M E N T.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century: they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa: this occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Passion.

MR. POPE.

AH! why this boding start? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein
to vein!

What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earthborn visions saddening o'er my cell!
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to
glow,

These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?
'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,
Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing charms confest'd,
Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breast,
Bids heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.

Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee;
See at thy call, my guilty warmth return,
Flame thro' my blood, and steal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;
The deadly charming sorceress controul,
And, spite of nature, tear her from thy soul.

Long has that soul, in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish muses, and where sorrow broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade.
Faith dropp'd a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.

But, O! how weak fair faith and virtue prove
When Eloisa melts away in love!
When her fond soul, impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant-softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me!
Ye heav'n's! as walking in yon sacred fane,
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aching sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine;
Priests, censers, altars from thy genius fled,
And heav'n itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief; art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame?
Warm as when first, with more than mortal shine,
Each melting eye-bail mix'd thy soul with mine?
Have not thy tears, for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hov'ring o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast,
Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?

And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
To love's dread shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms.
No—fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient sail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
Skim the vast ocean, freeze beneath the pole,
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul;
Fly, fly, for justice bears the arm of God,
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these thy wishes? can they thus aspire?
Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inspire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
Ah! rather let my tenderest accents move
The last wild accents of unholy love;
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
Reuse all my passions, act my joys new.
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd saints! adieu!
Sleep, conscience! sleep, each awful thought be drown'd,

And seven-fold darkness veil the scene around.

What means this pause, this agonizing start,
This glimpse of heav'n quick rushing thro' my heart?

Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd—

A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade:
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky.
O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul.

Return, ye hours! when, guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throb'd in every vein;
When, warm'd with all th' Egyptian fanes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.

Return, ye scenes!—Ah, no, from fancy fly,
On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly; since all that learning gave,
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
To love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
And left my laurels with'ring in the shade.
Let me forget that, while deceitful fame
Grasp'd her shawl trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, impower'd by heav'n to move
Each faint, each blast insensible to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone:
No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page;
The midnight-lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirit flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.

But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Misshapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deserts, where no vernal show'r
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flow'r;

Th' embrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours;
Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Distracting guilt, and, hell's worst fiend, despair,
Conspire in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

Delusive, sightless God of warm desire!

Why would'st thou wish to set a wretch on fire?

Why lives thy soft divinity where woe

Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow!

Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,

Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale;

Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,

Where ev'ry moment steals the wing of joy:

There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,

Devoted slaves, and victims all thy own;

Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,

And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.

O memory! ingenious to revive

Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,

Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore!

What griefs I suffer'd; and what pangs I bore!

How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save

An heart that panted to be still a slave!

When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love and flame,

Seiz'd every sense, and burnt thro' all my frame;

From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,

My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.

There, while these venerable cloisters rise

O'er the black surge, and gain upon the skies,

My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow

O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe;

Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,

Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,

With ceaseless pray'rs, the whole artill'ry giv'n

To win the mercies of offended heav'n,

Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,

While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the ground.

Yet, yet, alas! though all my moments fly,
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh,
Tho' meagre fatts have on my cheeks display'd
The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade,
Spite of myself the still-empoisoning dart
Shoots thro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart:
My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms that wrap the midnight-sky,
My Eloisa steals upon my eye;
For ever rises on the solar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day.
Where-e'er I go, the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
While loud Hosannas shake the shrines around,
I hear her softer accents in the sound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And heav'n much-injur'd has but half my pray'r:
No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For ev'ry object brings her to my soul.

Last night, reclining on yon airy sleep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in ev'ry cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew;
When, with keen speechless agonies oppress'd,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
Gaz'd on thy blushes, arm'd with ev'ry grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But, lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore,
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.

At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crouded in my view:
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful, stalk'd along the shade:
Pierc'd by his sword I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound;
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Detested wretch! how impotent thy age!
How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
Left me each tender, fond affection warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill!
Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
My death had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile:
Sublimar furies taught thy soul to glow
With all their savage mysteries of woe;
Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
The powers of nature, and the source of joy;
To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.

Aid me, fair faith! assist me, grace divine!
Ye martyrs! bless me, and, ye saints! refine:
Ye sacred groves! ye heav'n-devoted walls!
Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls;
Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there:
Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend
While awful reason whispers in the friend.
Friend, did I say! Immortals! what a name!
Can dull, cold friendship own so wild a flame?
No; let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
Whose warmth bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd
song

Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now strongly rouse, while heav'n his zeal inspires,
Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.

Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
Say, canst thou wish that madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew?
Ye heav'ns! if, to this tender bosom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
The fiercest, wildest agonies of love;
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight?
Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbess in thy heart.
See, while devotion's ever melting strain
Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
Kiss the dread cross, and croud upon the throne:
O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
Their warmths inspire, and their virtues mend:
Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
The cherub's meekness, and the seraph's zeal;
To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
In dreams of heav'n, and lead thyself the way;
Till all the glories of the blest abode
Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
Th' eternal spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove;
The longest gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.

O that my soul, from love's curst bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
O that some angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from this heart!
Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave.
Vain, fruitless wish! still, still the virtuous flame
Burns, like an earthquake, thro' my shattered frame;

Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiv'n,
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n.

Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth and give me to the sky;
Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.

And when, low-bending at the hallow'd shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign;
When pitying heav'n, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light and bids thee live;
Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal boon for me.

That when these black terrific scenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the soul no more;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roses fade,
And thy last lustres darken in the shade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully slow from vein to vein,
Pale death shall set my kindred-spirit free.
And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
Like ours in sad similitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
Our lifeless reliques in one tomb enshrine,
And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.

Meanwhile, divinely purg'd from every stain,
Our active souls shall climb th' ethereal plain,
To each bright cherub's purity aspire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
Enjoy with heav'n eternity of rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

AN
E L E G Y

TO THE

MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HUGHES,

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

VAIN were the task to give the soul to glow,
The nerve to kindle, and the verse to flow;
When the fond mourner, hid from ev'ry eye,
Bleeds in the anguish of too keen a sigh;
And, lost to glory, lost to all his fire,
Forgets the port before he grasps the lyre.

Nature! 'tis thine with manly warmth to mourn
Expiring virtue, and the closing urn;
To teach, dear Seraph! o'er the good and wise
The dirge to murmur, and the bust to rise.
Come then, O guiltless of the tear of art!
Sprung from the sky, and thron'd within the heart!
O come, in all the pomp of grief array'd,
And weep the warrior, whilst I grace the shade.

'Tis o'er—the bright delusive scene is o'er,
And war's proud visions mock the soul no more;
The laurel fades, th' imperial car retires,
All youth ennobles, and all worth admires.

Alas! my HUGHES! and must this mourning
verse

Resign thy triumph to attend thy hearse!
Was it for this that friendship's genial flame
Woke all my wishes from the trance of fame?
Was it for this I left the hallow'd page,
Where ev'ry science beams of ev'ry age;
On thought's strong pinion rang'd the martial scene,
From Rome's first Cæsar to the great Eugene;
Explor'd th' embattled van, the deep'ning line,
Th' enambush'd phalanx, and the springing mine;
Then, pale with horror, bent the suppliant knee,
And heav'd the sigh, and dropp'd the tear for thee!

What boots it now, that when, with hideous roar,
The gath'ring tempest howl'd from ev'ry shore,
Some pitying angel, vigilant to save,
Spread all his plumes, and snatch'd thee from the wave?

Preserv'd thee sacred from the fell disease,
When the blue plague had fir'd th' autumnal breeze?
Ah! when my hero panted to engage
Where all the battle burst in all its rage;
Where dreadful flew the missive deaths around,
And the mad faulchion blush'd from wound to wound;

Was he deny'd the privilege to bleed,
Sav'd on the main to fall upon the Tweed?

Ye graces! tell with what address he stole
The list'ning ear, and open'd all the soul.
What tho' rough winter bade his whirlwinds rise,
Hid his pale funs, and frown'd along his skies,
Pour'd the big deluge on the face of day,
My HUGHES was here to smile the glooms away,
With all the luxuries of sound to move
The pulse of glory, or the sigh of love;
And, spite of winter, lassitude, or pain,
Taught life and joy to throb in ev'ry vein.
Fancy! dear artist of the mental pow'r!
Fly,—fetch my genius to the social hour;
Give me again his glowing sense to warm,
His song to warble, and his wit to charm.
Alas! alas! how impotently true
Th' aerial pencil forms the scene anew!

E'en now, when all the vision beams around,
And my ear kindles with th' ideal sound——
Just as the smiles, the graces live impress'd,
And all his image takes up all my breast——
Some gloomy phantom brings the awful bier,
And the short rapture melts into a tear.

Thus in the lake's clear crystal we descry
The bright diffusion of a radiant sky——
Reflected nature sheds a milder green;
While half her forests float into the scene.
Ah! as we gaze the luckless zephyr flies,
The surface trembles, and the picture dies.

O blest with all that youth can give to please,
The form majestic, and the mien of ease,
Alike empower'd by nature, and by art,
To storm the rampart, and to win the heart;
Correct of manners, delicate of mind,
With spirit humble, and with truth refin'd;
For public life's meridian sunshine made,
Yet known to ev'ry virtue of the shade;
In war, while all the trumps of fame inspire,
Each passion raving, and each wish on fire;
At home, without or vanity, or rage;
As soft as pity, and as cool as age.

These were thy virtues—these will still be just,
 Light all their beams, and blaze upon thy dust;
 While pride in vain solemnity bequeaths
 To pow'r her statues, and to guilt her wreaths:
 Or, warm'd by faction, impudently flings
 The price of nations on the urns of kings.

THE
 EQUALITY OF HUMAN CONDITIONS:

A

POETICAL DIALOGUE:

SPOKEN AT THE ANNUAL VISITATION OF
 TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, 1746,

BY MESSRS. M— AND A—.

M—.

WHILE airy Belville, guiltless of a school,
 Shines out a French edition of a fool,
 Studies his learned taylor once a week,
 But curses ev'ry syllable of Greek;
 I sit, and think o'er all that Sparta fir'd,
 That Athens boasted, and that Rome admir'd.
 Enraptur'd fancy, busied with the theme,
 Forms ev'ry bright idea to a dream,
 Paints all the charming pageantry anew,
 And brings at once each classic to my view.
 Now, fondly wild, I thunder in the war,
 Shake the keen spear, and mount th' imperial car;
 With daring Regulus to Carthage run,
 Or nobly bleed with Brutus in a son;
 Seize, Caesar-like, on Caesar's gorgeous vest,
 And boldly plant a dagger in his breast.
 Now, softly-breathing all the muse's fire,
 I drop the faulchion, and I grasp the lyre;
 With Pindar's pinion skim the blest abode,
 Or strive to charm Augustus with an ode.
 Come then, my Lelius! come, my joy and pride!
 Whose friendship fooths me, while thy precepts
 guide;
 Thou, whose quick eye has glanc'd thro' every age,
 View'd every scene, and studied ev'ry page;
 Teach me, like thee, with ev'ry virtue blest,
 To catch each eye, and steal to ev'ry breast;
 To rise to all that in each patriot shone,
 And make each hero's happiness my own.
 Say, shall I, with a triumph in my view,
 Fame's air-dress'd goddess thro' each scene pursue;
 Ambitious court her in the pomp of war,
 And number every trophy by a scar?
 Shall I, with Solon, form the moral plan,
 And aim to mould a savage to a man?
 Or, pleas'd to rival every Grecian sage,
 Glean Plato's sense, and copy Homer's rage.

A—.

You ask me, Sir! what few would care to give,
 Some grave instructions how you ought to live.
 You wish that envied blissful scene to find,
 That charms the taste, and dignifies the mind;
 That nobly mingles every art to please,
 And joins the majesty of life to ease.

VOL. VII.

Hear then, my friend! the doctrine I disclose,
 As true as if display'd in pompous prose;
 As if Locke's sacred hand the page had wrote,
 And every doctor stamp'd it with a vote.

All lots are equal, and all states the same,
 Alike in merit, tho' unlike in name.
 In Reason's eye no difference lies between
 Life's noon-day lustres or her milder scene.
 'Tis not the plate that dignifies the board,
 Nor all the titles blazing round a lord;
 'Tis not the splendid plume, the embroider'd vest,
 The gorgeous sword-knot, or the martial crest,
 That lends to life the smile, the jest, the glee,
 Or makes his honour happier than me.
 When Florio's acres stretch'd o'er half the land,
 A gilded chariot roll'd him thro' the Strand:
 Reduc'd at last with humbler scenes to mix,
 He smok'd a speculative pipe at Dick's.
 The same great genius, in or out of pow'r—
 Ease smooch'd his brow, and soften'd ev'ry hour;
 Taught him to live as happy in a shed,
 As when a dutchess grac'd his nuptial bed.

Content's the port all mortals wish to hail:
 She points the compass, and she guides the sail.
 To her alone our leaky vessels roll
 Thro' all the seas that rage from pole to pole.
 What boots it then, when gath'ring storms behind
 Rise black in air, and howl in ev'ry wind,
 That thy rich ship a pomp of pride display'd,
 Her masts all cedar, and her sails brocade?
 Say, canst thou think the tempest will discern
 A filken cable, or a painted stern;
 Hush the wild tumult that tornados bring,
 And kindly spare the yacht that holds a king?
 No, no, my friend! if skilful pilots guide,
 And heav'n auspicious calms the whirling tide,
 No winds distress you, and no storm destroys,
 Whether you sail in gondolas or hoys.

M—.

What, has just heav'n no slight distinction made
 Betwixt a life of sunshine and of shade?
 Must I, in silence, this wild system own,
 And think a cottage equal to a throne?
 Sure if I did, my friends would soon bestow
 A few stout cords, and send me to Monro.

Your taylor, skill'd in fashion's ev'ry grace,
 Decks you in all the pageantry of lace,
 Lives in a cell, and eats, from week to week,
 An homely meal of cabbage and ox-cheek.
 You walk majestic in a nobler scene,
 Guiltless of ev'ry anguish, but the spleen;
 With all the luxury of statesmen dine
 On daily feasts of ortolans and wine.
 Then tell me, sir! if this description's true,
 Is not your taylor less at ease than you?

Hardwicke, great patriot! envy'd, lov'd, carest,
 Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breast;
 Whose bright example learns us to admire
 All Cowper's graces, and all Talbot's fire—
 Firm to his trust, whatever bribes assail,
 Truth guides his sword, and justice holds his scale.
 Say, is not he more happy than the throng
 Of beardless Templars melting o'er a song?
 Than him, who, buried in a country-town,
 Enrobes half a folio for a crown.

Heroic glory in the martial scene
 Spread ev'ry plume to dignify Eugene—

C

On Marlbro's helmet sat, in all her pride,
And proudly frown'd at all the world beside.
And sure, you'd think it a most sad disgrace,
If ensigns liv'd as easy as his grace.

A—.

Dear sir! restrain the prejudice of youth,
And calmly listen to the voice of truth.
When first th' Almighty fir'd his work began,
And spoke the mingling atoms into man,
To all the race with gracious hand was giv'n
One common forest, and one equal heav'n;
They shar'd alike this universal ball,
The sons of freedom, and the lords of all.
The poets too this sacred truth display'd,
From cloud-topp'd Pindus to the Latin shade.
They sung that ere Pandora, fond of strife,
Let loose each embryo-misery of life,
All nature brighten'd in one golden age,
Each fir'd a monarch, and each son a sage;
Eternal blessings flow'd to all the race,
Alike in riches, as alike in place.

Suppose then, sir! that new distinctions since
Have plac'd a slave some leagues below a prince;
Yet ease and joy, dispassion'd reason owns,
As often visit cottages as thrones.

See! in yon valley, while the mellowing grain
Embrowns the slope, and nods along the plain,
A croud of rustics, doom'd to daily toil,
Disarm the forest, or enrich the soil:
Not in that elegance of dress array'd
That charm'd Arcadia's hills, and Tempe's shade;
Where Thyrsis, shelter'd in some happier grove,
The lonely scene of solitude and love,
His breast all rapture, and his soul on fire,
Now wove the garland, and now swept the lyre:
No,—'tis plain Colin, Hobbinol, and Ned,
Unskill'd in numbers as in books unread,
Who scorn the winter's deadly blast to shun,
But face the storm, and drudge thro' ev'ry sun;
Then seek the cottage, where the homely bowl
Smooths ev'ry brow, and opens ev'ry soul;
Speeds the same social warmth from breast to breast,
And bids them laugh at Verres, and his crest.

When honest Colin sees the shining all
That gilds the 'Change, and dignifies Whitehall;
Lost in the scenes of turbulence and strife
The farce of grandeur, and the pomp of life,
He steals impatient to his native shade,
And longs to grasp his waggon and his spade;
Heedless of ev'ry charm, of ev'ry grace,
That forms the goddesses in Fitzwalter's face,
That lends to Finch her majesty of mien—
He would not change his Susan for a queen.

Believe me, sir! distinction, pomp, and noise,
Corrupt our tempers, as they cloud our joys:
And surely, when the social spirit's broke,
A star's a gewgaw, and a lord's a joke.
Without those robes, those gorgeous bagatelles,
That deck our nobles, and that charm our belles;
Without a crane-neck'd chariot's smooth career,
Without the wealth of Indus in your ear;
Without a group of pictures dearly bought,
Where Titian's colours vie with Guido's thought;
Without the fruits of Spain, the wines of France,
Without an opera, and without a dance,
You may live happy, as grave doctors tell,
At Rome, at Tunbridge, in a grot, or cell.

From sky to sky th' imperial bird of Jove
Spreads his broad wing, and thund'ring grasps his
love;

The mighty bull, by genial Zephyr sway'd,
Enraptur'd courts his heiter to the shade;
The feather'd warblers pair on every spray,
The grove re-echoing with the sprightly lay;
While the gay tribe of insects blissful share
The joys of love, and people all the air.
All, all that in the depths of ocean lie,
Graze on the plain, or skim along the sky,
Fondly pursue the end by nature giv'n,
Life all their aim, and quiet all their heav'n.

If then no songsters grudge the bear his thigh,
The hound his nostril, or the lynx his eye;
Nor feel a pang tho' Afric's shaggy brood
Majestic stalk the monarchs of the wood;
Why should you think your solitude a tomb,
If Pulteney has a title and a plumb?

M—.

But soft—restrain this turbulence of war,
This mimic image of the wordy bar;
Lest you should seem to copy Henry's lore,
Who gravely kills objections by the score.

Behold that wretch, by ev'ry woe distress'd,
Want in his eye, and horror in his breast;
A thousand nameless agonies of pain
Rack ev'ry nerve, and burn thro' ev'ry vein;
He lives to suffer, and but speaks to moan,
And numbers every minute by a groan.
Is he then happy? blest with every joy
That glows on Cecil's cheek, or Dorset's eye?
Shall we proclaim him blest, without rebuke,
And rank a martyr'd beggar with a duke?

A—.

Believe me, sir! each mortal has his fear,
Each soul an anguish, and each eye a tear;
Aches, pains, and fevers every breast assail,
And haunt alike the city and the vale.

What tho' in pomp your painted vessels roil,
Fraught with the gems that glare from pole to
pole,—

Tho' health auspicious gilds your every grace,
Nerves the strong limb, and blushes o'er the face;
Tho' grac'd with all that dignity of wit
That charm'd in Villars, and now charms in Pitt;
Possess'd of all the eloquence that hung
On Tully's lip, and drops from Murray's tongue;
Tho' all the titles, coronets, and stars,
That statesmen aim at, and that Malton bears,
Enrich your 'scutcheon, dignify your crest,
Beam on your coach, and blaze upon your breast;
Can they forbid the secret ill to glow,
The pang to torture, or the tear to flow?

Confess we then that all the ills of life,
Diseases, grief, vexations, follies, strife,
Without distinction every soul perplex,
Haunt ev'ry scene, and prey on all the sex.
Yet let us own that every pleasure too
That glads the active, and that wings the slow,
Alike indulgent to the rich and poor,
Glides thro' the land, and knocks at ev'ry door.

Hear then, without the specious pride of art,
A truth that strikes the moral to the heart;
A truth that liv'd in Cato's patriot-breast,
And bade a dying Socrates be blest;

All, all, but virtue is a school-boy's theme,
The air-dress'd phantom of a virgin's dream;
A gilded toy, that homebred fools desire,
That coxcombs boast of and that mobs admire:
Her radiant graces every bliss unfold,
And turn whate'er she touches into gold.

THE
BIRTH AND EDUCATION OF GENIUS.
A TALE.

YES, Harriet! say whate'er you can,
'Tis education makes the man:
Whate'er of Genius we inherit,
Exalted sense, and lively spirit,
Must all be disciplin'd by rules,
And take their colour from the schools.

'Twas nature gave that cheek to glow,
That breast to rise in hills of snow,
Those sweetly-temper'd eyes to shine
Above the sapphires of the mine.
But all your more majestic charms,
Where grace presides, where spirit warms;
That shape which falls by just degrees,
And flows into the pomp of ease;
That step, whose motion seems to swim,
That melting harmony of limb,
Were form'd by Glover's skilful glance,
At Chelsea, when you learnt to dance.

'Tis so with man.—His talents rest
Mishapen embryos in his breast;
Till education's eye explores
The sleeping intellectual powers,
Awakes the dawn of wit and sense,
And lights them into excellence.
On this depends the patriot-flame,
The fine ingenious feel of fame,
The manly spirit, brave and bold,
Superior to the taint of gold,
The dread of infamy, the zeal
Of honour, and the public weal,
And all those virtues which presage
The glories of a rising age.

But, leaving all these graver things
To statesmen, moralists, and kings,
Whose business 'tis such points to settle—
Ring—and bid Robin bring the kettle.
Mean while the muse, whose sportive strain
Flows like her voluntary vein,
And impudently dares aspire
To share the wreath with Swift and Prior,
Shall tell an allegoric tale,
Where truth lies hid beneath the veil.

One April-morn as Phoebus play'd
His carols in the Delphic shade,
A nymph, call'd Fancy, blithe and free,
The fav'rite child of Liberty,
Heard, as she rovd about the plain,
The bold enthusiastic strain;
She heard, and led by warm desire,
To know the artist of the lyre,
Crept softly to a sweet alcove,
Hid in the umbrage of the grove,

And, peeping through the myrtle, saw
A handsome, young, celestial beau,
On nature's sofa stretch'd along,
Awaking harmony, and song.

Struck with his fine majestic mien,
As certain to be lov'd as seen,
Long ere the melting air was o'er
She cry'd, in extacy, Encore;
And, what a pride will think but odd,
Popp'd out, and curtsied to the God.
Phoebus, gallant, polite, and keen as
Each earth-born votary of Venus,
Rose up, and with a graceful air
Address'd the visionary fair;
Excus'd his morning-dishabille,
Complain'd of late he had been ill.
In short, he gaz'd, he bow'd, he sigh'd,
He sung, he flatter'd, press'd, and ly'd,
With such a witchery of art,
That Fancy gave him all her heart,
Her catechism quite forgot,
And waited on him to his grot.

In length of time she bore a son,
As brilliant as his fire the Sun.
Pure æther was the vital ray
That lighted up his finer clay;
The nymphs, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The dryads of the woods and bow'rs,
The graces with their loosen'd zones,
The muses with their harps and crowns,
Young zephyrs of the softest wing,
The loves that wait upon the spring,
Wit, with his gay associate mirth,
Attended at the infant's birth,
And said, Let Genius be his name,
And his the fairest wreath of fame.

The gossips gone, the christ'ning o'er,
And Genius now 'twixt three and four,
Phoebus, according to the rule,
Resolv'd to send his son to school:
And, knowing well the tricks of youth,
Resign'd him to the matron Truth,
Whose hut, unknown to pride and pelf, was
Near his own oracle at Delphos.
The rev'rend dame, who found the child
A little mischievous, and wild,
Taught him at first to spell and read,
To say his prayers, and get his creed—
Wou'd often tell him of the sky,
And what a crime it is to lye.
She chid him when he did amiss,
When well, she bless'd him with a kiss.
Her sister Temp'rance, sage, and quiet,
Presided at his meals and diet:
She watch'd him with religious care,
And fed him with the simplest fare;
Wou'd never let the urchin eat
Of pick'd pork, or butcher's meat.
But what of aliment earth yields
In gardens, or ards, woods, and fields;
Whate'er of vegetable wealth
Was cultur'd by the hand of health,
She cropp'd and dress'd it, as she knew well,
In many a mess of soup and gruel;
And now and then, to cheer his heart,
Indulg'd him with a Sunday's tart.

A lusty peasant chanc'd to dwell
Hard by the solitary cell:

His name was Labour.—Ere the dawn
Had broke upon the upland-lawn,
He hied him to his daily toil,
To turn the glebe or mend the soil.
With him young Genius oft wou'd go
O'er dreary wastes of ice and snow,
With rapture climb the cloud-topped hill,
Or wade across the shallow rill;
Or thro' th' entangling wood pursue
The footsteps of a straggling ewe.
By these fatigues he got at length
Robustness, and athletic strength,
Spirits as light as flies the gale
Along the lily-silver'd vale.
The cherub health, of dimple sleek,
Sat radiant on his rosy cheek,
And gave each nerve's elastic spring
The vigour of an eaglet's wing.

Time now had roll'd, with smooth career,
Our hero thro' his seventh year.
Though in a rustic cottage bred,
The busy imp had thought and read:
He knew th' adventures, one by one,
Of Robin Hood and Little John;
Cou'd sing with spirit, warmth, and grace,
The woeful hunt of Chevy Chase;
And how St. George, his fiery nag on,
Destroy'd the vast Egyptian dragon.
Chief he admir'd that learn'd piece
Wrote by the fabulist of Greece,
Where wisdom speaks in crows and cocks,
And cunning sneaks into a fox.
In short, as now his op'ning parts,
Ripe for the culture of the arts,
Became in ev'ry hour acuter,
Apollo look'd out for a tutor;
But had a world of pains to find
This artist of the human mind.
For, in good truth, full many an ass was
Among the doctors of Parnassus,
Who scarce had skill enough to teach
Old Lilly's elements of speech;
And knew as much of men and morals
As doctor Rock of ores and corals.
At length, with much of thought and care,
He found a master for his heir;
A learn'd man, adroit to speak
Pure Latin, and your attic Greek;
Well known in all the courts of fame,
And Criticism was his name.

Beneath a tutor keen and fine as
Or Aristotle, or Longinus,
Beneath a lynx's eye that saw
The slightest literary flaw,
Young Genius trod the path of knowledge,
And grew the wonder of the college.
Old authors were his bosom friends—
He had them at his finger's-ends—
Became an accurate imitator
Of truth, propriety, and nature;
Display'd in every just remark
The strong sagacity of Clark;
And pointed out the false and true
With all the sun-beams of Bosu.

But tho' this critic-sage refin'd
His pupil's intellectual mind,
And gave him all that keen discerning
Which marks the character of learning;

Yet, as he read with much of glee
The trifles of antiquity,
And Bently-like would write epistles
About the origin of whistles;
The scholar took his master's trim,
And grew identically him;
Employ'd a world of pains to teach us
What nation first invented breeches;
Asserted that the Roman socks
Were broider'd with a pair of clocks;
That Capua serv'd up with her victuals
An olio of Venafran pickles;
That Sisygambis dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a queue.
In short, he knew what Paulus Jovius,
Salmasius, Grævius, and Gronovius,
Have said in fifty folio volumes,
Printed by Elzevir in columns.

Apollo saw, with pride and joy,
The vast improvement of his boy;
But yet had more than slight suspicion,
That all this load of erudition
Might overlay his parts at once,
And turn him out a letter'd dunce.
He saw the lad had fill'd his sense
With things of little consequence;
That tho' he read, with application,
The wits of every age and nation,
And could, with nice precision, reach
The boldest metaphors of speech;
Yet warp'd too much in truth's defiance,
From real to fictitious science,
He was, with all his pride and parts,
A mere mechanic in the arts,
That measures with a rule and line
What nature meant for great and fine.

Phœbus, who saw it right and wise was
To counteract this fatal bias,
Took home his son with mighty haste,
And sent him to the school of Taste.
This school was built by wealth and peace,
Some ages since, in elder Greece,
Just when the Stagyrice had writ
His lectures on the pow'rs of wit.
Here, flush'd in all the bloom of youth,
Sat beauty in the shrine of truth.
Here, all the finer arts were seen
Assembled round their virgin queen.
Here, sculpture on a bolder plan
Ennobled marble into man.
Here, music, with a soul on fire,
Impassion'd, breath'd along the lyre;
And here, the painter-muse display'd
Diviner forms of light and shade.

But, such the fate, as Hesiod sings,
Of all our sublunary things,
When now the Turk, with sword and halter,
Had drove religion from her altars,
And delug'd with a sea of blood
The academic dome and wood;
Affrighted Taste, with wings unfurl'd,
Took refuge in the western world;
And settled on the Tuscan main,
With all the muses in his train.

In this calm scene, where Taste withdrew,
And Science trimm'd her lamp anew;
Young Genius rang'd in every part
The visionary worlds of art,

And from their finish'd forms refin'd
His own congenial warmth of mind,
And learn'd with happy skill to trace
The magic powers of ease and grace:
His style grew delicately fine,
His numbers flow'd along his line;
His periods many, full, and strong,
Had all the harmony of song.
Whene'er his images betray'd
Too strong a light, too weak a shade,
Or in the graceful and the grand
Confess'd inelegance of hand,
His noble master, who cou'd spy
The slightest fault with half an eye,
Set right by one ethereal touch,
What seem'd too little or too much;
Till every attitude and air
Arose supremely full and fair.

GENIUS was now among his betters
Distinguish'd as a man of letters.
There wanted still, to make him please,
The splendour of address and ease,
The soul-enchanting mien and air,
Such as we see in Grosvenor-Square,
When Lady Charlotte speaks and moves,
Attended by a swarm of loves.

GENIUS had got, to say the truth,
A manner awkward and uncouth;
Sure fate of all who love to dwell
In wisdom's solitary cell:
So much a clown in gait, and laugh,
He wanted but a scrip and staff;
And such a beard as hung in candles
Down to Diogenes's sandals,
And planted all his chin thick,
To be like him a dirty cynic.

Apollo, who, to do him right,
Was always perfectly polite,
Chagrined to see his son and heir
Dishonour'd by his gape and stare,
Resolv'd to send him to Versailles,
To learn a minuet of Marfeilles:
But Venus, who had deeper reading
In all the mysteries of breeding,
Observ'd to Phoebus, that the name
Of fop and Frenchman was the same.
French manners, were, she said, a thing which
Those grave misguided fools, the English,
Had, in despite of common sense,
Mistook for manly excellence;
By which their nation strangely sunk is,
And half their nobles turn'd to monkies.
She thought it better, as the case was,
To send young Genius to the graces:
Those sweet divinities, she said,
Would form him in the myrtle shade;
And teach him more, in half an hour,
Than Lewis or his Pompadour.

Phoebus agreed—the graces took
Their noble pupil from his book,
Allow'd him at their side to rove
Along their own domestic grove,
Amidst the sound of melting lyres,
Soft-wreathing smiles, and young desires:
And when confin'd by winds or thow'rs,
Within their amaranthine bow'rs,
They taught him with address and skill
To shine at ombre and quadrille;

Or let him read an ode or play,
To wing the gloomy hour away.

GENIUS was charm'd—divinely plac'd
Midst beauty, wit, politeness, taste;
And, having every hour before him
The finest models of decorum,
His manners took a fairer ply;
Expression kindled in his eye;
His gesture disengag'd, and clean,
Set off a fine majestic mien;
And gave his happy pow'r to please
The noblest elegance of ease.

Thus, by the discipline of art,
Genius shone out in head and heart.
Form'd from his first fair bloom of youth,
By Temp'rance and her sister Truth,
He knew the scientific page
Of every clime and every age;
And learnt with critic-skill to rein
The wildness of his native vein;
That critic-skill, tho' cool and chaste,
Refin'd beneath the eye of Taste;
His unforbidding mien and air,
His awkward gait, his haughty stare,
And every stain that wit debases,
Were melted off among the graces;
And Genius rose, in form and mind,
The first, the greatest of mankind.

LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN,

OCCASIONED BY A

REPORT OF HIS PATRON'S BEING MADE
ONE OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF
THE GREAT SEAL, 1756.

IF fame, dear Mun! the truth reveals,
Your friend, the baron, has the seals,
With two compeers, his reverend brothers,—
Willes and Sir Eardly are the others.

Justice, who long had seen imprest
Her fairest image on his breast,
Plac'd him her substitute, to awe
The nation on her bench of law!
And now, to make her work complete,
Has thron'd him on her mercy-seat.

I'll hold you, Mun! an honest guinea,
That pest ambition's busy in you;
You mind no more your little crops,
Nor ever ask the price of hops;
Nor grieve about such idle things
As half the trumps, and all the kings:
But, blest each night with objects brighter,
Behold a visionary mitre;
And see the verger near you stand
Majestic with his silver wand.

Well—if, as matters now foretel it,
It is your fate to be a prelate;
Tho', loth to lose the comic strain,
The song, and ev'ry mirthful vein,
Which oft have made me full of glee,
And kept my spirits up till three;

Yet, fond to see, when pray'rs begin,
E——d, thy heteroclite chin,
With all that venerable bush on,
Reposing on a velvet cushion;
I would the man of humour quit,
And think the bishop worth the wit.

But, hark you, L——r! as you mean
To be a bishop, or a dean,
And must, of course, look grave, and big,
I'd have you get a better wig:
You know full well when, cheek by jole,
We waited on his grace at Knowl;
'Tho' that trim artist barber Jackson,
Spent a whole hour, about your caxon,
With irons hot, and fingers plastic,
To make it look ecclesiastic;
With all his pains, and combs, and care,
He scarce cou'd curl a single hair.

It wou'd be right too, let me tell you,
To buy a gown of new prunella;
And bid your maid, the art who well knows,
Repair your cassock at the elbows.

Lord! what a sudden alteration
Will wait on your exalted station!
Cawthorn, too proud a prince to flatter,
Who calls thee nought but Mun and L——r,
Will now put on a softer mien,
And learn to lisp out Mr. Dean;
Or, if you're made a mitred peer,
Humbly intreat your grace's ear.

Poor Adams too, will funk, and stare,
And trembling steal behind your chair;
Or else with holy zeal addressing,
Drop on his knees, and ask your blessing.

And now, my worthy friend! ere yet
We read it in the next Gazette,
That Tuesday last a royal writ
Was sent by Secretary Pitt
To all and singular the stalls
Prebendal in the church of Paul's,
Commanding them to choose and name
A bishop of unspotted fame;
And warmly recommending thee
As prelate of the vacant see;
It will not be amiss to know
Before-hand what you have to do.

First, as you'll want a grave divine
To wait upon you when you dine,
To guard your kitchen from disorders,
And school the youths who come for orders;
Take not an academic saplin,
But, for your life, make S——n chaplain.
He's tall, and solemn, soft and sleek,
Well read in Latin, and in Greek;
A proper man to tell the clerum
About Eusebius, and St. Jerom;
And wou'd as soon a fiend embrace as
Give up a jot of Athanasius.

Then as to what a bishop fleeces,
In procurations, fines, and leases,
And hoarding up a world of pelt,
You'll want no steward but yourself:
For, faith! your lordship has great skill in
The virtues of a splendid shilling;
And know, as well as Child and Hoare*,
That two and two will make up four.

* Two Bankers.

THE REGULATION OF THE PASSIONS

THE SOURCE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A MORAL ESSAY.

*Dunque ne l' Ufo per cui fur concessa
L' impieghi il joggio Duce, e le governi:
Et a suo Senno or tepide, or ardenti,
Le faccia: et or le affretti, et or le allenti.*

TASSO.

YES, yes, dear stoic! hide it as you can,
The sphere of pleasure is the sphere of man:
This warms our wishes, animates our toil,
And forms alike a Newton, or an Hoyle;
Gives all the soul to all the foul regards,
Whether she deal in planets, or in cards.

In every human breast there lives enshrined
Some atom pregnant with th' ethereal mind;
Some plastic pow'r, Some intellectual ray,
Some genial sun-beam from the source of day;
Something that, warm and restless to aspire,
Works the young heart, and sets the soul on fire.
And bids us all our inborn pow'rs employ
To catch the phantom of ideal joy.
Were it not so, the soul, all dead and lost,
Like the tall cliff beneath th' impassive frost,
Form'd for no end, and impotent to please,
Wou'd lie inactive on the couch of ease;
And, heedless of proud fame's immortal lay,
Sleep all her dull divinity away.

And yet, let but a zephyr's breath begin
To stir the latent excellence within—
Wak'd in that moment's elemental strife,
Impassioned genius feels the breath of life;
Th' expanding heart delights to leap and glow,
The pulse to kindle, and the tear to flow:
Strong and more strong the light celestial shines,
Each thought ennobles, and each sense refines,
Till all the soul, full op'ning to the flame,
Exalts to virtue what she felt for fame.
Hence, just as nature points the kindred fire,
One plies the pencil, one awakes the lyre;
This, with an Halley's luxury of soul,
Calls the wild needle back upon the pole,
Maps half the winds, and gives the sail to fly
In ev'ry ocean of the arctic sky;
While he whose vast capacious mind explores
All nature's scenes, and nature's God adores,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides;
Expels, like Heberden, the young disease,
And softens anguish to the smile of ease.

The passions then all human virtue give,
Fill up the soul, and lend her strength to live.
To them we owe fair truth's unspotted page,
The gen'rous patriot, and the moral sage;
The hand that forms the geometric line,
The eye that pierces thro' th' unbowell'd mine,
The tongue that thunders eloquence along,
And the fine ear that melts it into song.

And yet these passions which, on nature's plan,
Call out the hero while they form the man,

Warp'd from the sacred line that nature gave,
 As meanly ruin as they nobly save.
 Th' ethereal soul that heav'n itself inspires
 With all its virtues, and with all its fires,
 Led by these syrens to some wild extreme,
 Sets in a vapour when it ought to beam;
 Like a Dutch sun that in the autumnal sky
 Looks thro' a fog, and rises but to die.
 But he whose active, unencumber'd mind
 Leaves this low earth, and all its mists behind,
 Fond in a pure unclouded sky to glow,
 Like the bright orb that rises on the Po,
 O'er half the globe with steady splendor shines,
 And ripens virtues as it ripens mines.

Whoever thinks, must see that man was made
 To face the storm, not languish in the shade:
 Action's his sphere, and, for that sphere design'd,
 Eternal pleasures open on his mind.
 For this, fair hope leads on th' impassion'd soul
 Thro' life's wild labyrinths to her distant goal;
 Paints in each dream, to fan the genial flame,
 The pomp of riches, and the pride of fame;
 Or fondly gives reflection's cooler eye
 A glance, an image of a future sky.

Yet, tho' kind heav'n points out th' unerring
 road,
 That leads thro' nature up to bliss and God;
 Spite of that God, and all his voice divine,
 Speaks in the heart, or teaches from the shrine,
 Man, feebly vain, and impotently wise,
 Disdains the manna sent him from the skies;
 Tasteless of all that virtue gives to please,
 For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
 From wish to wish in life's mad vortex tost,
 For ever struggling, and for ever lost;
 He scorns religion, tho' her seraphs call,
 And lives in rapture, or not lives at all.

And now, let loose to all our hopes and fears,
 As pride inspires, or ambition tears,
 From ev'ry tie, from ev'ry duty freed,
 Without a balance, and without a creed,
 Dead ev'ry sense, each particle divine,
 And all the man enbruted in the swine;
 These drench in luxury's ambrosial bowl
 Reason's last spark, and drain off all the soul.
 Those for vain wealth fly on from pole to pole,
 Where winds can waft them, and where seas can
 roll.

While others, wearied with the farce of pow'r,
 Or mad with riot in the midnight hour,
 With Spain's proud monarch to a cell retire,
 Or, Nero like, set half the globe on fire.

Stretch'd on high-tow'ring Dover's sandy bed,
 Without a coffin, and without a head;
 A dirty sail-cloth o'er his body thrown,
 By marks of misery almost unknown,
 Without a friend to pity, or to save,
 Without a dirge to consecrate the grave,
 Great Suffolk lies—he who for years had shone,
 England's sixth Henry! nearest to thy throne.
 What boots it now, that list'ning senates hung
 All ears, all rapture, on his angel-tongue?
 Ah! what avails th' enormous blaze between
 His dawn of glory, and his closing scene!
 When haughty France his heav'n-born pow'rs
 ador'd,

And Anjou's princess sheath'd Britannia's sword!

Ask ye what bold conspiracy oppress'd
 A chief so honour'd, and a chief so blest?
 Why, lust of power, that wreck'd his rising fame
 On courts' vain shallows, and the gulph of shame:
 A Glo'ister's murder, and a nation's wrongs,
 Call'd loud for vengeance with ten thousand tongues;
 And hasten'd death, on Albion's chalky strand,
 To end the exile by a pirate's hand.

Pleasure, my friend! on this side folly lies;
 It may be vig'rous, but it must be wise:
 And when our organs once that end attain,
 Each step beyond it is a step to pain.
 For ask the man whose appetites pursue
 Each loose Roxana of the stew;
 Who cannot eat till luxury refine
 His taste, and teach him how to dine;
 Who cannot drink till Spain's rich vintage flow,
 Mix'd with the coolness of December's snow:
 Ask him, if all those extasies that move
 The pulse of rapture, and the rage of love,
 When wine, wit, woman, all their pow'rs employ,
 And ev'ry sense is lost in ev'ry joy,
 E'er fill'd his heart, and beam'd upon his breast
 Content's full sunshine, with the calm of rest?
 No—virtue only gives fair peace to shine,
 And health, O sacred temperance! is thine.
 Hence the poor peasant, whose laborious spade
 Rids the rough crag of half its heath and shade,
 Feels in the quiet of his genial nights
 A bliss more genuine than the club at White's:
 And has in full exchange for fame and wealth,
 Herculean vigour, and eternal health.

Of blooming genius, judgment, wit, possess'd,
 By poets envied, and by peers caref'd;
 By royal mercy sav'd from legal doom,
 With royal favour crown'd for years to come,
 O hadst thou, Savage! known thy lot to prize,
 And sacred held fair friendship's gen'rous ties;
 Hadst thou, sincere to wisdom, virtue, truth,
 Curb'd the wild sallies of impetuous youth;
 Had but thy life been equal to thy lays,
 In vain had envy strove to blast thy bays;
 In vain thy mother's unrelenting pride
 Had strove to push thee helpless from her side;
 Fair competence had lent her genial dow'r,
 And smiling peace adorn'd thy evening-hour;
 True pleasure would have led thee to her shrine,
 And every friend to merit had been thine.
 Bless'd with the choicest boon that heav'n can give,
 Thou then hadst learnt with dignity to live;
 The scorn of wealth, the threats of want to brave,
 Nor sought from prison a refuge in the grave.

Th' immortal Rembrandt all his pictures made
 Soft as their union into light and shade:
 Whene'er his colours wore too bright an air,
 A kindred shadow took off all the glare;
 Whene'er that shadow, carelessly embrown'd,
 Stole on the tints, and breath'd a gloom around,
 Th' attentive artist threw a warmer dye,
 Or call'd a glory from a pictur'd sky;
 Till both th' opposing powers mix'd in one,
 Cool as the night, and brilliant as the sun.

Passions, like colours, have their strength and ease,
 Those too insipid, and too gaudy these:
 Some on the heart, like Spagnoletti's, throw
 Fictitious horrors, and a weight of woe;
 Some, like Albano's, catch from ev'ry ray
 Too strong a sunshine, and too rich a day;

Others, with Carlo's Magdalens, require
A quicker spirit, and a touch of fire;
Or want, perhaps, tho' of celestial race,
Corregio's softness, and a Guido's grace.

Would'st thou then reach what Rembrant's
genius knew,
And live the model that his pencil drew,
Form all thy life with all his warmth divine,
Great as his plan, and faultless as his line;
Let all thy passions, like his colour, play,
Strong without harshness, without glaring gay:
Contrast them, curb them, spread them, or confine,
Ennoble these, and those forbid to shine;
With cooler shades ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away;
Her rainbow-robe from vanity remove,
And soften malice with the smile of love;
Bid o'er revenge the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be seen without a veil:
So shalt thou live as heav'n itself design'd,
Each pulse congenial with th' informing mind,
Each action station'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each passion vigorous to its just degree,
And the fair whole a perfect symmetry.

THE LOTTERY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS H—.

CAWTHORN had once a mind to fix
His carcase in a coach and six,
And live, if his estate would bear it,
On turtle, ortolans, and claret:
For this he went, at fortune's call,
To wait upon her at Guildhall;
That is, like many other thick wits,
He bought a score of Lottery Tickets,
And saw them rise in dreadful ranks
Converted to a score of blanks.

Amaz'd, and vex'd to find his scheme
Delusive as a midnight dream,
He curs'd the goddesses o'er and o'er,
Call'd her a mercenary whore;
Swore that her dull capricious sense
Was always dup'd by impudence,
That men of wit were but her tools,
And all her favours were for fools.

He said, and with an angry gripe
Snatch'd up his speculative pipe;
And, that he might his grief allay,
Read half a page in Seneca.

When, lo! a phantom, tall, and thin,
Knock'd at the door, and enter'd in:
She wore a party-colour'd robe,
And seem'd to tread upon a globe—
Whisk'd round the room with haughty air,
And toss'd into an elbow chair.
Then with a bold terrific look,
Which made the doctor drop his book,
Address'd him thus: Thou wicked varlet!
Art not ashamed to call me harlot?
Why, what's thy consequence and parts,
Thy skill in letters, or in arts,

That I, poor Fortune! must be lectur'd,
Kick'd, bully'd, curs'd, abus'd, and hector'd,
Because, forsooth—a fever roast thee,—
Thou'rt not so wealthy as Da Costa?

However, as thou hast some virtues,
And know'st my fav'rite Tom Curteis,
I'll point thee out a way to be
Almost as rich a man as he.

Send to the bank this day and buy
Ten Tickets in the Lottery;
And bid your honest friend, the broker,
Endorse the name of M—H—;
The sacred numbers then consign
Devoutly to the fair-one's shrine:
That is, in humbler rhetoric,
Present them by your footman Dick,
And tell her, in a billet-doux,
“My dear, these Tickets are for you,
“An offering from a heart that's split
“Asunder by your sense and wit,
“Yet has the grace to tell you true,
“To keep its own dear ends in view,
“And therefore hopes you'll not forget
“To give me half of what you get.”

My life on't, Jemmy, thou'lt be great—
Five thousand pounds!—a good estate:
For be assur'd that, tho' the poets,
The small philosophers, and no-wits,
Pretend that I'm to worth unkind,
And impudently paint me blind,
I yet can see thy charmer's merit,
Her taste, her dignity, and spirit;
Have often listen'd to her song,
And stole persuasion from her tongue;
And am resolv'd, tho' all the shrews,
Stock-jobbers, brokers, pimps, and Jews,
Frown, curse, expostulate, and rally,
With all the tongues of all the Alley,
To give her out of love and zeal,
The richest number in the wheel.

LADY JANE GREY

TO

LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

AN EPISTLE.

IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

FROM these dark cells, in sable pomp array'd,
Where night's black horrors breathe a deeper
shade,
Where ev'ry hour some awful vision brings
Of pale assassins, and the shrouds of kings,
What comforts can a wretched wife afford
The last sad moments of her dying lord?
With what fond tear, what love-impassion'd sigh,
Soothe the dear mourner ere he reach the sky?
Ye powers of song that ev'ry chord inspire
When Rome's soft Ovid weeps along his lyre;
Ye angel-sounds that Troy's great Hector mourn,
When his lost consort bleeds upon his urn!

Teach me, ye warblers! teach this strain of woe
Like you to kindle and like you to flow.

Alas! in vain ye bid your warmth divine
Wake all the string, and live through all the line.
Spite of those warmths, th' immortal numbers roll
Cool from my hand, and faithless to my soul;
Too faint a wish, too calm a sigh impart,
Hide half my grief, and tell but half my heart;
Lose the fond anguish of this flowing tear,
And the keen pang that tears and tortures there.

'Tis said that souls, to love's soft union wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought:
O! then with that mysterious art divine
The fierce impatience of my breast be thine:
And when some tender, recollecting sigh
Pours the big passion from each weeping eye,
When wrapt, and wild, thy fond ideas roll,
And all thy image takes up all thy soul;
Think that my breast the same dear tumults move,
As keen an anguish, and as soft a love;
Think that I hear thy pray'rs, explore thy fears,
Sigh to thy sighs, and weep with all thy tears;
From all thy wishes, all thy phrenzies free,
And feel for Guilford all he feels for me.

Ah! where are now the joys my fancy drew
For ever blooming, and for ever new!
Where the dear scenes that meditation aid,
The still'st soft murmur, and th' embow'ring shade;
Where all the heartfelt charities that move
The warmths of rapture in the pulse of love?
Lost, lost for ever, like th' ethereal fire
Shot thro' the sky to glitter and expire.

Hide it, ye pow'rs! the sad, the solemn day
That gave a Dudley to the house of Grey:
For, O! when to the altar's foot we came,
And each fond eye confess'd the kindling flame;
Just as the priest had join'd my hand to thine
An awful tremor shook the hallow'd shrine,
A sudden gloom the sacred walls array'd,
And round the tapers threw an azure shade;
The winds blew hollow with the voice of pain,
Aerial echoes sigh'd thro' all the fane:
'Twas God himself that, from th' empyreal sky,
Look'd inauspicious on the nuptial tie,
And pitying taught, as prophecies of woe,
The shrines to tremble, and the wind to blow.

O! had thy blood drunk in some fell disease,
From each chill pinion of th' autumnal breeze,
Had yon keen sun, with all the rage of pain,
Wing'd every pulse, and scorch'd up every vein,
Extinguish'd Guilford ere he liv'd his span,
It had been nature, and the fate of man.
Heav'n's! had my cares but eas'd thy parting breath,
In life's last moment, and the gasp of death,
Explor'd the dear imperfect sounds that hung
Loose on each fibre of thy fault'ring tongue,
Cool'd the fond phrenzies of thy parting sigh,
Wip'd the warm drop from each expiring eye;
I had but known what many a virtuous pair
Are doom'd to suffer, and are doom'd to bear:
But, O! in thought's wild images to see
My glories fall, proud infamy! like thee;
See, 'midst the murmur of a million sighs,
The sabre glitter, and the scaffold rise;
To see my Guilford moving sadly slow
Thro' ranks of warriors, and the pomps of woe;
See him, while bending o'er his awful bier,
Shed the keen anguish of too warm a tear,

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A tear that from the warmths of love proceeds,
And melts the husband while the hero bleeds—

Bleed, did I say?—Tear, tear, ye pow'rs of art!
Sense, nature, memory, from my tortur'd heart:
And thou,—beneath the pole's black umbrage laid,
Oblivion! daughter of the midnight shade!
With all thy glooms, and all thy mists, remove
Each sweet idea of connubial love:
Hide the dear man whose virtues first impress'd
Too fond an image on my virgin breast;
From all the softness of my soul efface
His every beauty, and his every grace;
And force that soul with patience to resign
All the dear ties that bound her fast to thine.

Alas! vain effort of misguided zeal!
What pow'r can force affliction not to feel!
What faint forbid this throbbing breast to glow,
This sigh to murmur, and this tear to flow?
Still honest nature lives her anguish o'er,
Still the fond woman bleeds at every pore.
Ah! when my soul all panting to aspire,
Each sense enraptur'd, and each wish on fire,
On all the wings of heav'n-born virtue flies
To yon bright sunshine, yon unclouded skies;
Spite of the joys that heav'n and bliss impart,
A softer image heaves within my heart;
Impassions nature in the springs of life,
And calls the seraph back into the wife.

Yet say, my Guilford! say, why wilt thou move
These idle visions of despairing love;
Why wilt thou still, with every grace and art,
Spread thro' my veins, and kindle in my heart?
O let my soul far other transports feel,
Wing'd with thy hopes, and warm'd with all thy
zeal.

And thou, in yon imperial heav'n enshrin'd,
Eternal effluence of th' eternal mind!
O grace divine! on this frail bosom ray
One gleam of comfort from the source of day.—
She comes, and all my opening breast inspires
With holy ardours, and seraphic fires:
Rapt, and sublime, my kindling wishes roll,
A brighter sunshine breaks upon my soul:
Strong, and more strong the light celestial shines,
Each thought ennobles, and each sense refines:
Each human pang, each human bliss retires,
All earth-born wishes, and all low desires,
The pomps of empire, grandeur, wealth decay,
And all the world's vain phantoms fade away.

Rise, ye sad scenes! ye black ideas rise,
Rise, and dispute the empire of the skies:
Ye horrors! come, and o'er my senses throw
Terrific visions, and a pomp of woe;
Call up the scaffold in its dread parade,
Bid the knell echo thro' the midnight shade;
Full in my sight the robe funereal wave,
Swell the loud dirge, and open all my grave:
Yet shall my soul, all conscious of her God,
Resign'd, and fainted for the blest abode,
The last sad horrors of her exit eye,
Without a tremor, and without a sigh.

Ah, no—while heav'n shall leave one pulse of
life,

I still am woman, and am still a wife;
My hov'ring soul, tho' rais'd to heav'n by pray'r,
Still bends to earth, and finds one sorrow there:
There, there, alas! the voice of nature calls,
A nation trembles, and a husband falls.

H

O! wou'd to heav'n, I cou'd like Zeno boast
 A breast of marble, and a soul of frost,
 Calm as old Chaos, ere his waves begun
 To know a zephyr, or to feel a sun.
 Romantic with! for O, ye pow'rs divine!
 Was ever misery, ever grief, like mine;
 For ever round me glares a tragic scene,
 And now the woman bleeds, and now the queen:
 Now back to Edward's recent grave convey'd,
 Talk with fond phrenzy to his spotless shade;
 Now wildly image all his sister's rage,
 The baleful fury of the rising age;
 Behold her sanguinary banners fly
 Loose to the breezes of a British sky;
 See England's genius quit th' imperial dome
 To Spain's proud tyrant, and the slaves of Rome;
 See all the land the last sad horrors feel
 Of cruel creeds, and visionary zeal.
 Mad bigotry her ev'ry son inspires,
 Breathes all her plagues, and blows up all her
 fires,

Points the keen falchion, waves th' avenging rod,
 And murders virtue in the name of God.

May He, who first the light of heav'n display'd,
 The dear redeemer of a world in shade,
 He who to man the bliss of angels gave,
 Who bled to triumph, and who died to save,
 Beam all his gospel, sacred and divine,
 On ev'ry bosom, and on ev'ry shrine;
 Relieve th' expiring eye, and gasping breath,
 And rescue nature from the arm of death.

And now resign'd, my bosom lighter grows,
 And hope soft-beaming brightens all my woes.
 Hark; or delusion charms, a Seraph sings,
 And choirs to waft us spread their silver wings;
 Th' immortals call, heav'n opens at the sound;
 And glories blaze, and mercy streams around.
 Away—ere nature wake her pangs anew,
 Friend, father, lover, husband, faint, adieu!
 Yet when thy spirit, taught from earth to fly,
 Spreads her full plume, and gains upon the sky,
 One moment pause till these dead orbs resign
 The last faint beam, and speed my soul to thine:
 Then, while the priest, in hallow'd robes array'd,
 Pays the last honours to each parting shade;
 While o'er our ashes weeps th' attending train,
 And the sad requiem flows along the fane;
 Our kindred souls shall wing th' ethereal way,
 From earth and anguish to the source of day;
 To all the bliss of all the skies aspire,
 And add new raptures to th' angelic choir.

And, O! if aught we knew, or left behind,
 Can wake one image in the faintest mind;
 If yet a friend, a parent, child, can move
 Departed spirits to a sense of love;
 Still shall our souls a kind connection feel
 With England's senate, and with England's weal;
 And drive from all its shores, with watchful care,
 The flame of discord, and the rage of war.

Perhaps, when these sad scenes of blood are o'er,
 And Rome's proud tyrant awes the soul no more;
 When anguish throws off all the veils of art,
 Bares all her wounds, and opens all her heart;
 Our hapless loves shall grace th' historic page,
 And charm the nation's of a future age:
 Perhaps some bard, whose tears have learnt to
 flow

For injur'd nature, and to feel for woe,

Shall tell the tender melancholy tale
 To the soft zephyrs of the western vale;
 Fair truth shall bless him, virtue guard his cause,
 And every widow'd matron weep applause.

OF TASTE.

AN ESSAY.

WELL—tho' our passions riot, fret, and rave,
 Wild and capricious as the wind and wave;
 One common folly, say whate'er we can,
 Has fix'd at last the mercury of man;
 And rules, as sacred as his father's creed,
 O'er every native of the Thames and Tweed.

Ask ye what pow'r it is that dares to claim
 So vast an empire, and so wide a fame?
 What God unshrin'd in all the ages past?
 I'll tell you, friend! in one short word---'tis
 Taste;

Taste that, without or head, or ear, or heart,
 One gift of nature, or one grace of art,
 Ennobles riches, sanctifies expence,
 And takes the place of spirit, worth and sense.
 In elder time, ere yet our fathers knew
 Rome's idle arts, or panted for Virtù,
 Or sat whole nights Italian songs to hear,
 Without a genius, and without an ear;
 Exalted senec, to warmer climes unknown,
 And manly wit was nature's, and our own.
 But when our virtues, warp'd by wealth and peace,
 Began to slumber in the lap of ease—
 When Charles return'd to his paternal reign,
 With more than fifty taylor's in his train,
 We felt for Taste—for then obliging France
 Taught the rough Briton how to dress, and dance;
 Politely told him all were brutes, and fools,
 But the gay coxcombs of her happier schools;
 That all perfection in her language lay,
 And the best author was her own Rabelais.
 Hence by some strange malignity of fate,
 We take our fashions from the land we hate:
 Still slaves to her, howe'er her taste inclines,
 We wear her ribbands, and we drink her wines;
 Eat as she eats, no matter which or what,
 A roasted lobster, or a roasted cat;
 And fill our houses with an hungry train
 Of more than half the scoundrels of the Seine.

Time was, a wealthy Englishman would join
 A rich plum-pudding to a fat sirloin;
 Or bake a pasty, whose enormous wall
 Took up almost the area of his hall:
 But now, as art improves, and life refines,
 The dæmon Taste attends him when he dines;
 Serves on his board an elegant regale,
 Where three stew'd mushrooms flank a larded
 quail;

Where infant turkeys, half a month resign'd
 To the soft breathings of a southern wind,
 And smother'd in a rich ragout of snails,
 Outstink a lenten supper at Versailles.
 Is there a taint that would not laugh to see
 The good man piddling with his trifles?

Ere'd by the luxury of taste to drain
A flask of poison, which he calls champagne !
While he, poor idiot ! tho' he dare not speak,
Pines all the while for porter, and ox-cheek.

Sure 'tis enough to starve for pomp and show,
To drink, and curse the clarets of Bourdeaux :
Yet such our humour, such our skill to hit
Excess of folly thro' excess of wit,
We plant the garden, and we build the seat,
Just as absurdly as we drink and eat.

For is there aught that nature's hand has sown
To bloom and ripen in her hottest zone ?

Is there a shrub which, ere its verdur blows,
Asks all the suns that beam upon the Po ?

Is there a flowret whose vermilion hue
Can only catch its beauty in Peru ?

Is there a portal, colonnade, or dome,
The pride of Naples, or the boast of Rome ?

We raise it here, in storms of wind and hail,
On the bleak bosom of a sunless vale ;

Careless alike of climate, soil, and place,
The cast of nature, and the smiles of grace.

Hence all our stucco'd walls, Mosaic floors,
Palladian windows, and Venetian doors ;
Our Gothic fronts, whose Attic wings unfold
Fluted pilasters tipp'd with leaves of gold ;
Our massy ciellings, grac'd with gay festoons,
The weeping marbles of our damp saloons,
Lawns fring'd with citrons, amaranthine bow'rs,
Expiring myrtles, and unop'ning flow'rs.

Hence the good Scotsman bids th' anana blow
In rocks of crystal, or in Alps of snow ;

On Orcus' steep extends his wide arcade,
And kills his scanty sunshine in a shade.

One might expect a sanctity of style

August and manly in an holy pile,

And think an architect extremely odd

To build a playhouse for the church of God ;

Yet half our churches, such the mode that reigns,

Are Roman theatres, or Grecian fanes ;

Where broad-arch'd windows to the eye convey

'The keen diffusion of too strong a day ;

Where, in the luxury of wanton pride,

Corinthian columns languish side by side,

Clos'd by an altar exquisitely fine,

Loose and lascivious as a Cyprian shrine.

Of late, 'tis true, quite sick of Rome and Greece,

We fetch our models from the wise Chinese :

European artists are too cool and chaste,

For Mand'rin only is the man of taste ;

Whose bolder genius, fondly wild to see

His grove a forest, and his pond a sea,

Breaks out — and, whimsically great, designs

Without the shackles or of rules or lines.

Form'd on his plans, our farms and seats begin

To match the boasted villas of Pekin.

On every hill a spire-crown'd temple swells,

Hung round with serpents, and a fringe of bells ;

Junks and balcons along our waters sail,

With each a gilded cock-boat at his tail ;

Our choice exotics to the breeze exhale

Within th' inclosure of a zig-zag rail ;

In Tartar huts our cows and horses lie,

Our hogs are fatted in an Indian sty ;

On ev'ry shelf a Joss divinely stares,

Nymphs laid on chintzes sprawl upon our chairs ;

While o'er our cabinets Confucius nods,

'Midst porcelain elephants, and China Gods.

Peace to all such — but you whose chaster fires

True greatness kindles, and true sense inspires,

Or ere you lay a stone, or plant a shade,

Bend the proud arch, or roll the broad cascade,

Ere all your wealth in mean profusion waste,

Examine nature with the eye of Taste ;

Mark where she spreads the lawn, or pours the
rill.

Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill,

Plan as she plans, and where her genius calls,

There sink your grottos, and there raise your walls.

Without this Taste, beneath whose magic-wand

Truth and correctness guide the artist's hand,

Woods, lakes, and palaces are idle things,

The shame of nations, and the blush of kings.

Expend and Vanbrugh, vanity and show,

May build a Blenheim, but not make a Stowe.

But what is Taste, you ask, this heav'n-born
fire

We all pretend to, and we all admire ?

Is it a casual grace ? or lucky hit ?

Or the cool effort of reflecting wit ?

Has it no law but mere disguised will ?

No just criterion fix'd to good and ill ?

It has — True Taste, when delicately fine,

Is the pure sunshine of a soul divine,

The full perfection of each mental pow'r —

'Tis sense, 'tis nature, and 'tis something more.

Twin-born with Genius of one common bed,

One parent bore them, and one master bred.

It gives the lyre with happier sounds to flow,

With purer blushes bids fair beauty glow ;

From Raphael's pencil calls a nobler line,

And warms, Corregio ! every touch of thine.

And yet, tho' sprung from one paternal flame,

Genius and Taste are different as their name :

Genius, all sunbeam, where he throws a smile

Impregnates nature faster than the Nile ;

Wild, and impetuous, high as heav'n aspires,

All science animates, all virtue fires ;

Creates ideal worlds, and there convenes

Aerial forms, and visionary scenes.

But Taste corrects, by one ethereal touch,

What seems too little, and what seems too much ;

Marks the fine point where each consenting part

Slides into beauty with the ease of art ;

This bids to rise, and that with grace to fall,

And bounds, unites, refines, and heightens all,

LIFE UNHAPPY, BECAUSE WE USE IT IMPROPERLY.

A MORAL ESSAY.

I OWN it, Belmour ! say whate'er we can,
The lot of sorrow seems the lot of man ;
Affliction leads with all her keenest rage
On youth's fair blossoms, and the fruits of age ;
And wraps alike beneath her harpy wings
The cells of peasants, and the courts of kings.

Yet sure unjustly we ascribe to fate
 These ills, these mischiefs, we ourselves create;
 Vainly lament that all the joys we know,
 Are more than number'd by the pangs of woe;
 And yet these joys in mean profusion waste,
 Without reflection, and without a taste:
 Careless of all that virtue gives to please,
 For though too active, and too mad for ease,
 We give each appetite too loose a rein,
 Push ev'ry pleasure to the verge of pain;
 Impetuous follow where the passions call,
 And live in rapture, or not live at all.

Hence half the plagues that fill with pain and
 strife

Each foster moment of domestic life;
 The palsied hand, the visionary brain,
 Th' infected fluid, and the torpid vein;
 The ruin'd appetite that loathing flights
 The richest olio of the cook at White's;
 The aching impotence of loose desire,
 A nerveless body with a soul on fire;
 Th' eternal blush that lights the cheek of shame
 For wasted riches, and unheeded fame;
 Unhallow'd reveries, low-thoughted cares,
 The wish that riots, and the pang that tears;
 Each awful tear that weeps the night away,
 Each heartfelt sigh of each reflecting day;
 All that around the low'ring eye of spleen
 Throws the pale phantom, and terrific scene;
 Or, direr still, calls from th' abyss below
 Despair's dead genius to the couch of woe,
 Where, lost to health, and hope's all-cheering ray,
 As the dead eye-ball to the orb of day,
 Pale riot bleeds for all his mad expence
 In each rack'd organ, or acuter sense;
 Where sad remorse beholds in every shade
 The murder'd friend, or violated maid;
 And stung to madness in his inmost soul,
 Grasps the keen dagger, or empoison'd bowl.

Impious it were to think th' Eternal Mind
 Is but the scourge and tyrant of mankind.
 Sure he who gives us sunshine, dew, and show'r,
 The vine ambrosial, and the blooming flow'r,
 Whose own bright image lives on man impress'd,
 Meant that that being thou'd be wise and blest,
 And taught each instinct in his heart enshrin'd
 To feel for bliss, to search it, and to find.

But where's this bliss, you ask, this heaven-born
 fire

We all pretend to and we all admire?
 Breathes it in Ceylon's aromatic isle?
 Flows it along the waters of the Nile?
 Lives it in India's animated mold,
 In rocks of crystal, or in veins of gold?
 Not there alone, but, boundless, unconfin'd;
 Spreads thro' all life, and flows to all mankind;
 Waits on the winds that blow, the waves that roll,
 And warms alike the Equator and the Pole.
 For as kind nature thro' the globe inspires
 Her parent warmth, and elemental fires,
 Forms the bright gem in earth's unathom'd caves,
 Bids the rich coral blush beneath the waves,
 And with the same prolific virtue glows
 In the rough bramble, as the damask rose;
 So, in the union of her moral plan,
 The ray of bliss shines on from man to man,
 Whether in purple, or in skins array'd,
 He yields the sceptre, or he plies the spade,

Slaves on the Ganges, triumphs on the Rhone,
 Hides in a cell, or beams upon a throne.

In vain the man whose soul ambition fires,
 Whom birth ennobles, and whom wealth inspires,
 Insists that happiness for courts was made,
 And laughs at every genius of the shade.
 As much mistakes the sage, who fain would prove
 Fair pleasure lives but in his grot and grove.
 Each scene of life, or open or confin'd,
 Alike congenial to its kindred mind,
 Alike ordain'd by heav'n to charm or please
 The man of spirit and the man of ease;
 Just as our taste is better or is worse,
 Becomes a blessing, or becomes a curse.
 When lust and envy share the soul by turns,
 When fear unnerves her, or mad vengeance burns;
 When luxury brutes her in the wanton bow'r,
 And guilt's black phantoms haunt her midnight
 hour;

Not all the wealth each warmer sun provides,
 All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,
 Not all the pomps that round proud greatness shine,
 When suppliant nations bow before her shrine,
 Can ease the heart, or ray upon the breast
 Content's full sunshine, and the calm of rest.
 No—all the bliss that nature feels, or knows,
 Of heartfelt rapture, or of cool repose,
 Howe'er improv'd by wisdom, and by art,
 Lives in ourselves, and beams but from the heart,
 Quite independent of those alien things,
 Applauding senates, and the smiles of kings,
 Of empty purses, or of wealthy bags,
 A robe of ermines, or a coat in rags.

Conclude we then that heav'n's supreme decree
 Gives ease and joy to monarchs and to me:
 Yet, such the fate of all that man obtains,
 Our pleasure must be purchas'd by our pains,
 And cost us every hour some small expence,
 A little labour, and a little sense.
 That heav'n-born bliss, that soul-illumin'd joy,
 Which madmen squander, and which fools destroy,
 To half the nations of the globe unknown,
 Reflecting wisdom makes it all her own;
 Coolly explores, in every scene and sphere,
 What nature wants, what life inherits there;
 What lenient arts can teach the soul to know
 A purer rapture, and a softer woe;
 What melt her idle vanities away,
 And make to-morrow happier than to-day.
 Without this cheap, this economic art,
 This cool philosophy of head and heart,
 A peer's proud bosom, rack'd by pangs and cares,
 Feels not the splendor of the star he wears:
 With it the wretch whom want has forc'd to dwell
 In the last corner of her cheerless cell,
 In spite of hunger, labour, cold, disease,
 Lies, laughs, and slumbers on the couch of ease.

A coxcomb once in Handel's parlour found
 A Grecian lyre, and try'd to make it sound;
 O'er the fine stops his awkward fist he flings,
 And rudely presses on th' elastic strings:
 Awaken'd discord shrieks, and scolds, and raves,
 Wild as the dissonance of winds and waves,
 Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight bawls,
 Harsh as ten chariots rolling round St. Paul's,
 And hoarser far than all th' ecstasies of Thrace,
 Whose drunken orgies stunn'd the wilds of Thrace.

Friend! quoth the sage, that fine machine
contains

Exacter numbers, and diviner strains;
Strains such as once could build the Theban wall,
And stop the mountain torrent in its fall:
But yet, to wake them, rouse them, and inspire,
Asks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling soul, whose all expressive pow'rs
Can copy nature as she sinks or soars;
And, just alike to passion, time, and place,
Refine correctness into ease and grace.
He said—and, flying o'er each quiv'ring wire,
Spread his right hand, and swept it on the lyre.
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
'The sound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal woods:
The list'ning passions hear, and sink, and rise,
As the rich harmony or swells or dies;
The pulse of avarice forgets to move,
A purer rapture fills the breast of love;
Devotion lifts to heav'n a holier eye,
And bleeding pity heaves a softer sigh.
Life has its ease, amusement, joy, and fire,
Hid in itself, as music in the lyre;
And, like the lyre, will all its pow'rs impart,
When touch'd and manag'd by the hand of art.
But half mankind, like Handel's fool, destroy,
Thro' rage and ignorance, the strain of joy;
Irregularly will their passions roll
'Thro' nature's finest instrument, the soul:
While men of sense, with Handel's happier skill,
Correct the taste, and harmonize the will;
Teach their affections like his notes to flow,
Not rais'd too high, nor ever sunk too low;
Till every virtue, measur'd and refin'd,
As fits the concert of the master-mind,
Melts in its kindred sounds, and pours along
Th' according music of the moral song.

PRUSSIA.

A POEM.

A WAKE, Voltaire! with warmth, with rapture
raise

Th' applauding pean, and the song of praise:
Again thy Fred'ric mounts the victor's car,
Again he thunders in the front of war?
Back to the desert flies the routed Gaul,
And proud Vienna shakes from wall to wall.

He hears me not—thy genius, France! prevails,
The poet feels but for his own Versailles!
With secret curses eyes the hero's sword,
And hates that virtue which he once ador'd.

And shall a king whose triumphs far exceed
The boasted glories of the Greek and Swede;
Who more than Cæsar, with a brighter ray
Ascends, and shines imperial Rome away—
Shall he thro' ages spread his mighty name
Without a verse to wait upon his fame?
Has Britain lost her spirit, soul, and fire?
Has she no patriot who dare touch the lyre?

Yes——while I live, thy virtues, prince! shall
be

For ever sacred to the muse, and me.
What tho' I heard but with the vulgar throng,
The last, the lowest of the sons of song,
Thy bold exploits shall give my soul to glow,
My pulse to kindle, and my vein to flow;
Exalt my spirit, animate my line,
And lend my numbers all the strength of thine.

Now had pale fury drove her iron car
From fields of slaughter, and from wastes of war;
Returning peace led on the vernal year,
Sheath'd the keen sword, and broke the lifted
spear,

Wide o'er the world her olive branch display'd,
And call'd the nations to its hallow'd shade.
And now the arts, inflam'd with gen'rous strife,
Rose in the softness of domestic life;
Exulting labour tam'd the stubborn plain,
The sail of commerce took up all the main,
With bolder wings th' immortal muses flew,
And science trimm'd her faded wreath anew.

Ambition sigh'd—for now she heard no more
The war's loud thunder break from shore to shore;
No more beheld proud monarchs, meanly vain,
Rank'd in her files, or number'd in her train;
Lost to the glare of life, she lay unblest
In the lone cell of solitary rest,
Where spleen's pale visions round her slumbers
throw

Eternal sadness, and a pomp of woe.
In vain kind nature pours upon her eye
A softer sunshine, and a richer sky,
Spreads the wild forest, heaves the cloud-topped hill,
Waves in the wood, and flows along the rill:
Woods, wilds, and waters, to her sense decay,
The warblers languish on the vocal spray;
Uncoloured suns in heav'n's clear azure fade,
And night's black horrors wear a deeper shade.

At length arous'd she feels her wonted flame,
Revives, and opens to the voice of fame:
She sees new triumphs rising to her view,
And wing'd by rapture, to Vienna flew.
'Twas night—lull'd softly by the western breeze,
Fair Austria slumber'd on the couch of ease:
When as of old the first infernal pow'r,
Stole on the sweets of Eden's nuptial bow'r,
And skill'd alike to flatter and deceive,
Crept in a reptile to the ear of Eve;
So now ambition, with a nobler mien,
Approach'd, and whisper'd thus the sleeping queen.

“Can'st thou, O princess! thou, whose glory
spings

From heav'n-born heroes, and a race of kings,
Resign'd and cool, to yonder Prussian yield
Silesia's sceptre, and her fruitful field?
Rise to thy wrongs, assert thy injur'd reign,
And bid the sword of vengeance rage again;
Tear from his hand the empire he has won,
This moment crush him, or thou art undone.
Secret and strong, beneath his native fires,
The haughty genius of his soul aspires;
His realms enlarge, his sails begin to fly
O'er ev'ry ocean of the Polar sky.
Rich harvests rise upon his barren waste,
His crowded cities are the seats of taste;
Another year's autumnal sun shall see
His broad dominions stretch from sea to sea;

Perhaps shall see him on th' imperial throne,
Europe enslav'd, and half the world his own."

Thus spoke the fiend, and, with delusive art,
Breath'd her black spirit through Teresa's heart:
Rapt into future scenes she minds no more
The faith she plighted, and the oath she swore;
Strong, and more strong, the vision lives impress;
Conquest's dread genius takes up all her breast;
Paints on her soul, in luxury of thought,
Th' ideal glories of a war unfought,
The laurel-wreath, the military show,
The car of triumph, and the captive foe.
And now the queen, unfeeling, false, and vain,
Plans the wide ruin of a bold campaign;
Thro' all the North with all her spirit raves,
And wakes the nations in their huts, and caves;
With wild barbarians crouds her wanton war;
The savage croat, and the fierce hussar;
Fire's the proud Saxon's sanguinary vein,
And rouses all the dæmons of the Seine;
Leagues kings with kings, fills Europe with alarms,
Shakes heav'n and earth, and sets the world in arms.

O curst ambition! to each vice allied,
Begot by mischief in the womb of pride,
What ills, dread fury! from thy genius flow!
What awful scenes of unimagined woe!
Before thy footsteps, wrap'd in flames of fire,
Sinks the tall column, and majestic spire.
Close at thy side her sword fell slaughter waves,
Midst bleeding piles, and ever-op'ning graves:
The plague behind thee, with her tainted breath,
Sweeps thro' the nations on the wing of death;
Neglected genius in his cell expires,
To other worlds fair liberty retires,
The patriot muse forgets her voice divine,
Religion leaves her violated shrine;
And ev'ry meek-eyed virtue pines and mourns,
Midst falling temples, and sepulchral urns.

The Prussian saw at one keen glance from far
The gath'ring tempest, and impending war:
He saw, and instant bids his armies form,
Heads the bold march, and bears upon the storm.
In vain the forest big with death extends,
The rampart thunders, and the flood descends;
In vain the foe each open field declines,
Hides in the trench, or lurks within his lines;
He storms the rampart, fords the rapid flood,
Leaps the broad trench, and clears th' enambush'd
wood;

Now presses on, now reins his dread career,
Pours on the van, or steals upon the rear;
Marks ev'ry crisis, shines in ev'ry scene,
And is at once a Marlbro', and Eugene.
At length, in all the pomp of war, advance
Th' imperial eagles with the arms of France;
A mighty host, whose awful files contain
The vet'ran warriors of the Marne and Maine.
And will he yet, when nations round him close,
And his thin ranks scarce number half his foes;
Will he, ye heav'ns! th' unequal conflict try,
And brave his fate when glory bids him fly?
Ah! aught avails it that immortal fame
Fill'd her fond clarion with her Fred'ric's name?

Avails it aught that justice learnt to awe
Misguided nature from his code of law?
That warm'd, and foster'd by his genial eye,
Transplanted science own'd the Polar sky?
That Greece and Taste upon the Baltic smil'd,
And new Lyceums open'd in the wild?
Alas! one moment—the bright scene is o'er—
He falls—he dies—and Prussia is no more.
Yet shall not France, in this her blissful hour,
Her dream of empire, and her pride of pow'r,
An easy, cheap, unbleeding conquest know,
Or rear her trophies o'er a flying foe:
For now the monarch, ere he gives the sign,
Serenely dreadful moves along the line:
The legions; far as each keen glance can fly,
Mark his firm step, and hang upon his eye;
That eye whose lightning terror round him flings;
That step which seems to thread on thrones, and
kings.

At every look thro' all th' embattled van
The pulse of glory beats from man to man:
The soldier kindling at his prince aspires,
Swells with his hopes, and burns with all his fires;
Yet, 'midst his ardours, owns a softer flame,
And feels for Fred'ric while he feels for fame.

And now the sun, whose orb shall set in blood,
Faints on the umbrage of the western wood;
The distant hills in each horizon fade,
And night comes on in all her gloom and shade:
And now the trumpet's animating sound
Peals on the ear, and shakes the field around,
When, as the whirlwind tears its rapid way,
Roots up the rock, and sweeps the plain away;
Fierce on his foe th' intrepid Prussian springs,
Drives thro' his van, and breaks into his wings;
Wraps his whole war in one tremendous fire,
And sees the prowess of his host expire.
Th' Imperial chiefs no more the shock sustain,
Their fainting battle bleeds in ev'ry vein;
France flies impetuous on the wings of fear,
And hungry slaughter feeds upon his rear.

Yet, stay thee, prince! all-conqueror as thou art,
Indulge the milder virtues of thy heart;
Restrain fierce vengeance in her rage of ire,
And let us love the monarch we admire.
All that on earth proud conquest gives to shine,
All the dread glories of the sword are thine:
The victor-wreath applauding states decree,
The sacred poean only swells for thee.
Another toil remains ere yet thy name
Bears the full splendor of unclouded fame.
Enjoy that nobler fame—bid discord cease,
And lay pale Europe in the lap of peace:
Then shall the muse, who now thy triumph sings
O'er routed nations, and repenting kings,
With rapture wait thee to thy sylvan bow'r,
And watch the glories of thy softer hour,
When Rome's fine arts beneath thy shield shall win
A fairer laurel in thy own Berlin;
There fix the school of beauty, and adorn
Worlds unexplor'd, and empires yet unborn.

MOBILITY, A MORAL ESSAY.

WRITTEN AT THE VISITATION OF TUNBRIDGE-
SCHOOL, MDCCLII.

THIS said that ere fair virtue learnt to sigh,
The crest to libel, and the star to lye,
The poet glow'd with all his sacred fire,
And bade each virtue live along the lyre;
Led humble science to the blest abode,
And rais'd the hero till he shone a god.

Our modern bards, by some unhappy fate,
Condemn'd to flatter ev'ry fool of state,
Have oft, regardless of their heav'n-born flame,
Enthron'd proud greatness in the shrine of fame;
Bestow'd on vice the wreaths that virtue wove,
And paid to Nero what was due to Jove.

Yet hear, ye great! whom birth and titles crown
With alien worth, and glories not your own;
Hear me affirm, that all the vain can show,
All Anstis boasts of, and all kings bestow,
All envy wishes, all ambition hails,
All that supports St. James's, and Versailles,
Can never give distinction to a knave,
Or make a lord whom vice has made a slave.

In elder times, ere heralds yet enroll'd
The bleeding ruby in a field of gold,
Or infant language pain'd the tender ear
With fess, bend, argent, chev'ron, and saltier;
'Twas he alone the bay's bright verdure wore,
Whose strength subdu'd the lion or the boar;
Whose art from rocks could call the mellowing
grain,

And give the vine to laugh along the plain;
Or, tracing nature in her moral plan,
Explor'd the savage till he found the man.
For him the rustic hind, and village maid,
Stripp'd the gay spring of half its bloom and shade;
With annual dances grac'd the daisy-mead,
And sung his triumphs on the oaten reed;
Or fond to think him sprung from yonder sky,
Rear'd the turf fane, and bade the victim die.

In Turkey, sacred as the Koran's page,
These simple manners live thro' ev'ry age:
The humblest swain, if virtue warms the man,
May rise the genius of the grave Divan;
And all but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their fires, and mingle with the croud.

For three champagnes Caprouli's hand display'd
The Turkish crescent on thy walls, Belgrade!
Imperial Egypt own'd him for her lord,
And Austria trembled if he touch'd the sword:
Yet all his glories set within his grave,
One son a Janizary, one a slave.
Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's glories, bid his pomps descend;
With strange good-nature give his worthless son
The very laurels that his virtue won;
And with the same appellatives adorn
A living hero, and a sot unborn.

Hence, without blushing (say whate'er we can)
We more regard th' escutcheon than the man;
Yet, true to nature and her instincts, prize
The hound or spaniel as his talent lies:
Careless from what paternal blood he rose,
We value Bowman only for his nose.

Say, should you see a generous steed outfly
The swiftest zephyr of th' autumnal sky,
Wou'd you at once his ardent wishes kill,
Give him the dogs, or chain him to a mill,
Because his humbler fathers, grave, and slow,
Clean'd half the jakes of Houndsditch or Soho?

In spite of all that in his grandfire shone,
An horse's worth is, like a king's, his own.
If in the race, when length'ning shouts inspire
His bold compeers, and set their hearts on fire,
He seems regardless of th' exulting sound,
And scarcely drags his legs along the ground;
What will 't avail that, sprung from heav'nly seed,
His great forefathers swept th' Arabian mead;
Or dress'd in half an empire's purple, bore
The weight of Xerxes on the Caspian shore?

I grant, my lord! your ancestors outshine
All that ere grac'd the Ganges, or the Rhine;
Born to protect, to rouse those godlike fires
That genius kindles, or fair fame inspires;
O'er humble life to spread indulgent ease,
To give the veins to flow without disease;
From proud oppression injur'd worth to screen,
And shake alike the senate and the scene.

And see, to save them from the wrecks of age,
Exulting science fills her every page,
Fame grasps her trump, the Epic muse attends,
The lyre re-echoes, and the song ascends,
The sculptor's chissel with the pencil vies,
Rocks leap, and animated marbles rise:
All arts, all pow'rs, the virtuous chiefs adorn,
And spread their pomps to ages yet unborn.

All this we own—but if, amidst the shine,
Th' enormous blaze that beams along the line,
Some scoundrel peer, regardless of his fires,
Pursues each folly, and each vice admires;
Shall we enrol his prostituted name
In honour's zenith, and the lists of fame?

Exalted titles, like a beacon, rise
To tell the wretched where protection lies.
He then who hears unmov'd affliction's cry,
His birth's a phantom, and his name's a lye.

The Egyptians thus on Cairo's sacred plain,
Saw half their marbles move into a fane;
The glorious work unnumber'd artists ply,
Now turn the dome, now lift it to the sky:
But when they enter'd the sublime abode,
They found a serpent where they hop'd a god.

Anstis observes, that when a thousand years
Roll thro' a race of princes, or of peers,
Obliging virtue sheds her every beam
From son to son, and waits upon the stream.
Yet say, ye great! who boast another's fears,
And think your lineage ends but in the stars,
What is this boon of heav'n? Dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will;
Dare ye affirm that no exotic blood
Has stain'd your glories ever since the Flood?
Might not some brawny slave, from Afric tied,
Stamp his base image in the nuptial bed?
Might not, in pagan days, your mothers prove
The fire of Phœbus, and the strength of Jove?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Love, and elope, as modern ladies do?

But, grant that all your gentle grandames shone
Clear, and unfulled as the noon-day sun;
Tho' nature form'd them of her choicest mold,
Say, was their birth illustrious as their gold?

Full many a lord, we know, has chose to range
Among the wealthy beauties of the 'Change;
Or sigh'd, still humbler, to the midnight gale
For some fair peasant of th' Arcadian vale.
Then blame us not, if backward to adore
A name polluted by a slave or whore;
Since spite of patents, and of king's decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
Some alien stain may darken all the line,
And Norfolk's blood descend as mean as mine.

You boast, my lord! a race with laurels crown'd,
By senates honour'd, and in war renown'd;
Shew then the martial soul to danger bred,
When Poitiers thunder'd, and when Cressy bled;
Shew us those deeds, those heav'n-directed fires,
That ages past saw beaming on your fires,
That freeborn pride no tyrant durst enslave,
That godlike zeal that only liv'd to save.

Dare you, tho' faction bawl thro' all her tribe,
Tho' monarchs threaten, and tho' statesmen bribe,
Feel for mankind, and gallantly approve
All virtue teaches, and all angels love?
Know you the tear that flows o'er worth distressed,
The joy that rises when a people's blest?
Then, if you please, immortalize your line,
With all that's great, heroic and divine;
Explore with curious eye th' historic page,
The rolls of fame, the monuments of age;
Adopt each chief immortal Homer sings,
All Greece's heroes, and all Asia's kings:
If earth's too scanty, search the blest abode,
And make your first progenitor a god:
We grant your claim, whate'er you wish to prove,
The son of Priam, or the son of Jove.

Statesmen and patriots thus to glory rise,
The self-born sun that gilds them never dies:
While he ennobled by those gewgaw things,
The pride of patents, and the breath of kings,
Glazes the pale meteor of a little hour,
Fed by court sunshine, and poetic show'r;
Then sinks at once, unpitied, and unblest,
A nation's scandal, and a nation's jest.

Nobility had something in her blood,
When to be great was only to be good:
Sublime she sat in virtue's sacred fane,
With all the sister graces in her train.
She still exists, 'tis true, in Grosvenor-Square,
And leads a life, a kind of—as it were—
And see! self-shelter'd from the world's alarms,
The dying goddess sleeps in Fortune's arms;
Fond luxury attends her soft retreats,
The modest Frazz warbles while she eats;
Arabia's sweets distil at ev'ry pore,
Her flatterers soothe her, and her slaves adore;
Indulg'd by all our senates to forget,
Those worst of plagues, a promise and a debt.

Not but there are, amidst the titled crew,
Unknown to all but Collins, and the stew,
Men who improve their heav'n-descended fires,
Rise on their blood, and beam upon their fires;
Men who, like diamonds from Golconda's mine,
Call from themselves the ray that makes them shine.

Pleas'd let me view a Cecil's soul array'd
With all that Plato gather'd in the shade;
Reflect how nobly Radnor can descend
To lose his title in the name of friend;
At Dorset look, and bid Hibernia own
Her viceroy form'd to sit upon a throne;

Admire how innocence can lend to truth
Each grace of virtue, and each charm of youth,
And then enraptur'd bend the suppliant knee
To heav'n's high throne, O Rockingham! for thee.

Let then vain fools their proud escutcheons view,
Allied to half the Yncas of Peru;
With every vice those lineal glories stain
That rose in Pharamond, or Charlemagne:
But ye, dear youths! whom chance or genius calls
To court pale wisdom in these hallow'd walls,
Scorn ye to hang upon a blasted name
Another's virtue, and another's fame:
In two short precepts all your business lies—
Wou'd you be great?—Be Virtuous and be Wise.

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

A TALE.

IN elder time when men were chaste,
And women had not got a taste,
It was ordain'd to ease their cares,
The sexes should be link'd in pairs,
And pass the various scenes of life
Known by the names of Man and Wife.

To aid this scheme, so just and wise,
The male had vigour, strength and size:
Undaunted, active, bold, and brave,
And fearless of wind or wave,
He scal'd the cliff's enormous steep,
He plung'd into the pathless deep,
And dar'd in open war engage
The lion's sanguinary rage.

Woman, as form'd to charm, and please,
Had more of elegance and ease,
A finer shape, a softer mien,
A heart more gentle and serene.
Her smile was sunshine—in her face
Sat sweetness on the throne of grace:
The accents melted from her tongue
In all the harmony of song;
And every glance that left her eye
Was milder than a vernal sky.

As nature now had done her best,
She left to accident the rest.
To accident!—you cry—Why, yes.
Yet think not that she acts by guess.
Events may baffle man's endeavour,
But nature is extremely clever,
And works with so exact a care,
She ne'er miscarries in a hair.
For now, when on a festal day
The sexes met, alert and gay,
And, in their pastimes, sports, and dances,
Had interchang'd some tender glances,
Th' impassion'd heart began to own
A set of instincts yet unknown;
To throb with momentary fires,
And melt away in young desires.
In short, the men began to howl,
To soothe, to ogle, whine, and vow;
To haunt the solitary shade,
And whisper to the village maid.
The village maid, who knew not yet
The breeding of a fly coquette;

And could not, with an artful sigh,
Like modern ladies, smile, and lye;
Indulgent heard her lover's flame,
Frankly confest she felt the same,
And ere the rosy-finger'd morn
Dried up the pearls upon the thorn,
Went with him, 'midst her virgin train,
In flow'rets drest, to Hymen's fane.

This mild divinity, so sung
By half the poets old and young,
The patron of connubial truth,
Was now in all the bloom of youth.
Roses fresh gather'd from the bush,
Sweet emblems of the female blush,
Wove in a wreath supremely fair,
Sat graceful on his auburn hair;
One hand sustain'd a torch on fire,
Significant of soft desire;
The other held in mystic shew
A broider'd veil of saffron hue:
Majestic flow'd his azure vest,
And rubies bled upon his breast.

The meek-eyed God an age or so
Succeeded, and had much to do;
In crowds his eager vot'ries came,
His altars never ceas'd to flame:
Besides an off'ring, frank and free,
First paid him as the marriage fee,
Some pretty toys of shells and corals,
With sprigs of ever blooming laurels,
And bowls of consecrated wine,
Were yearly plac'd upon his shrine,
The gifts of many a grateful pair
Made happy by his guardian care.

It chanc'd three dæmons, fiends, or witches,
Ambition, vanity, and riches,
Walk'd out one ev'ning bright, and fair,
To breathe a little country air;
And, as old Nick would have it, found
This soul-enchanting spot of ground,
Where happy husbands, happy wives,
Enjoy'd the most delicious lives;
And straight resolv'd to buy, or hire,
A vacant cottage of the 'quire.

They came, they settled; footh'd, carest,
Politely treated every guest,
And, with a world of pains and labours,
Lectur'd their simple-minded neighbours.

"My worthy friends! says Wealth, behold
The splendour of almighty gold!
These guineas here, these brilliant things,
Which bear the images of kings,
Within their little orbs contain
Fair pleasure's ever-smiling train,
And can to ev'ry swain dispense
Wit, spirit, virtue, taste, and sense.
Who but a fool wou'd wed a Phillis,
Whose only portion is her lilies?
For ever doom'd, in life's low shade,
To ply the mercenary spade,
Till some disease, whose nature such is
To set us on a pair of crutches,
Force you to plunder, beg, or steal
From charity an humble meal;
And send your age, for want of virtue,
To a poor alms-house, or the spittle."

VOL. VII.

Be wife, and, when you mean to wed,
Scorn the fair forms of white and red!
And court the nymph whose genial charms,
Rich as the fruits upon her farms,
Will pour upon your daily toil
Abundant floods of wine and oil."
He said—Ambition then began
About the dignity of man;
He rallied all their groves, and springs,
And finely talk'd of queens, and kings:
It was, he thought, a want of grace
To mingle with the vulgar race;
For souls made up of heav'nly fire
Are form'd by nature to aspire.
He told them that a well-born wife
Ennobled every joy of life,
Without a patent gave her dear
Th' importance of a British peer;
Perhaps might to a prince ally him,
And make him cousin to old Priam.

While thus the fiends, with wily art,
Adroitly stole upon the heart,
And with their complaisance, and tales,
Had ruin'd more than half the males,
Gay Vanity, with smiles, and kisses,
Was busy 'mongst the maids and misses.
"My dears! says she, those pretty faces
Speak you the sisters of the graces:
Immortal Venus wou'd be vain
To have you in her court, and train.
But sure, methinks, it something odd is,
That beauties who can match a goddess
Shou'd give their more than mortal charms
To a dull rustic's joyless arms,
A mere unanimated clod,
As much a lover as a God.
O let those eyes, which far outshine
The brightest saphires of the mine,
Their precious orbs no longer roll
On fellows without wealth, or soul:
But fly, my charmers! fly the wretches,
Dame nature's first misshapen sketches,
Fly to the world where lords and 'quires
Are warm'd with more ethereal fires;
Where pleasure each gay moment wings,
Where the divine Mingotti sings:
So shall each all-commanding fair
Have her two pages, and a chair,
Fine Indian tissues, Mechlin laces,
Rich essences in china vases,
And rise on life's exalted scene
With all the splendor of a queen."

She spoke, and in a trice possess'd
The empire of the female breast:
And now the visionary maids
Dislaim'd their shepherds, and their shades;
In every dream with rapture saw
Three footmen, and a gilt landau;
Assum'd a fine majestic air,
And learnt to orle, swim, and stare.
No longer beam'd the modest eye,
No longer heav'd the melting sigh.
Neglected Love, whose blunted dart
Scarce once a year could wound a heart,
Hung up his quiver on a yew,
And, fighting, from the world withdrew.

However as the wheel of life
 Subsisted still in man and wife,
 Th' aforesaid fiends, for reasons good,
 Coupled the sexes as they cou'd.
 For instance—Women made for thrones
 Were match'd with ideots, fots, and diones;
 And wits were every day disgrac'd
 By honeys without sense, or taste
 Gay libertines of sixty-five,
 With scarce a single limb alive,
 Had young coquettes just in their teens,
 As wanton as Circassia's queens;
 And youths, whose years were scarce a score,
 Were pair'd with nympts of sixty-four.
 Matters, in short, were so contriv'd,
 The men were most divinely wiv'd;
 The women too, to grace their houses,
 Were blest with most accomplish'd spouses.

In two short months, perhaps in one,
 Both sexes found themselves undone,
 And came in crouds, with each an halter,
 To hang poor Hymen on his altar.
 The God, tho' arm'd but with his torch,
 Intrepid met them in the porch:
 And, while they hector, brawl, and bully,
 Harangu'd them with the ease of Tully.

" Good folks! says he, it gives me pain
 To hear you murmur, and complain,
 When every barber in the town
 Knows that the fault is all your own.
 Seduc'd by show, misled by wealth,
 Regardless of your peace, and health,
 Panting for feathers, whims, and fashions,
 You left plain nature's genuine passions,
 And gave up all your real joys,
 As Indians sell their gold for toys.
 You, madam! who was pleas'd to fix
 Your wishes on a coach and six,
 Obtain'd your end, and now you find
 Your husband ought to ride behind;
 You might have had, without offence,
 A man of spirit, soul, and sense,
 Wou'd you have stoop'd to take the air
 In a plain chariot and a pair.
 You too, my venerable sage!
 Had you reflected on your age,
 Wou'd scarce have took, to be undone,
 A sprightly girl of twenty-one.
 Your ladyship disdain'd to hear
 Of any husband but a peer;
 Was pleas'd your angel-form to barter
 For a blue ribbon and a garter:
 And now, magnificently great,
 You feel the wretchedness of state;
 Neglected, injur'd, spurn'd, and poor,
 The victim of an opera whore.
 Your neighbour there, the wealthy cit,
 Like you is miserably hit:
 Too proud too drag the nuptial chain
 With the grave nymphs of Foster-lane,
 He married, such his fatal aim was,
 A lady Charlotte, from St. James's;
 And now supports, by scores, and dozens,
 His very honourable cousins,
 And entertains, with wine and cards,
 Half the gay colonels of the guards!
 Away, ye triflers! bear, endure
 Afflictions which ye cannot cure;

At least with decency conceal
 The pangs your follies make you feel,
 In hopes that some obliging fever
 Will ease you of your dears for ever."

The crowd dismiss'd—the God began
 To muse upon a better plan:
 He saw that things grew worse and worse,
 That marriage was become a curse;
 And therefore thought it just and wise
 To rectify this fatal bias,
 And in a tasteless world excite
 Due reverence for his holy rite.
 Full of his scheme he went one day
 To a lone cottage in a shaw,
 Where dwelt a nymph of strong and shrewd sense,
 Known by the name of Gammar Prudence,
 Whom Hymen, with a bow and bus,
 Address'd most eloquently thus.

" Goody! I've order'd Love to go
 This evening to the world below;
 He travels in a coach and sparrows,
 With a new set of bows and arrows:
 But yet the rogue's so much a child,
 So very whimsical, and wild,
 His head has such strange fancies in it,
 I cannot trust him half a minute.
 Were I to let the little wanton
 Rove as he lists thro' every canton,
 Without a check, without a rein,
 The world would be undone again—
 We soon shou'd see the lawns and groves
 Quite fill'd with zephyrs, sighs, and doves,
 With am'rous ditties, fairy dances,
 Such as we read of in romances;
 Where princes haunt the lonely rocks,
 And dutchesses are feeding flocks.
 Go then, my venerable dame!
 And qualify his idle flame;
 Instruct those hearts his arrows hit,
 To pause, and have a little wit:
 Bid them reflect, amidst their heat,
 'Tis necessary Love should eat;
 That in his most ecstatic billing
 He possibly may want a shilling.
 Persuade them, ere they first engage,
 To study temper, rank, and age,
 To march beneath my holy banners,
 Congenial in their tastes and manners,
 Completing, just as heav'n design'd,
 An union both of sex and mind."

He said—he press'd—the matron maid,
 Benevolent of heart, obey'd;
 Forsook her solitary grove,
 And, waiting in the train of Love,
 Watch'd with the sober eye of truth
 The workings of misguided youth:
 And when the heart began to sigh,
 To melt, to heave, to bleed, to die,
 She whisper'd many a wise remark
 With all the dignity of Clark—
 She hop'd the ladies, in their choice,
 Would listen to her awful voice:
 She begg'd the men, while yet their lives
 Were free from fevers, plagues, and wives,
 Ere yet the chariot was bespoke,
 To pause before they took the yoke.—
 In short, when Cupid's lucky darts
 Had pierc'd a pair of kindred hearts,

And Goody Prudence lik'd the houses,
Estates, and minds, of both the spouses,
And found, exact to form and law,
The settlement without a flaw,
She frankly gave them leave to wed,
And sanctify'd the nuptial bed.

Th' event was such, the God became
Successful in his trade, and fame;
For both the parties, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, sense, and carriage;
Fair friendship ray'd on either breast
The sunshine of content, and rest.
Studious each other's will to please,
And blest'd with affluence and ease,
Without vexation, words or strife,
They calmly walk'd the road of life;
And, happy in their fondest joys,
Left a fine group of girls and boys,
Reflecting, lively, cool, and sage,
To shine upon a future age.

THE
VANITY OF HUMAN ENJOYMENTS:
AN ETHIC EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LYTTETTON, ESQ.
AFTERWARDS LORD LYTTETTON, ONE OF
THE LORDS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY,
MDCCLXIX.

I GRANT it, Lyttelton! that ease, or joy,
Forms ev'ry wish that glows beneath the sky;
That when, 'mid nature's elemental strife,
Th' Almighty spoke the Chaos into life,
He meant that man, of ev'ry good posselt,
Shou'd, like his Seraphs, live but to be blest.

Yet, spite of heav'n, and heav'n's supreme de-
cree,

We fondly wander, truth! from bliss, and thee;
Tasteless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease;
Of feeling exquisite, alive all o'er,
With ev'ry passion wing'd at ev'ry pore;
To each soft breeze, or vig'rous blast resign'd,
That sweeps the ocean of the human mind,
We slip our anchors, spread the impatient sail,
Ply all our oars, and drive before the gale.

Hence, as opinion wakes our hopes or fears,
As pride inspirits, or as anger tears,
These on the wings of moonstruck madness fly
To catch the meteors of ambition's sky;
Those, in pale wisdom's humbler garb array'd,
Court the soft genius of the myrtle shade;
While others, as the plastic atoms pour
More brilliant visions on each killing hour,
From scepter'd life and all its pomps retire,
Or set, like Phaeton, the world on fire.

Of the same man, in one revolving sun,
Is all he aims at, all he longs to shun;
Each gay delusion shares his breath by turns,
With av'rice chills him, or with grandeur burns:

To-day the gilded shrines of honour move,
To-morrow yields his ev'ry pulse to love;
Now mad for wisdom, now for wit, and sport,
This hour at Oxford, and the next at court:
Then, all for purity, he bids adieu
To each loose goddess of the midnight stew,
Enraptur'd hangs o'er Sherlock's labour'd page,
Drinks all his sense, and glows with all his rage,
Till some enormous crimes, unknown before,
From Rome imported, or the Caspian shore,
Nurs'd by thy hand, great Heidegger! attend,
And sink him to a mohock, or a fiend.
In one short space thus wanton, sober, grave,
A friend to virtue, yet to vice a slave,
From wish to wish, in life's mad vortex tost,
For ever struggling, yet for ever lost,
The fickle wand'rer lives in ev'ry scene,
A Clark, a Chartres, or an Aretine.

There are, 'tis true, plebeian souls array'd
In one thick crust of apathy, and shade,
Whose dull sensoriums feel not once an age
A spirit brighten, or a passion rage.
As the swift arrow skims the viewless wind,
No path indented, and no mark behind,
So these, without or infamy or praise,
Tread the dull circle of a length of days,
To some poor sepulchre in silence glide,
And scarcely tell us that they liv'd, or died.

Peace to all such—but he whose warm desires
Or genius kindles, or ambition fires;
Who, like a comet, sweeps th' aerial void
Of wit and fame, too fine to be enjoy'd;
For him the muse shall wake her ev'ry art,
Exhibit truth, and open all the heart,
Display th' unnumber'd ills that hourly wait
The cells of wisdom, or the rooms of state:
Then, as o'er life's unfolding scenes we fly,
Bid all his wishes pant but for the sky.

Heroic glory in the martial scene,
From Rome's first Cæsar to the great Eugene,
Has long engross'd the poet's heav'n-born flame,
And pour'd her triumphs thro' that trump of fame:
She mounts the neighing steed, th' imperial car,
Grasps the pale spear, and rushes to the war;
Beneath her steps earth's trembling orb recedes,
A Poitiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds;
The battle raves—around her sabre flow
Terrific Pleasures, and a pomp of woe;
Pomps ever lost in Peace, and-but ador'd
When half a nation smokes upon her sword.

Fly then, ye Genii! from the tumult fly,
To all that opens in a rural sky:
There, as the vale, the grove, the zephyrs pour
Each purer rapture on the guiltless hour,
From ev'ry shrub content's soft foliage glean,
And rise the Platos of the vernal scene.

And is it so? Does science then possess
Alone the godlike privilege to bless?
Will fame her wreaths to moral wisdom yield,
And give the pen to blaze above the shield?
Say, does fair bliss delight in Maudlin's grove,
In Stanhope's villa, or in Young's alcove?
Deigns she on Secker's modest page to shine?
Or beams the goddess, Lyttelton! on thine?

Ask at yon tomb, where Cudworth's mighty
name
Weeps o'er the ruins of his wit, and fame;

Cudworth, whose spirit flew, with sails unfurl'd,
Thro' each vast empire of th' ideal world,
Pierc'd thro' the mystic shades o'er nature thrown,
And made the soul's immensity his own.
Yet tho' his system wit and science fir'd,
Tho' Wilmot trembled, and tho' Hobbes expir'd,
Mistaken zeal, mad bigotry conspire,
All Turner's dulness, and all Oxford's fire,
All envy's poisons, all a nation's rage,
And all hell's imps to blast th' unfinish'd page.

Much-injur'd shade, to truth, to virtue dear,—
Be calm, ye witlings! and, ye zealots! hear:
And, while this bright intelligence pervades
Th' ideal world, and rises o'er the shades,
His mines of wisdom, if you can, explore,
Then shut the volume, and be vain no more.

Genius, and Taste, alas! too often prove
The worst of mischiefs to the wretch they love;
Born but to vex, to torture, to destroy,
Too wild for use, too exquisite for joy;
By some mysterious curse ordain'd to know
Each wit a rival, and each fool a foe.
For 'tis a crime too great to be forgiv'n,
A giant sin that bars the gate of heav'n,
If these meridian suns but dare to shine
In the same orb with Cimmer's muse and mine.

Yet, spite of envy, science might be great,
Could science but allow her sons to eat:
Could he, whose name along the stream of time
Expanded flies, and lives, in ev'ry clime,
Exalt his spirits with some nobler fare
Than the thin breezes of St. James's air.

Immortal Halley! thy unweary'd soul
On wisdom's pinion flew from pole to pole,
Th' uncertain compass to its task restor'd,
Each ocean fathom'd, and each wind explor'd,
Commanded trade with ev'ry breeze to fly,
And gave to Britain half the Zemblian sky.

And see, he comes, distinguish'd, lov'd, carest,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breast;
His godlike labours wit and science fire,
All factions court him, and all sects admire:
While Britain with a gratitude unknown
To ev'ry age but Nero's and our own,
A gratitude that will for ever shame
The Spartan glory, and th' Athenian name—
Tell it, ye wits! that all the world may hear—
Blest his old age with—ninety pounds a year.
Are these our triumphs? these the sums we give
To ripen genius, and to bid it live?
Can Britain in her fits of madness pour
One half her Indies on a Roman whore,
And still permit the weeping muse to tell
How poor neglected Detaguliers fell?
How he, who taught two gracious kings to view
All Boyle ennobled, and all Bacon knew,
Died in a cell, without a friend to save,
Without a guinea, and without a grave?

Posterity, perhaps, may pay the debt
That senates cancel, and that courts forget:
Yet, ah! what! costs it when our hands expire,
That earth's last ages hang upon the lyre?
Can Middleton the dust of Tully raise?
Does Pompey listen in his urn to praise?
Tell me if Philip's son enjoy to-day
Th' applauding psalm or the loud huzza,
That shook pale Asia thro' her ev'ry shore
When Porus fell, and freedom was no more?

Yet tho' content's fantastic image flies
From the bright mirrors of the learn'd and wise,
Perhaps the fair, too partial to the great,
Lives but amidst the luxuries of state:
Fond to instruct ambition how to please,
She joins the pomps of majesty with ease,
Forfeats the cottage to adorn the court,
Alike at Rome, Vienna, or the Porte.

Tell me, O Visier! if th' imperial robe
That gives a slave to nod o'er half the globe,
Say, if yon crescent, by each Turk ador'd,
The plume's proud fables, and the hallow'd sword,
Expand the heart, the gleams of bliss refine,
And make the virtues of the bosom thine?

Ill-fated wretch! to ev'ry storm a slave
That caprice wings, or madness bids to rave;
For ever jealous of a woman's pow'r,
For ever trembling at the midnight hour,
Thro' life's wild eddies toss'd by hope and fear,
Rais'd by a smile, and murder'd by a tear!
At length, each wish destroy'd, each vision fled,
The black seraglio steals upon his bed:
And he, whose glories mingled with the skies,
Adores the bowstring, licks the dust, and dies.

O! could a king in heav'n's bright pomps appear,
And make an angel as he makes a peer;
Could he command the heart to beam as far
As the soft radiance of the ducal star;
Forbid one sad anxiety to glow,
One pang to torture, and one tear to flow:
Fly then on all the whirlwinds rapid wing,
To steal a title, or to bribe a string;
In the full blaze of glory be display'd,
And leave affliction to the vale and shade.
Yet, ere you go, ere proud ambition call
Each yielding wish to Marl, or Whitehall,
O pause—lest virtue ev'ry guard resign,
And the sad fate of Ripperda be thine.

This glorious wretch, indulg'd at once to move
A nation's wonder, and a monarch's love,
Diest with each charm politer courts admire,
The grace to soften, and the soul to fire,
Forsook his native bogs with proud disdain,
And, tho' a Dutchman, rose the pride of Spain.
This hour the pageant waves th' imperial rod,
All Philip's empire trembling at his nod;
The next disgrac'd he flies to Britain's isle,
And courts the sunshine of a Walpole's smile:
Unheard, despis'd, to southern climes he steers,
And shines again at Salé, and Algiers,
Bids pale Morocco all his schemes adore,
And pours her thunder on th' Hesperian shore:
All nature's ties, all virtue's creeds belied,
Each church abandon'd, and each God denied,
Without a friend, a sepulchre to shield
His carcase from the vultures of the field,
He dies, of all ambition's tons the worst,
By Africa hated, and by Europe curs'd.

"He earns his fate who will for phantoms toil,"
Exclaims the goddess of the mirthful smile.
"From wild ambition, with her every care,
The scenes of grandeur, and the pomps of war,
From all a court's proud pageantry admires,
All science wishes, and all glory fires,
Fly to my arms, from fame, from anguish free,
And taste a luxury of bliss with me.
For me the genial spring, the vernal show'r,
Wake the bright verdure, and th' unfolding flow'r;

Arabella's tweets in all my moments fly,
The zephyr's plume, and the wing of joy,
Each richer vial that the air provides,
That earth unboloms, or that ocean hides,
All that can nature's finer organs move,
The powers of music, and the folds of love,
To my keen senses are indulgent giv'n,
In one wild extasy of life and heav'n.

"Yet, yet, dear youth! the fair enchantress
thun,

To yield a moment is to be undone:
All Etna's poisons mingle with her breath,
The seeds of sickness, and the gales of death,
She aims to ruin, lives but to beguile,
And all hell's horrors brood beneath her smile."

'Tis thus, my Lyttelton! that men pursue
Each varied mode of pleasure but the true;
To ev'ry vice, each luxury a prey,
That murders bliss, and hurries life away,
Their headstrong passions after phantoms run,
And still mistake a meteor for a sun.

Yet hear, ye wand'ers! hear, while we impart
A light that sheds fair peace on ev'ry heart;
Which, Aristides! beam'd on thy exile,
And made a Regulus 'mid tortures smile.

Virtue, immortal virtue! born to please,
The child of heaven, and the source of ease,
Bids ev'ry bliss on human life attend,
To ev'ry rank a kind, a faithful friend;
Inspires nature 'midst the scenes of toil,
Smooths languor's cheek, and bids fell want
recoil;

Shines from the mitre with unfulfilled rays,
Glars on the crest, and gives the star to blaze;
Supports distinction, spreads ambition's wings,
Forms saints of queens, and demigods of kings;
O'er grief, oppression, envy, scorn prevails,
And makes a cottage greater than Versailles.

WIT AND LEARNING:

AN ALLEGORY.

WHOEVER looks on life will see
How strangely mortals disagree:
This reprobates what 'tis approves,
And Tom dislikes what Henry loves;
The soldier's witty on the soldier,
The barber drolls upon the tailor;
And he who make the nation's wills,
Laughs at the doctor and his pills.

Yet this antipathy is not
Not to the sons of earth and air;
Each school-boy fees, and each of an age,
The quarrels of the poet and the sage,
For all the poets of the land
That gods the fates of mortals hand,
And will, like reprobates, be found,
When mellow'd by the vintage of time.

But warm as the sun's rays,
We meet with wit and learning,
Say, shall we not be found
A little allegorized?

Nor stole from Plato's mystic tome, nor
Translated from the verse of Homer,
But copied, in a modern age,
From nature, and her fairest page.

Olympian Jove, whose idle trade is
Employ'd too much among the ladies,
Tho' not of manners mighty chaste,
Was certainly a god of taste;
Would often to his feasts admit
A deity, whose name was Wit;
And, to amuse the more discerning,
Would ask the company of Learning.

Learning was born, as all agree,
Of Truth's half-sister, Memory;
A nymph who rounded in her shape was
By that great artist Esculapius.

Euphrosine, the younger grace,
Matchless in feature, mien, and face,
Who like the beauties of these late days,
Was fond of operas, and cantatas,
Would often to a grove retire
To listen to Apollo's lyre;
And thence became, so Ovid writ,
A mother to the god of wit.

Wit was a strange unlucky child,
Exceeding shy, and very wild;
Too volatile for truth, or law,
He minded but his top, or taw;
And, ere he reach'd the age of six,
He play'd a thousand waggish tricks. —
He drill'd a hole in Vulcan's kettles,
He strew'd Minerva's bed with nettles,
Climb'd up the solar car to ride in't,
Broke off a prong from Neptune's trident,
Stole Amphitrite's fav'rite sea-knot,
And urin'd in Astrea's tea-pot.

Learning, a lad of sober mien,
And half a pedant at fifteen,
Had early thrown away his comb,
To study nature and her morals;
Was always, let who would oppose it,
Fast by Minerva in her closet;
And while gay Wit, as black as foot all,
Was kicking up and down a foot-ball,
Learning, with philosophic eye;
Rang'd ev'ry corner of the sky;
Spent many a play-day to unriddle
The music of Apollo's fiddle;

And, if he ever chanc'd to meet
His uncle Mercury in the street,
Or on his flight, the audacious brat
Stopp'd him to ask of this or that:
As how the moon was evanescent,
Was now an orb, and now a crescent?
Why of the graces each undress was?
Why Pallas never wore a cestus?
Why Ceres reign'd o'er corn and fallads?
And why the muses dealt in ballads?

With these discordant tastes and manners,
And list'd under diff'rent banners,
Learning and Wit, as says the fable,
Appear'd at Jove's imperial table,
And threw out all their force and fire,
Obedient to th' ethereal fire.

Wit, with his fly satyric vein,
Was always sure to entertain:
He rolled with a tongue as keen
As Rabelais, or the Irish Dean;

And told his tale with such a grace,
With such an eye, and such a face,
As made the nectar flow each cup o'er,
And set the Synod in an uproar.

Learning had not the skill to hit
The comic cast, and life of Wit:
With look morose, and awkward air,
He sat ungraceful in his chair;
With diffidence and blushes spoke,
And had no relish for a joke;
So that the little urchin Cupid
Thought him insensible, and stupid;
And Hebe, tho' a well-bred lass,
Would scarcely offer him his glass.

However, when the sprightly bowl
Had thaw'd the ice about his soul,
He then, with majesty, began
To talk of letters and of man;
Correct, sententious, cool, severe,
He gain'd upon the attentive ear,
Charm'd all the Gods, but Wit, and Comus,
And that abusive cynic, Momus.

In length of time, as oft the case is
In many sublunary places,
These demigods with jealous eye
Began to look a little shy;
And oft, to wound each other's breast,
Let off a keen sarcastic jest.
Learning, with many a stroke, would hit
The pert vivacity of Wit;
And Wit threw all his keenest satire
On Learning's slow, pedantic nature.

It happen'd once when Jove had made
A feast in Ida's holy shade,
And all the Gods, whose heads could bear it,
Had emptied each a flask of claret;
Wit, who from his celestial liquor
Wagg'd his free tongue a little quicker,
Began, with many a bitter scoff,
To play his brother Learning off;
Ask'd him if yet his pains and care
Had learned to make the circle square?
If all his visionary ravings
Cou'd weave brocade from walnut shavings?
If his mechanic skill cou'd catch
Perpetual motion in a watch?
Or forge a pedulum endued
With power to tell the longitude?

Learning had much ado to fit,
And hear the petulance of Wit:
A gaily paleness spread his look,
His nerves with quick convulsions shook:
At length, in accents loud and high,
Vesuvius flaming in his eye,
He burst—"And dar'st thou, wayward chit!
Thou idiot God of idiot Wit!
Untaught as yet to know thy letters,
Affront, thou insolent! thy betters?
Here, puppy! with this penny get
A horn-book, or an alphabet;
And see if that licentious eye
Can tell a great A from an I?
Throw but another jest on me,
I'll lay thee, miscreant! on my knee,
And print such welks thy naked seat on,
As never tant felt at Eton.

Wit, with resentment raving wild,
Thus call'd an idiot and a child,

Without preambles, or excuses,
Seiz'd upon Mercury's caduceus,
And with such force the weapon throws,
It flattened half his rival's nose:
While he, Minerva's boast, and care,
Pluck'd a large bodkin from her hair,
And aim'd the steely pointed dart
With such dexterity of art,
That, had not beauty's lovely queen,
Fair Venus, spread her fan between,
And taught the flying death to fix
Guileless among the iv'ry sticks,
Wit's future triumphs had been o'er,
And Europe heard his name no more.

Jove, who had no supreme delight in
Domestic brawls, or civil fighting,
Since first he heard the nuptial tune flow
So sweetly from the tongue of Juno,
Vex'd that these two illiberal guests
Should dare to violate his feasts,
In a tremendous fit of choler,
Seiz'd both their worships by the collar,
And, minding not their meek submitting,
Kick'd them from Ida down to Britain.

Poor Learning had the luck to fall
Plump in the area of Clare-hall,
Just as old Wilcox, from a slope,
Was gazing thro' his telescope,
To find a comet whose bright tail is
Eccentric from the time of Thales.
Pleas'd with his scientific look,
He sent him first to Sam the cook;
And having fill'd his empty belly
With mutton-broth, and meagre jelly,
Gave him a robe of sleek prunella,
And very wisely made him fellow.

Wit, as his destiny decrees,
Dropp'd in the court of Common-Pleas,
Upon a truss of briefs and bills,
And took the shape of justice Willes:
But soon observing round the columns
Reports in half a thousand volumes;
And, finding all those earth-worm souls
Who hold th' exchequer, or the rolls,
He left the law, and all its drudges,
With curses, to my lords the judges,
Call'd for a coach, and went to dwell
At Robin Doddsley's in Pall-Mall.

'Twas right—for now where-e'er he came
He busied all the tongues of fame;
Was welcome to the festal board,
And had his footman, and his lord;
Would often visit in a chair
The noble Stanhope in May-fair;
Or dine, when business would permit,
With that great statesman William Pitt.
'Tis said too he was sometimes seen
On Garrick's visionary scene:
But Garrick, who prefers a guinea
To all the eloquence of Pliny,
Observing this unlucky railer
Was neither mechanist nor taylor;
That half the audience of the day
Came not to hear, but see, a play;
That many a squire, and many a cit,
Were pleas'd with any thing but Wit;
Shut out, with much indecent rage,
The genius of the comic stage,

And open'd his theatric inn
To Scaramouch, and Harlequin.

Learning would sometimes drop his gown,
And take a winter-jault to town;
Often call'd in at Hitch's shop,
And din'd at Dolly's on a chop;
On Thursday met the grave resort
Of spider merchants in Crane-court,
To crack a cockle, or to see
The nice dissection of a flea:
But having never chanc'd to wear
A bag-wig, or a solitaire,
And dressing in a kersey, thicker
Than that which cloaths a Cornish vicar,
He seldom had the luck to eat
In Berkeley-square, or Grosvenor-street.

'Twas written in the book of fate,
These rivals should each other hate;
No wonder then that each proud imp was
As wayward here as on Olympus.
Wit look'd on Learning, as he grew great,
Just as a felon looks on Newgate:
While Learning, who could never hide
His haughty academic pride,
Had such a keen contempt for Wit,
He call'd him nothing but the chit;
And, if he met him at noon-day,
Would turn his face another way.

However on some festal nights
By chance they both dropp'd in at White's
With learn'd lords, and noble bards,
Who had no appetite for cards,
And could decide whene'er they met
Momentous truths without a bet.
Wit with vivacity of tongue
First led th' admiring ear along;
His fancy active, wild, and free as
Conception when she breeds ideas,
Flew o'er each undiscover'd part
Of nature, and the worlds of art,
And brought with such a nice decorum
A group of images before him,
So genuine, yet so uncommon,
With such a glow of tints upon 'em,
That all was spirit, force, and sense,
Loose as the zone of negligence;
Simple as truth's fair handmaid nature,
And deadly as the sting of satire.
Dejected Learning sat oppress'd;
Around him flew the taunt and jest:
Whatever just remarks he made,
Or to demonstrate, or persuade,
Wit, by some sly malicious comment,
Took off, or routed in a moment.
However, when a pause appear'd,
And sober reason could be hear'd,
He then in all his thunder rises,
Strips off his rival's thin disguises;
Shews where his misconceiving sense
Led to a groundless consequence,
Mistook an error for a wonder,
A demonstration for a blunder,
Or, having a delusive scent got,
Affirm'd the very thing he meant not.

Yet, after all, since mirth and drinking
Are priz'd above sedate thinking,
Tho' Learning got a world of praise,
And added splendour to his days,

Their lordships, frighten'd at th' expense
Of listening to exalted sense,
And deeming that the taint of knowledge
Would make the coffee-house a college,
Determin'd in a full committee,
That man's great end was to be witty:
And therefore order'd, every soul,
Wit should be enter'd on the roll,
And be allow'd, to raise his vein,
A weekly professor of champagne;
That if proud Learning should presume
To set his foot within the room,
Arthur should shew him to the door,
And bid the pedant come no more.

Learning thus kick'd from ev'ry palace,
And left a victim to the gallows,
Began to see that skill in letters
Would ne'er advance him with his betters;
That tho' he led them thro' the dark
With all the lights of Locke and Clarke,
And made his heart, and head, and eyes ach
With reading nature, and Sir Isaac,
Yet all that wisdom could not be
Priz'd like a lively repartee:
He therefore, in a gloomy fit,
Resolv'd to set up for a Wit;
But found, alas! howe'er he dress'd her,
That science was a wretched jester;
That tho' he jok'd from moon to moon,
He made a very dull buffoon;
For all his jocular narrations
Smelt of his algebra equations,
And came upon the tortur'd ear
Stiff as the periods of Dacier.
Wit, too, whose excellence and merit
Was mere vivacity of spirit,
Observing that your graver folk
Had little value for a joke,
Would needs, in nature's bold defiance,
Mount the tremendous chair of science;
And dar'd to argue pro and con
As gravely as the grave Sorbonne:
But wanting all that fine discerning
Which marks the character of Learning,
And all the elemental rules
Of erudition, and the schools,
The gay professor oft mistook
Alike his question and his book;
Dropp'd a conundrum out of season,
And jested when he ought to reason.

Thus on the world's wild billows tost,
And half their moments idly lost,
Tir'd of applause, and sick of strife,
They each resolv'd to take a wife.
Learning, who often went to see
Lady Anne Bentinck at her tea,
Met there a maid as fair as chaste,
In life's full bloom, whose name was Taste.
'Twas then his heart began to move
With the first tender throb of love,
And often heav'd, it knew not why,
With something soster than a sigh.
He lov'd, he blush'd, he courted, prest,
And was at length completely blest:
For she, who had not learnt to doubt
On folly in a scarlet coat,
To Learning's blushing arms resign'd
Her graceful form, and lovely mind.

Wit too, when past the fire of youth,
Was married to the vestal, Truth;
A nymph whose awful air and mien
Display'd the beauty, and the queen.

Tradition tells us, Hymen swore
That, till this bright auspicious hour,
There never in his holy house was
So fine a group of noble spouses;
For both the bridegrooms, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, sense, and carriage.
Learning, his charming wife to please,
Assum'd her elegance and ease;
And Wit, to humour Truth agreed
To pause, to doubt, reflect, and read.
In short, they led delicious lives,
Belov'd, and honour'd by their wives;
And, happy in their nuptial duties,
Each had a progeny of beauties,
Matchless in feature, form, and parts,
Distinguish'd by the name of Arts.

A
FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLATION
ON THE
DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS,
WHO LIVED ONLY TWO DAYS.

LET vulgar souls endure the body's chain,
Till life's dull current ebbs in ev'ry vein,
Dream out a tedious age ere, wide display'd,
Death's blackest pinion wraps them in the shade.

These happy infants, early taught to shun
All that the world admires beneath the sun,
Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie;
And fled impatient to their native sky.

Dear precious babes!—Alas! when, fondly wild,
A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child,
When my charm'd eye a flood of joy express'd,
And all the father kindled in my breast,
A sudden paleness seiz'd each guiltless face,
And death, tho' smiling, crept o'er ev'ry grace.

Nature! be calm—heave not th' impassion'd sigh,
Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
A few unspotted moments pass'd between
Their dawn of being, and their closing scene:
And sure no nobler blessing can be giv'n,
When one short anguish is the price of heav'n.

THE
ANTIQUARIANS.
A TALE.

SOME Antiquarians, grave, and loyal,
Incorporate by charter royal,
Last winter, on a Thursday night, were
Met in full senate at the Mitre.
The president, like Mr. Mayor,
Majestic took the elbow chair,

And gravely sat in due decorum
With a fine gilded mace before him.
Upon the table were display'd
A British knife without a blade,
A comb of Anglo-Saxon seal,
A patent with king Alfred's seal,
Two rusted mutilated prongs,
Suppos'd to be St. Dunstan's tongs,
With which he, as the story goes,
Once took the devil by the nose.

Awhile they talk'd of ancient modes,
Of manuscripts, and Gothic codes,
Of Roman altars, camps, and urns,
Of Caledonian shields, and churns:
Whether the druid flit or broke
The mistletoe upon the oak;
If Hector's spear was made of ash?
Or Agamemnon wore a sash?
If Cleopatra dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a queue?

At length a dean who understood
All that had pass'd before the Flood,
And could in half a minute shew ye
A pedigree as high as Noah,
Got up, and with a solemn air
(First humbly bowing to the chair)

“If aught, says he, deserves a name
Immortal as the roll of fame,
This venerable group of sages
Shall flourish in the latest ages,
And wear an amaranthine crown
When kings and empires are unknown.
Perhaps e'en I, whose humbler knowledge
Ranks me the lowest of your college,
May catch from your meridian day
At least a transitory ray:
For I, like you, thro' ev'ry clime,
Have trac'd the step of hoary Time,
And gather'd up his sacred spoils
With more than half a century's toils.
Whatever virtue, deed, or name,
Antiquity has left to fame,
In every age, and every zone,
In copper, marble, wood, or stone,
In vases, flow'r-pots, lamps, and sconces,
Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,
These eyes have read thro' many a crust
Of lacker, varnish, grease, and dust;
And now, as glory fondly draws
My soul to win your just applause,
I here exhibit to your view
A medal fairly worth Peru,
Found, as tradition says, at Rome,
Near the Quirinal Catacomb.”

He said, and from a purse of satin,
Wrapp'd in a leaf of monkish Latin,
And taught by many a clasp to join,
Drew out a dirty copper coin.
Still as pale midnight when she throws
On heav'n and earth a deep repose,
Lost in a trance too big to speak,
The Syrod ey'd the fine antique;
Examin'd ev'ry point, and part,
With all the critic skill of art;
Rung it alternate on the ground
In hopes to know it by the sound;
Applied the tongue's acuter sense
To taste its genuine excellence,

And with an animated gulf
Lick'd up the consecrated rust :
Nor yet content with what the eye
By its own sun-beams cou'd delivery,
To ev'ry corner of the bras
They clapp'd a microscopic glass ;
And view'd in raptures o'er and o'er
The ruins of the learned ore.

Pythagoras, the learned sage,
As you may read in Pliny's page,
With much of thought, and pains, and care,
Found the proportions of a square,
Which threw him in such frantic fits
As almost robb'd him of his wits,
And made him, awful as his name was,
Run naked thro' the streets of Samos.
With the same spirits doctor Romans,
A keen civilian of the Commons,
Fond as Pythagoras to claim
The wreath of literary fame,
Sprung in a phrenzy from his place
Across the table and the mace,
And swore by Varro's shade that he
Conceiv'd the medal to a T.

"It rings, says he, so pure, and chaste,
And has so classical a taste,
That we may fix its native home
Securely in imperial Rome.
That rascal, Time, whose hand purloins
From science half her kings and coins,
Has eat, you see, one half the tale,
And hid the other in a veil :
But if, thro' cankers, rust, and fetters,
Mishapen forms, and broken letters,
The critic's eye may dare to trace
An evanescent name, and face,
This injur'd medal will appear,
As mid-day sunshine, bright and clear.
The female figure on a throne
Of rustic work in Tibur' stone,
Without a scandal, zone, or bodice,
Is Liberty's immortal goddess ;
Whose sacred fingers seem to hold
A taper wand perhaps of gold :
Which has, if I mistake not, on it
The Pileus, or Roman bonnet :
By this the medalist would mean
To paint that fine domestic scene,
When the first Brutus nobly gave
His freedom to the worthy slave."

When a spectator 'as got the jaundice,
Each object, or by sea, or land, is
Discolour'd by a yellow hue,
Tho' naturally red, or blue.
This was the case with squire Thynne,
A barrister of Lincoln's Inn,
Who never lov'd to think or speak
Of any thing but ancient Greek.
In all disputes his sacred guide was
The very venerable Suidas ;
And tho' he never deign'd to look
In Salkeld, Littleton, or Coke,
And liv'd a stranger to the fees
And practice of the Common-Pleas ;
He studied with such warmth, and awe,
The volumes of Athenian law,
That Solon's self not better knew
The legislative plan he drew ;

VOL. VII.

Nor cou'd Demosthenes withstand
The rhet'ric of his wig, and band ;
When, full of zeal, and Aristotle,
And fluster'd by a second bottle,
He taught his orator to speak
His perorals in coarser Greek.

"Mathinks, quoth he, this little piece
Is certainly a child of Greece :
Th' Ærugo has a tinge of blue
Exactly of the Attic hue ;
And if the taste's acuter feel
May judge of medals as of veal,
I'll take my oath the mould and rust
Are made of Attic dew and dust.
Critics may talk, and rave, and foam,
Of Brutus and imperial Rome ;
But Rome, in all her pomp and blifs,
Ne'er struck so fine a coin as this
Besides, tho' Time, as is his way,
Has eat th' inscription quite away,
My eye can trace divinely true,
In this dark curve a little Mu :
And here, you see, there seems to lie
The ruins of a Doric Xi.

Perhaps, as Athens thought, and writ
With all the pow'rs of style, and wit,
The nymph upon a couch of mallows
Was meant to represent a Pallas ;
And the baton upon the ore
Is but the olive-branch she bore."

He said—but Swinton full of fire,
Asserted that it came from Tyre :
A most divine antique he thought it,
And with an empire wou'd have bought it.
He swore the head in full profile was
Undoubtedly the head of Belus ;
And the reverse, tho' hid in shade,
Appear'd a young Sidonian maid,
Whose tresses, buckins, shape, and mien,
Mark'd her for Dido at sixteen ;
Perhaps the very year when she was
First married to the rich Sichæus,
The rod, as he cou'd make it clear,
Was nothing but a hunting-spear,
Which all the Tyrian ladies bore,
To guard them when they chac'd the boar.
A learned friend, he could confute on,
Who liv'd full thirty years at Secon,
Once shew'd him, 'midst the seals and rings
Of more than thirty Syrian kings,
A copper piece, in shape, and size,
Exactly that before their eyes,
On which, in high relief, was seen
The image of a Tyrian queen ;
Which made him think this other dame
A true Phœnician, and the same.

The next, a critic, grave, and big,
Hid in a most enormous wig,
Who in his manner, mien, and shape was
A genuine son of Esculapius,
Wonder'd that men of such discerning
In all the abstruser parts of learning,
Cou'd err, thro' want of wit, or grace,
So strangely in so plain a case.

"It came, says he, or I will be whipt,
From Memphis in the Lower Egypt.
Soon as the Nile's prolific flood
Has fill'd the plains with slime and mud,

All Egypt in a moment swarms
 With myriads of abortive worms,
 Whose appetites would soon devour
 Each cabbage, artichoke, and flow'r,
 Did not some birds, with active zeal,
 Eat up whole millions at a meal,
 And check the pest while yet the year
 Is ripening into stalk, and ear.
 This blessing, visibly divine,
 Is finely pourtray'd on the coin;
 For here this line, so faint and weak,
 Is certainly a bill, or beak;
 Which bill, or beak, upon my word,
 In Hieroglyphics mean a bird,
 The very bird whose num'rous tribe is
 Distinguish'd by the name of Ibis.
 Besides, the figure with the wand,
 Mark'd by a sistrum in her hand,
 Appears, the moment she is seen,
 An Isis, Egypt's boasted queen.
 Sir, I'm as sure, as if my eye
 Had seen the artist cut the die,
 That these two curves, which wave, and float thus,
 Are but the tendrils of the Lotus,
 Which, as Herodotus has said,
 Th' Egyptians always eat for bread."

He spoke, and heard, without a pause,
 The rising murmur of applause;
 The voice of admiration rung
 On ev'ry ear from ev'ry tongue:
 Astonish'd at the lucky hit,
 They star'd, they deify'd his wit.

But ah! what arts by fate are tried
 To vex, and humble human pride!
 To pull down poets from Parnassus,
 And turn grave doctors into asses!
 For whilst the band their voices raise
 To celebrate the Sage's praise,
 And echo thro' the house convey'd
 Their pæans loud to man and maid;

Tom, a pert waiter, smart, and clever,
 A droit pretence who wanted never,
 Curious to see what caus'd this rout,
 And what the doctors were about,
 Slyly stepp'd in to snuff the candles,
 And ask whate'er they pleas'd to want else.
 Soon as the Synod he came near,
 Loud dissonance assail'd his ear;
 Strange mingled sounds, in pompous style,
 Of Isis, Ibis, Lotus, Nile:
 And soon in Romans' hand he spies
 The coin, the cause of all their noise.
 Quick to his side he flies amain,
 And peeps, and snuffs, and peeps again.
 And tho' antiques he had no skill in,
 He knew a sixpence from a shilling;
 And, spite of rust, or rub, cou'd trace
 On humble brass Britannia's face.
 Soon her fair image he descries,
 And, big with laughter, and surprise,
 He burst—"And is this group of learning
 So short of sense, and plain discerning,
 That a mere halfpenny can be
 To them a curiosity?
 If this is your best proof of science,
 With wisdom Tom claims no alliance?
 Content with nature's artless knowledge,
 He scorns alike both school and college."
 More had he said—but, lo! around
 A storm in ev'ry face he found:
 On Romans' brow black thunders hung,
 And whirlwinds rush'd from Swinton's tongue;
 Thynne lightning flash'd from ev'ry pore,
 And reason's voice was heard no more.
 The tempest ey'd, Tom speeds his flight,
 And, sneering, bids 'em all good night;
 Convinc'd that pedantry's allies
 May be too learn'd to be wise.

THE
POEMS OF WILLIAM COLLINS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral. Scene, a Valley
near Bagdat. Time, the Morning.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden
days.

Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the
plains:

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell!
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on their flowers, and bears their sweets
away:

By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heav'n can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display;
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
Or hope your lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermin beautify the skin:

Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
'The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Blest were the days, when wisdom held her
reign,

And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

Loft to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are
clear,

To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
But man the most—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew,
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding Meekness with her downcast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
And Love the last: by these your hearts approve,
These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

Hassan: or the Camel-driver. Scene, the Desert.
Time, Mid-day.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:

One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wind, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus
began:

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall Thirst amaze,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or when forebunk the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some frown'd serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Twice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O, hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
"Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
"Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!"
"Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
"Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!"
"Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
"No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."

O, let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana. Scene, a Forest.
Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' towers are seen,
In distant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lillies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:
* Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love!

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the modern history of Mr. Salmon.

Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove:
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewel'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her say;
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives. Scene, a
Mountain in Circassia. Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they press their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!

And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd!
And last this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar's shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soit dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind,
'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove,
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind product of a bounteous year!
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
'Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of
night,

Wile o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

O D E S, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

O D E T O P I T Y.

O Thou, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe :
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unfated foe !

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite :
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light !

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliuss' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute ?
Wild * Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shewn ;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, my fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design :
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast's heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail :
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell :
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell !

* A river in Suffolk.

O D E T O F E A R.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shewn ;
Who see'st appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between :
Ah, Fear ! ah, frantic Fear !
I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear !
Danger, whose limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside ;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait ;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee ?

E P O D E.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse address her infant tongue ;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard * who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and turies shar'd the baleful grove ?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen †
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line,

* Æschylus.

† Jocasta.

Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted
thought,

Be mine to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.

And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possessest
The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O Thou, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of
song!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings flow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephissus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep,
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamel'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth.

Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!

The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.
While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or tower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might found
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright the gifted Bard,
(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest Elfin queen has blest)
One, only one unrival'd fair*,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn tourney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye;
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side;
Happier hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given,
To few the god-like gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her
flame.

The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dress'd with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirthing all,

* Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4.

Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, fate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born?
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the fainting growing woof:
But near it fate ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the Tarbol's eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers.
Where is the Bard, whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?
High on some cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread.
I view that oak, the fancied glades among.
By which a Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh spher'd in heaven its native strains could
hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was
hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future
view.

O D E.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd moid,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

O D E T O M E R C Y.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Ost with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with many
a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'er took him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower.
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our
monarch's throne!

O D E T O L I B E R T Y.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fire,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alceus, fancy blest,
Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest,
At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted
wound!

O Goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my thell's misguided power,
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments
broke.

EPODE.

2.

Yet, ev'n where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw by what escap'd the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul;
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they, whom science lov'd to name,
(O, who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem;
Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
To those, whose merchants sons were kings:
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those * to whom thy flock is dear:
Those whom the rod of Alva bruise'd,
Whose crown a British queen reus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, Nymphs, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works, the wizard Time has wrought!

* The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

VOL. VII.

The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand,*
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains round-
ing;
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wild wide storm ev'n Nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth
surprize.
This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side,
Mona†, once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight who checks the westering tide,
For thee consenting heav'n has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last
abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing Gooddeffs, stood!
There of the painted natives' feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heav'n-left age it fell,
'T were hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd sky:
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,

* This tradition is mention'd by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavour'd to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

† There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamour'd of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walk'd on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was receiv'd with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprize at her appearance. This however was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punish'd the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arriv'd at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

L.

The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear that comforted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, through the mix'd design;
The secret builder knew to chuse,
Each sphere-sound gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the Patriot's fight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Ev'n Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
Her let our fires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
O, how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west!

O D E

To a Lady, on the Death of Colonel CHARLES
Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written
May, 1745.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day:
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of chearful May:

The thoughts which musing pity pays,
And long remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bleis the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head;
And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their faintest rest:
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish th' avenging fight.

But, lo! where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round
Proclaim her reign restor'd:
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the fated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near ✓

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep:
Even humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

O D E T O E V E N I N G.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits on yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim horn in heedless hum :
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening
vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His pale circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy oar.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he
wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light :

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes :

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

ODE TO PEACE.

O Thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And fought'st thy native skies :
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bore his iron car,
And bade his storms arise !

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His tullen shrines to burn :
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy best return !

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind !
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train :
The British lion, Goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honour led !
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed !

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design'd ;
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind :
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd !
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search those magic shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll :
If e'er I round such tarry field,
Some power impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizard passions fly,
By which the giant follies die !
Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green ;
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, to trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade !
Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Obedience, more invite !
O thou, who lov'st that ampler range,
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingled sons ally'd,
Throw'st the prattling page aside :
To me in converse sweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where Science sure is found,
From Nature as she lives around :
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view !
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before,
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school ;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Hast blest this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charming task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask,
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise ;

While, ever varying as they pass,
 To some Contempt applies her glass :
 With these the white-rob'd maid combine,
 And those the laughing satyrs join !
 But who is he whom now she views,
 In robe of wild contending hues ?
 'Thou by the passions nurs'd ; I greet
 The comic flock that binds thy feet !
 O Humour, thou whose name is known
 To Britain's favour'd isle alone :
 Me too amidst thy hand admit,
 There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
 (Whose jewels in his crisped hair
 Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
 Whom no delights from thee divide)
 In laughter loos'd attends thy side !
 By old Miletus, * who so long
 Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song,
 By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
 In charg'd Italia's modern shades :
 By him †, whose knight's distinguish'd name
 Refin'd a nation's lust of fame ;
 Whose tales ev'n now, with echoes sweet,
 Castilia's Moorish hills repeat :
 Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
 In watch-t weeds on Gallia's shore,
 Who dre-- the sad Sicilian maid,
 By virtues in her fire betray'd :
 O Nature boon, from whom proceed
 Each forceful thought, each prompt'd deed ;
 If but from thee I hope to feel,
 On all my heart imprint thy seal !
 Let some retreating Cynic find
 Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
 The Sports and I this hour agree
 To rove thy scene-full world with thee !

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting ;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, so mad'ness rul'd the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power.

* Alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
 Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she choic'd,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder slung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Receive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

AN EPISTLE

Addressed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition
of Shakespeare's Works.

WHILE, born to bring the Muse's happier
days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell:
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakespeare's
name.
Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
Unown'd by science, and by years obscur'd:

Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
A fixt despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.
Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes impart
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curse that mark'd the * Theban's
reign,

A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
The comic sisters keep their native ease.
With jealous tear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excell'd!
But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain;
Ilyssus' laurels, though transfer'd with toil,
Drop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly
soil.

As arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose;
Goths, Priests, or Vandals,—all were learning's
foes.

Till † Julius first recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Cosimo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade:
Then, deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provencian pass'd to Arno's stream:
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakespear to her fame be born!

Yet, ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.
Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female
mind;

Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His ‡ every strain the Smiles and Graces own;
But stronger Shakespear felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

† Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

‡ Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr.
Dryden.

* With gradual steps, and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance :
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew.
Till late Corneille, with † Lucan's spirit fir'd
Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and he inspir'd :
And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad surprize,
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Her gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die !
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king :
The time shall come when Glo'ister's heart shall bleed

In life's last hours, with horror of the deed :
When dreary visions shall at last present
The vengeful image in the midnight tent :
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear.

Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusions of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove ;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green :
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and vallies smile,
And Spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.

O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
Their native music dwells in all the lays.
O, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid !
What wondrous draughts might rise from every page !

What other Raphael charm a distant age !
Methinks ev'n now I view some free design,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line :
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
—And see, where † Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd :
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend !
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

* About the time of Shakespeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

† The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

‡ See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

But * who is he, whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air ?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall,
(So heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain !
Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection, in the Roman's pride :
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inspires,
The Sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires :
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string :
Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, just to nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,

Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore :
When rais'd by fate, some former Hammer join'd,
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind ;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele,
supposed to be dead.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rise all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew ;

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell ;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

* Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the Odyssey.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to
lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall dutious rise,
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now wait me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see, the fairy vallies fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Mock nature's child, again adieu!

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description
in the Castle of Indolence.

† Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

X.

The genial meads * assign'd to blest
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

V E R S E S

Written on a Paper, which contain'd a Piece of
Bride-Cake.

YE curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hallow'd
cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for love and pity's sake!

This precious relick, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of th' enamour'd breast,
And pains that please are mixt in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath sworn, while these re-
main,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful hope, so oft invoc'd in vain,
With fairy songs shall sooth his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much intreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive
day,
Consents at length to bring me short delight,
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note usurp the night.

* Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of
Richmond some time before his death.

A N
O D E
O N T H E
P O P U L A R S U P E R S T I T I O N S
O F T H E
H I G H L A N D S O F S C O T L A N D ;
C O N S I D E R E D A S T H E
S U B J E C T O F P O E T R Y .

I N S C R I B E D T O M R . J O H N H O M E .

I.

HOME, thou return'st from Thames, whose
Naiads long
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Mid those soft friends, whose hearts some future
day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song *
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth †
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's
side ;
Together let us wish him lasting truth,
And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.
Go ! nor regret these, while these numbers boast
My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name ;
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame !
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand :
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail ;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial
land.

II.

There, must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill ;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet ;
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store
To the swart tribes, their creamy bowls allots ;
By night they sip it round the cottage-door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with Fate, their elf-shot arrows
fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain :
Nor thou, tho' learn'd, his homelier thoughts
neglect ;
Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain ;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquest to her boundless reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-command-
ing strain.

III.

Ev'n yet preserv'd, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
'Thougt by the father, to his listening son ;
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's
ear.

* How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic
powers !

† A Gentleman of the name of Barrow, who
introduced Home to Collins.

At every pause, before thy mind possesst,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd ;
Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain
brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented
grave ;
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel *,
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms ;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny
swarms,
And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's
arms.

IV.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizzard-seer,
Lodg'd in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells :
How they, whose fight such dreary dreams
engross,
With their own vision oft astonish'd droop,
When, o'er the watry strath, or quaggy moss
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
Or, if in sports, or in the festive green,
Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey ;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft, like moody madness, stare
To see the phantom train their secret work
prepare.

V.

To monarchs dear †, some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow !
The Seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay !
* A summer hut, built in the high part of the
mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm season,
when the pasture is fine.
† By the public prints we are informed, that a
Scotch clergyman lately discovered Collin's rude
draught of this poem. It is however said to be very
imperfect. The Vth stanza, and the half of the
VIth, say those prints, being deficient, has been
supplied by Mr. Mackenzie ; whose lines are here
annexed, for the purpose of comparison, and to do
justice to the elegant author of the Man of Feeling.

" Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,
" They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
" Where in the west, the brooding tempests
lie ;
" And here their first, faint, rustling pennons
sweep.
" Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
" The broad, unbroken billows heave and
swell,
" In horrid musings rapt, they sit to mark
" The lab'ring moon ; or list the nightly
yell

As Boreas threw his young Aurora * forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain!
And as, at late, they joyn'd in Preston's fight,
Saw at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!
They rav'd! divining, thro' their Second Sight †,
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were
drown'd!

Illustrious William ‡! Britain's guardian name!
One William sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke;
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, slavery's chain hast
broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's
yoke!

VI.

These too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic Muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er
lose;
Let not dank Will § mislead you to the heath:
Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake!

"Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
"The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
"Through the dim air who guides the driving
storm,
"And points the wretched bark its destin'd
prey.
"Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
"O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's
waste,
"Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing
"The falling breeze within its reach hath
plac'd—
"The distant seaman hears, and flies with
trembling haste.
"Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
"Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog or ten,
"Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of
men,
"When witch'd darkness shuts the eye of day,
"And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the
night;
"Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
"With treacherous gleam he lures the fated
wight,
"And leads him floundering on and quite astray."

* By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant
the first appearance of the northern lights, which
happened about the year 1715; at least, it is most
highly probable from this peculiar circumstance,
that no ancient writer whatever has taken any no-
tice of them, nor even any one modern, previous
to the above period.

† Second sight is the term that is used for the
divination of the Highlanders.

‡ The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated
the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

§ A fiery meteor, called by various names, such
as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lanthorn,
&c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny
places.

VOL. VII.

What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive fight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unruffling reed,
At those dark hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his fullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch
surprize.

VII.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedge weed:
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source!
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless
corse!

VIII.

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate!
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night,
Her travel'd limbs in broken slumbers sleep!
With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue-ivorn face before her stand,
And shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:
"Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
"At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
"Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
"While I lie weltering on the ozier'd shore,
"Drown'd by the Kelpie's * wrath, nor e'er shall
aid thee more!"

IX.

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which
spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebride isle,
To that hoar pile † which still its ruin shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy-took is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd
ground!

* The water fiend.

† One of the Hebrides is called The Isle of Pig-
mies; where it is reported, that several miniature
bones of the human species have been dug up in the
ruins of a chapel there.

M

Or thither *, where beneath the show'ry west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid :
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the Monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes ; and, wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

X.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wafting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides—
Go ! just, as they, their blameless manners trace !
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintery main.
With sparing temperance at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring ; or, hunger-prest,
Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading, climb,
And of its eggs despoil the Solan's † nest.
Thus, blest in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd, and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow foil, and blake and bare ;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there !

XI.

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer shores possess ;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd in elder time, th' historic page.
There, Shakespeare's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour ; his wayward fifters found,
And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast !
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line,
Thro' the dark cave in gleamy pageant past.
Proceed ! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce ;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse ;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

XII.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to Nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art !
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd !
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanquish'd sword !
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung !
Prevailing poet ! whose undoubting mind,
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung !

* Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

† An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

Hence, at each sound, imagination glows !
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here !
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows !
Melting it flows, pure murmuring, strong and clear,
And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear !

XIII.

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail !
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan * fill'd or past'ral Tay †,
Or Don's ‡ romantic springs, at distance, hail !
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens *, o'erhung with spreading broom ;
Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led ;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom !
Then will I dress once more the faded tower,
Where Jonson † sat in Drummond's classic shade ;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid !
Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains †, attend !—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent friend !

S O N G.

The Sentiments borrowed from SHAKESPEARE.

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowland hamlets moan :
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a stone.
His shroud, which death's cold damps destroy,
Of snow-white threads was made :
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.
Pale pansies o'er his corpse were plac'd,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Bestrew'd the boy, like him to waste,
And wither in their prime.
But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
Could tune the rural lay ?
Ah, no ! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.
They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who lov'd so well :
Ah me ! how many a true-love shower
Of kind remembrance fell !
Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried,
Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her lov'd-one died.

* † ‡ Three rivers in Scotland.

* Vallies.

† Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

‡ Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh university, which is in the county of Lothian.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

THE genius of the pastoral, as well as of every other respectable species of poetry, had its origin in the East, and from thence was transplanted by the Muses of Greece; but whether from the continent of the lesser Asia, or from Egypt, which, about the æra of the Grecian pastoral, was the hospitable nurse of letters, it is not easy to determine. From the subject, and the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the history of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it should still remain a doubt through what channel the pastoral travelled westward, there is not the least shadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In those ages, which, guided by sacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the most authentic historians, that the chiefs of the people employed themselves in rural exercises, and that astronomers and legislators were at the same time shepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the history of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd.

From these circumstances it is evident not only that such shepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the pastoral kind; would take its subjects from those scenes of rural simplicity in which they were conversant, and, as it was the offspring of Harmony and Nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the most ancient poems treat of agriculture, astronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural systems.

What constitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Pastoral, is love and the colloquial or dramatic form of composition peculiar to the latter: this form of composition is sometimes dispensed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought sufficient to distinguish the pastoral. The tender passion, however, seems to be essential to this species of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from those pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in those eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whose only purport is a trial of skill between contending shepherds, love has its usual share, and the praises of their respective mistresses are the general subjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented that scarce any oriental compositions of this kind have survived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time; we cannot doubt that many such have been extant, possibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the ashes of the Alexandrian library.

Those ingenious Greeks whom we call the parents of pastoral poetry were, probably, no more than imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter sources, and kindled their poetical fires at those then unextinguished lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himself of those magnificent images and descriptions so frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Testament: and why may

not Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion, have found their archetypes in other eastern writers, whose names have perished with their works? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit such a supposition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude, what the malignity of cavillers alone could suggest with regard to Homer, that they destroyed the sources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their supporters to death.

As the Septuagint-translation of the Old Testament was performed at the request, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed some of his pastoral imagery from the poetical passages of those books.—I think it can hardly be doubted that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expressions of the prophet Isaiah, when he wrote the following lines:

Νυν ια μιν φορτοῖτε βατοι, φορτοῖτε δ' ακανθαι.
 Ἄ δε καλα νερκισσῶ ἐπ' αρκευθοισι κομασαι.
 Παντα δ' εναλλα γενοιτο, και α' πιτυς οχνας ενεικαι.
 — και τως κυνας ωλαφος ελκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
 On the rude thorn Narcissus drefs his hair—
 All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
 And the bold deer shall drag the trembling hound.

The cause, indeed, of these phænomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth, of an important person: but the marks of imitation are nevertheless obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the sacred writers, the celebrated Epithalamium of Solomon, so much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have escaped his notice. His Epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find them there. The very opening of the poem is in the spirit of the Hebrew song:

Ουτω δη πρωῒζα κατεδραβις, ω φιλε γαμῶρε;

The colour of imitation is still stronger in the following passage:

Αως αν ελλοισα καλον διεφαινε προσωπον,
 Ποτνια νυξ ατε, λευκον εαρ χειμενος ανεντος.
 Ὡδε και α χρυσα Ἑλενα διεφαινετ' εν ημιν,
 Πειρη μεγαλη. ατ' ανδραμεν ορμος αερα,
 Η κατη κυπαρισσος, η αρματι θεσσαλος ιππος.

This description of Helen is infinitely above the style and figure of the Sicilian pastoral—"She is like the rising of the golden morning, when the night departeth, and when the winter is over and gone. She resembleth the cypress in the garden, the horse in the chariots of Thessaly." These figures plainly declare their origin; and others, equally imitative, might be pointed out in the same Idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage pastoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue that has survived the ruins of time, a happiness for which it is, probably, more indebted to its sacred character than to its intrinsic merit. Not that it is by any means destitute of poetical excellence: like all the eastern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, allusions, and parts, and has all that graceful and magnificent daring which characterises its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In consequence of these peculiarities, so ill adapted to the frigid genius of the North, Mr. Collins could make but little use of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues; and even in his third eclogue, where the subject is of a similar nature, he has chosen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin pastoral.

The scenery and subjects then of the following eclogues alone are oriental; the style and colour are purely European; and, for this reason, the author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the East, is omitted, as being now altogether superfluous.

With regard to the merit of these eclogues, it may justly be asserted, that in simplicity of description and expression, in delicacy and softness of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderness, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the pastoral kind in the English language.

ECLOGUE I.

THIS eclogue, which is entitled Selim, or the Shepherd's Moral, as there is nothing dramatic in the subject, may be thought the least entertaining of the four: but it is by no means the least valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent shepherd delivers to his fellow-swains and the virgins, their companions, are such as would infallibly promote the happiness of the pastoral life.

In personating the private *virtues*, the poet has observed great propriety, and has formed their genealogy with the most perfect judgment, when he represents them as the daughters of Truth and Wisdom.

The characteristics of Modesty and Chastity are extremely happy and *peinturesque*:

"Come thou *whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,*
To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear;
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid;
Cold is her breast, *like flowers that drink the dew,*
A silken veil conceals her from the view."

The two families borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expressive. There is, notwithstanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to Chastity as to Modesty; and from this instance, as well as from a thousand more, we may see the necessity of distinguishing, in characteristic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue, that it wants both those essential *criteria* of the pastoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former still retains an interest in it, and that too very material, as it professedly consults the virtue and happiness of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

—that must lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

ALL the advantages that any species of poetry can derive from the novelty of the subject and scenery, this eclogue possesses. The rout of a camel-driver is a scene that scarce could exist in the imagination of an European, and of its attendant distresses he could have no idea.—These are very happily and minutely painted by our descriptive poet. What sublime simplicity of expression! what nervous plainness in the opening of the poem!

"In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Haffan with his camels past."

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole scene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this single couplet we feel all the effect that arises from the terrible wildness of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verses that describe so minutely the camel-driver's little provisions, have a touching influence on the

imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehensions of distress :

“ Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall Thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage !”

It is difficult to say whether his apostrophe to the “ mute companions of his toils,” is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderness and humanity of the sentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injustice, if he concludes it to be destitute of sensibility :

“ Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share !
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.”

Yet in these beautiful lines there is a slight error, which writers of the greatest genius very frequently fall into—It will be needless to observe to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and sixth verses there is a verbal pleonasm where the poet speaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an oversight of the same kind in the *Manners*, an Ode ; where the poet says

“ — Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds —”

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taste it is nevertheless disgusting ; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard against it.

Mr. Collins speaks like a true poet, as well in sentiment as expression, when, with regard to the thirst of wealth, he says,

“ Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song ?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?”

But however just these sentiments may appear to those who have not revolted from nature and simplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-street, or Cheap-side, he would not have been complimented with the understanding of the bellman.—A striking proof, that our own particular ideas of happiness regulate our opinions concerning the sense and wisdom of others !

It is impossible to take leave of this most beautiful eclogue, without paying the tribute of admiration so justly due to the following nervous lines.

“ What if the lion in his rage I meet !——
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
And fearful ! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and fullen tigers in his train :
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.”

This, amongst many other passages to be met with in the writings of Collins, shews that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in description, not-

withstanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expressed, than the image in the last couplet.

That deception, sometimes used in rhetoric and poetry, which presents us with an object or sentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greatest advantage:

"Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise——
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettiness, than a real, or natural beauty.

E C L O G U E III.

THAT innocent and native simplicity of manners, which, in the first eclogue, was allowed to constitute the happiness of love, is here beautifully described in its effects. The sultan of Persia marries a Georgian shepherdess, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can bestow. The most natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are those where the fair sultana refers with so much pleasure to her pastoral amusements, and those scenes of happy innocence in which she had passed her early years; particularly when, upon her first departure,

"Of as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu."

This picture of amiable simplicity reminds one of that passage, where Proserpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loss of the flowers she has been gathering.

"Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis:
Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem."

E C L O G U E IV.

THE beautiful, but unfortunate country, where the scene of this pathetic eclogue is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its savage neighbours, when, Mr. Collins so affectingly described its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to pourtray, but a heart to feel for the miseries of mankind, and it is with the utmost tenderness and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circassia's ruin, while he realizes the scene, and brings the present drama before us. Of every circumstance that could possibly contribute to the tender effect this pastoral was designed to produce, the poet has availed himself with the utmost art and address. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the distresses of Circassia, by representing it as the scene of the happiest love.

"In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind."

To give the circumstances of the dialogue a more affecting solemnity, he makes the time midnight, and describes the two shepherds in the very act of flight from the destruction that swept over their country:

"Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:"

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which strikes us more forcibly, the more we consider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected; when one of the shepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had passed. This is, certainly, painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or destitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But, as the closest pursuit of nature is the surest way to excellence in general, and to sublimity in particular, in poetical description, so we find that this simple suggestion of the shepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is grandeur and variety in the landscape he describes:

“ And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain !
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try’d !
And last this lofty mountain’s weary side !”

There is, in imitative harmony, an art of expressing a slow and difficult movement by adding to the usual number of pauses in a verse. This is observable in the line that describes the ascent of the mountain :

And last || this lofty mountain’s || weary side ||.

Here we find the number of pauses, or musical bars, which, in an heroic verse, is commonly two, increased to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous sweetness of expression in the following descriptive lines is almost inimitably beautiful :

“ Sweet to the sight is Zabran’s flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and shepherds lov’d in vain !
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis’ banks, or Irwan’s shady grove,
On Tarkie’s mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly’s flowery vale.

Nevertheless in this delightful landscape there is an obvious fault: there is no distinction between the plain of Zabran, and the vale of Aly: they are both flowery, and consequently undiversified. This could not proceed from the poet’s want of judgment, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within so short a compass; an oversight which those who are accustomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other species of composition, know to be very possible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expressed, than the shepherd’s apprehensions for his fair country-women, exposed to the ravages of the invaders.

“ In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam’d for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes’ blue languish, and their golden hair !
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief shall send ;
Those hairs the Tartar’s cruel hand shall rend.”

There is, certainly, some very powerful charm in the liquid melody of sounds. The editor of these poems could never read or hear the following verse repeated, without a degree of pleasure otherwise entirely unaccountable :

“ Their eyes’ *blue languish*, and their *golden hair*.”

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the same kind of anxious pleasure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

O B S E R V A T I O N S
O N T H E
O D E S,
D E S C R I P T I V E A N D A L L E G O R I C A L.

THE genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the Muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthusiasm, which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was, at once, capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his *pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his description.

In consequence of these powers, but more particularly, in consideration of the last, he chose such subjects for his lyric essays as were most favourable for the indulgence of description and allegory; where he could exercise his powers in moral and personal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already new known, and described by a determinate number of characteristics; where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the society of impersonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges which the poet expected, and such were the advantages he derived from the descriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It seems to have been the whole industry of our author (and it is, at the same time, almost all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boast) to promote the influence of the social virtues, by painting them in the fairest and happiest lights.

“*Melior fieri tuendo,*”

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it seems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If therefore, it should appear to some readers that he has been more industrious to cultivate description than sentiment; it may be observed, that his descriptions themselves are sentimental, and answer the whole end of that species of writing, by embellishing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the finest moral lessons to the mind.

Horace speaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is, certainly, of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the senses, it is conveyed. The impressions left on the imagination may, possibly, be thought less durable than the deposits of memory, but it may very well admit of a question, whether a conclusion of reason, or an impression of imagination, will soonest make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is most likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This, however, must be allowed, that those works approach the nearest to perfection which unite these powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and striking description, the latter by a brief, but harmonious conveyance of precept: thus, while the heart is

influenced through the operation of the passions, or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwise have been transient, is secured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treasures up in a short aphorism the moral scene.

This is a good reason, and this, perhaps, is the only reason that can be given, why our dramatic performances should generally end with a chain of couplets. In these the moral of the whole piece is usually conveyed; and that assistance which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cause of it, gives it usefulness and propriety even there.

After these apologies for the *descriptive* turn of the following odes, something remains to be said on the origin and use of *allegory* in poetical composition.

By this we are not to understand the trope in the schools, which is defined "*aliud verbis, aliud sensu ostendere,*" and of which Quintilian says, "*usus est, ut tritius dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei quædam contrariis significemus, &c.*" It is not the verbal, but the sentimental allegory, not allegorical expression (which, indeed, might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in question.

When we endeavour to trace this species of figurative sentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itself. It is generally agreed that the most ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain that the most ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the first literary productions were poetical, we shall have little or no difficulty in discovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the transition from hieroglyphical to literal expression, it is not to be wondered if the custom of expressing ideas by personal images, which had so long prevailed, should still retain its influence on the mind, though the use of letters had rendered the practical application of it superfluous. Those who had been accustomed to express strength by the image of an elephant, swiftness by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no scruple of substituting, in letters, the symbols for the ideas they had been used to represent.

Here we plainly see the origin of *allegorical expression*, that it arose from the *asbes* of hieroglyphics; and if to the same cause we should refer that figurative boldness of style and imagery which distinguish the oriental writings, we shall, perhaps, conclude more justly than if we should impute it to the superior grandeur of eastern genius.

From the same source with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *sentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or symbolical expression of the several agents in an action, or the different objects in a scene.

The latter most peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this species of allegory we include the imperfonation of passions, affections, virtues and vices, &c. on account of which, principally, the following odes were properly termed by their author, allegorical.

With respect to the utility of this figurative writing, the same arguments that have been advanced in favour of descriptive poetry, will be of weight likewise here. It is, indeed, from imperfonation, or, as it is commonly termed, personification, that poetical description borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the scenery of material objects would be dull without the introduction of fictitious life.

These observations will be most effectually illustrated by the sublime and beautiful odes that occasioned them; in those it will appear how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by passing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

" By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite :
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light !"

The propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of Euripides is obvious.—That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender passions, and, therefore, could not but stand in the highest esteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's sensibility.—He did, indeed, admire him as much as Milton, professedly did, and probably for the same reason; but we do not find that he has copied him so closely as the last mentioned poet has sometimes done, and particularly in the opening of *Samson-Agonistes*, which is an evident imitation of the following passage in the *Phœnissæ*.

Ἡς προπαροιῆς, θυγατερ, ὡς τυφλῶ ποδὶ
Ὀφθαλμὸς εἰ σύ, "αὐχάταισιν ἀστρὸν ὡς
Διὺρ' εἰς τὸ λευκὸν πιδίον ἰχθὺς τιθεῖσ' ἐμὸν,
Πρόβαινε.—

Act. III. Sc. I.

The "eyes of dewy light" is one of the happiest strokes of imagination, and may be ranked among those expressions which

" —give us back the image of the mind."
" Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd with Pity's lute."
There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head."

Suffex, in which county the Arun is a small river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as to Collins: both these poets, unhappily, became the objects of that pity by which their writings are distinguished. There was a similitude in their genius and in their sufferings. There was a resemblance in the misfortunes and in the dissipation of their lives; and the circumstances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the history of human misfortunes, and of drawing the scenes from the tragic Muse, is very happy, and in every respect worthy the imagination of Collins.

ODE TO FEAR.

Mr. Collins, who had often determined to apply himself to dramatic poetry, seems here, with the same view, to have addressed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence she had given to the genius of Shakespeare:

" Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel :
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee !"

In construction of this nervous ode the author has shewn equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more striking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the measure in the fifth and sixth verses, when he feels the strong influence of the power he invokes :

" Ah, Fear, ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near."

The editor of these poems has met with nothing in the same species of poetry, either in his own, or any other language, equal, in all respects, to the following description of Danger:

" Danger, whose limbs of giant mold,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep."

It is impossible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two last verses without those emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has, moreover, the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it, for there is too much originality in all the circumstances, to suppose that the author had in his eye that description of the penal situation of Cæcilius in the ninth *Æneid*:

" — Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem scopulo"

The archetype of the English poet's ideas was in nature, and probably to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her, likewise, he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, displayed in the following lines:

" And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow wait."

That nutritive enthusiasm, which cherishes the seeds of poetry, and which is, indeed, the only soil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A passion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of nature, seduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriously fond of high romance and Gothic *diableries*; and Collins, who in genius and enthusiasm bore no very distant resemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the same attachments.

" Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true."
" On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c."

There is an old traditionary superstition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all such persons as shall die within the ensuing year, make their solemn entry into the churches of their respective parishes, as St. Patrick swam over the channel, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THE measure of the ancient ballad seems to have been made choice of for this ode, on account of the subject, and it has, indeed, an air of simplicity not altogether unsuited:

" By all the honey'd flore
On Hybla's thymy flore,

By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
 By her whose love-lorn woe,
 In evening musings flow,
 Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd store, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to the sweetness and beauty of the Attic poetry, has the finest and the happiest effect: yet, possibly, it will bear a question, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to simplicity in any thing more than the plans of their drama. Their language, at least, was infinitely metaphorical; yet it must be owned that they justly copied nature and the passions, and so far, certainly, they were entitled to the palm of true simplicity: the following most beautiful speech of Polynices, will be a monument of this so long as poetry shall last.

————— πολυδακρυς δ' ἀφικομένη
 Χρονος ἰδὼν μελαγχολα, καὶ θνητὸς θένων,
 Γομνασία δ' οἷσιν ἐντραφὴν, Διζυγὸς δ' ἰδὼς.
 Ὡς δ' αἰκίῳ ἀπελαδύς, ζῆνι πολὺν
 Ναιῶ, δὲ ὅστων ὀρμὴν ἔχον δακρυρροῦσιν.
 Ἀλλ' (ἐκ γὰρ αἰγῶν αἰγῶν) αὐτὸς σὲ διζκοῦμαι,
 Καρὰ ζυγῶν, καὶ πτελῶν μελαγχολίας
 Ἐχέταν. EURIP. Phœniss. ver. 369.

" But staid to sing alone
 To one distinguish'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of simplicity among the Romans with the reign of Augustus, and indeed, it did not continue much longer, most of the compositions, after that date, giving into false and artificial ornament.

" No more, in hall or bower,
 The passions own thy power,
 Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean."

In these lines the writing of the Provençal poets are principally alluded to, in which, simplicity is generally sacrificed to the rhapsodies of romantic love.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul este profani!

THIS ode is so infinitely abstracted and replete with high enthusiasm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the beauty of it, or of relishing its beauties. There is a style of sentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the subject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the same account that abstracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of such poems must be content with the approbation of those heaven-favoured geniuses, who, by a similarity of taste and sentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high mysteries of inspired fancy, and to pursue the loftiest flights of enthusiastic imagination. Nevertheless, the praise of the distinguished few is certainly preferable to the applause of the undiscerning million; for all praise is valuable in proportion to the judgment of those who confer it.

As the subject of this ode is uncommon, so are the style and expression highly metaphorical and abstracted; thus the sun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed "the shadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are struck with the propriety of this mode of expression here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that subsists between language and sentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the creation of the Cestus of Fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and sublime: and the observation that, the

dangerous passions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the strictest philosophical truth; for poetical fancy can exist only in minds that are perfectly serene, and in some measure abstracted from the influences of sense.

The scene of Milton's "inspiring hour" is perfectly in character, and described with all those wild-wood-appearances of which the great poet was so enthusiastically fond:

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh spheer'd in heaven, its native strains could hear."

ODE. Written in the year 1746.

ODE TO MERCY.

THE Ode written in 1746, and the Ode to Mercy, seem to have been written on the same occasion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of those heroes who fell in the defence of their country, the latter to excite sentiments of compassion in favour of those unhappy and deluded wretches who became a sacrifice to public justice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the scene and figures described in the strophe of the Ode to Mercy are exquisitely striking, and would afford a painter one of the finest subjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient states of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever existed, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

"Who shall awake the Spartan fire,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue."

There is something extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly superior to that description Jocasta gives us of the hair of Polynices.

Βασρυχαν τε κυανοχρωτα χαιτας
Πλοκαμον.—

"What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus still remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Aristogiton, who slew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby restored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here most nervously described in one line:

"With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell."

The thought seems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the structure of the verse is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet considers the influence it has retained, or still retains among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on account of losing its liberty under those patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Pisa, justly so called in respect to its long impatience and regret under the same yoke; and

the *small* Marino, which, however unrespectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at least, this distinction to boast, that it has preserved its liberty longer than any other state, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its present mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover the patron saint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deserves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only saint that ever contributed to the establishment of freedom.

“ Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.”

In these lines the poet alludes to those ravages in the state of Genoa, occasioned by the unhappy divisions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines.

“ ——— When the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice.”

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in these verses, see Voltaire's *Epistle to the King of Prussia*.

“ Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!”

The Flemings were so dreadfully oppressed by this sanguinary general of Philip the Second, that they offered their sovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her subjects, she had policy and magnanimity enough to refuse it. Deformeaux, in his *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Espagne*, thus describes the sufferings of the Flemings: “ Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de réduire les Flamands au désespoir. Après avoir inondé les échafauts du sang le plus noble et le plus précieux, il faisoit construire des citadelles en divers endroits, et vouloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribut onéreux qui avoit été longtems en usage parmi les Espagnols.” *Agreg. Chron. Tom. IV.*

“ ——— Mona,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide.”

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Isle of Anglesey, anciently so famous for its Druids; but sometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Isle of Man. Both those isles still retain much of the genius of superstition, and are now the only places where there is the least chance of finding a fairy.

O D E,

To a Lady on the Death of Colonel Charles Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy.
Written May, 1745.

THE iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived, seems as well calculated for tender and plaintive subjects, as for those where strength or rapidity is required.—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the strain in the same stanza; for sorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needless to observe that this ode is replete with harmony, spirit, and pathos; and there, surely, appears no reason why the seventh and eighth stanzas should be omitted in that copy printed in Dodley's *Collection of Poems*.

O D E T O E V E N I N G.

THE blank ode has for some time solicited admission into the English poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, seem to have been vain, at least its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a question, then, whether there is not something in the nature of blank verse less adapted to the lyric than to the heroic measure. Since, though it has

been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to discover this, we are to consider the different modes of these different species of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in these circumstances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cause why blank verse has been successful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it presented itself only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by custom; but where it was obliged to assume the different shapes of the lyric Muse, it seemed still a stranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curiosity than pleasure, and entertained without that ease, or satisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce—Moreover, the heroic blank verse obtained a sanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greatest poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the noblest poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applause which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the versification soon found its imitators, and became more generally successful than even in those countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verse had met with no such advantages; for Mr. Collins, whose genius and judgment in harmony might have given it so powerful an effect, hath left us but one specimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his measure he seems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the nearest resemblance to that mixt kind of the asclepiad and pherecratic verse; and that resemblance in some degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of those great masters of antiquity, whose works had no need of this whimsical jingle of sounds.

From the following passage one might be induced to think that the poet had it in view to render his subject and his versification suitable to each other on this occasion, and that, when he addressed himself to the sober power of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aside the foppery of rhyme;

“ Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,
Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return !”

But whatever were the numbers, or the versification of this ode, the imagery and enthusiasm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful. No other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteristic of his genius. In one place we discover his passion for visionary beings:

“ For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,
And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshning dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.”

In another we behold his strong bias to melancholy:

“ Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.”

Then appears his taste for what is wildly grand and magnificent in nature; when, prevented by storms from enjoying his evening walk, he wishes for a situation,

" That from the mountain's fides,
Views wild and swelling floods ;"

And through the whole, his invariable attachment to the expression of painting :

" ——— and marks o'er all
The dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

It might be a sufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to observe, that it has been particularly admired by a lady to whom nature has given the most perfect principles of taste. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it, a circumstance by no means unfavourable to the cause of lyric blank verse ; for surely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the masculine genius may dispense with them.

T H E M A N N E R S. A N O D E.

FROM the subject and sentiments of this ode, it seems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the University ; when, weary with the pursuit of academical studies, he no longer confined himself to the search of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the scholar of humanity, to study nature in her works, and man in society.

The following farewell to Science exhibits a very just as well as striking picture ; for however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platonism and Pyrrhonism are allied :

" Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green :
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade !"

When the mind goes in pursuit of visionary systems, it is not far from the regions of doubt ; and the greater its capacity to think abstractedly, to reason and refine, the more it will be exposed to, and bewildered in, uncertainty.—From an enthusiastic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to persist in some favourite doctrine, or to adhere to some adopted system ; but when that enthusiasm, which is founded on the vivacity of the passions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it supported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhospitable shore of doubt.—A striking proof of the necessity of some moral rule of wisdom and virtue, and some system of happiness established by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet's address to Humour in this ode, there is one image of singular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of such a nature, and disposed in such a manner, as to be perfectly symbolical and characteristic :

" Me too amidst thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loose attends thy side."

Nothing could be more expressive of wit, which consists in a happy collision of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of lights from the disposition of the jewels.

“ O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone.”

The author could only mean to apply this to the time when he wrote, since other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himself acknowledges afterwards.

“ By old Miletus, &c.
By all you taught the Tuscan maids, &c.”

The Milesian and Tuscan romances were by no means distinguished for humour; but as they were the models of that species of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reason only mentioned here.

T H E P A S S I O N S.

An ODE for Music.

IF the music which was composed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itself, it must have been the most excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and music have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them, having in themselves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry—Expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention, without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds! what, then, must have been the effects of these united!

It is very observable that though the measure is the same, in which the musical efforts of fear, anger, and despair, are described, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is strongly expressed: thus particularly of Despair:

“ With woeful measure wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
’Twas sad by fits, by starts ’twas wild.”

He must be a very unskilful composer who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from these lines!

The picture of Hope that follows this is beautiful almost beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleasure and fancy have appropriated to her.

Relegat, qui semel percurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat.
“ But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;

And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

In what an exalted light does the above stanza place this great master of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied sweetness of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expression! how characteristically does Hope prolong her strain, repeat her soothing closes, call upon her associate Echo for the same purpose, and display every pleasing grace peculiar to her!

"And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."
 Legat, qui nunquam legit;
 Qui semel percurrit, relegat.

The descriptions of Joy, Jealousy, and Revenge, are excellent; though not equally so; those of Melancholy and cheerfulness are superior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting that this is the finest ode in the English language.

A N E P I S T L E

To Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakespeare's Works.

THIS poem was written by our author at the university, about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakespeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not so much merit as the rest of his poems, it has still more than the subject deserves. The versification is easy and genteel, and the allusions always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very justly drawn in this epistle.

D I R G E I N C Y M B E L I N E.

O D E

On the Death of Mr. THOMSON.

Mr. Collins had *skill to complain*. Of that mournful melody, and those tender images, which are the distinguishing excellencies of such pieces as bewail departed friendship, or beauty, he was an almost unequalled master. He knew perfectly to exhibit such circumstances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great sensibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addressed himself to the feelings of others.

To read such lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without corresponding emotions of pity, is surely impossible:

" The tender thought on thee shall dwell,
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more ;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead."

The Ode on the Death of Thomson seems to have been written in an excursion to Richmond by water. The rural scenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whose merit lay in descriptions of the same kind, and the appellations of " Druid," and " meek Nature's child," are happily characteristic. For the better understanding of this ode, it is necessary to remember, that Mr. Thomson lies buried in the church of Richmond.

THE POEMS OF JOHN DYER.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye!
 Who, the purple evening, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man;
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale;
 Come, with all thy various dues,
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
 Now, while Phœbus riding high,
 Gives lustre to the land and sky!
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong;
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
 Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made,
 So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill,
 Sate upon a flowery bed,
 With my hand beneath my head;
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day:
 Wide and wider spreads the vale;
 As circles on a smooth canal:
 The mountains round, unhappy fate!
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise:
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads;
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landscape lies below!
 No clouds, no vapours intervene;
 But the gay, the open scene,

Does the face of Nature show,
 In all the hues of Heaven's bow!
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beneath the fight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
 Proudly towering in the skies!
 Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires!
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads!
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
 And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes:
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,
 The slender fir, that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phyllis, Queen of Love!
 Gaudy as the opening dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wandering eye!
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps;
 So both a safety from the wind
 On mutual dependence find.
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
 And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile compleat,
 Big with the vanity of state;
 But transient is the smile of Fate!
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sun-beam in a winter's-day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep !
'Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought ;
'Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view !
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
'The woody vallies, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky !
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower ;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide ;
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see :
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky ;
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ; be great who will ;
Search for Peace with all your skill :
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there ;
In vain ye search the domes of care !
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side :

And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

" Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque faxa,
" Obrutaque horrenti vesta theatra situ :
" Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera
tantæ
" Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas ?"

JANUS VITALIS.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's feeble haunt
I sing inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote ; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
To Latium's wide Champain, forlorn and waste,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight ;
Lo the resistless theme, imperial Rome.

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap ; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns ; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n ; obscur'd in dust ;
Ev'n yet majestic : the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference ;
Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk
Immense along the waste ; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
O'erwhelming ; as th' immense Leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Out-stretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Grey-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercaft
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds ; while the vine-mantled
brows

The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, though the clifted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
Aghast the voice of time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the Moon ;
While murmurs sooth each awful interval

Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile*,
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates; they with dropping locks,
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.

Yet here, adventurous in the sacred search
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort.
Grateful society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
Through spiry cypress groves, and towering pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
On numerous arches rear'd: and frequent stopp'd,
The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
Of isles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark now the mighty billows lash their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now incessant time has roll'd around
A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.

Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapse,
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean opHITE, and the flowery vein
Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,
And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Flora's and Chloe's of delicious mould,
Chearing the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mouldering shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green, and wide-embowering shades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers.
A solemn wilderness! with error sweet,
I wind the lingering step, where-e'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monstrous shapes! preposterous Gods,
Of Fear and Ignorance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worshipp'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths †
In varied appellations: men to these
(From deep to depth in darkening error fall'n.)
At length ascrib'd th' Inapplicable Name.

How doth it please and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
Of Cæsar raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus see,

Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days, of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude: unprais'd,
His out-stretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
Before the silent matters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands
In fearful expectation of the strife,
And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in silent tears;
In sorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er, they soon unsheath the flashing sword,
Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd;
Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd,
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke:
So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
Deep-musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor shall the dust
Of these fall'n piles with shew of sad decay
Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd; beautifully distinct*
The numerous porticos and domes upswell,
With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak: so fair a scene
Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Egyptian plain:
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
Lucid Ilyssus weeps her silent schools,
And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
Amid the towery ruins, huge, supreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the seats ascend
Round above round, slow-widening to the verge
A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight.
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-ruth'd
Before th' innumerable shouting crowd
The fiery, madd'd, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And desperate men, more fell. Abhor'd intent!
By frequent converse with familiar death,
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breast, and steal th' obdurate heart
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd †
In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cerulean rust.
The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,

* Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

† Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.

* From the Palatin hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

† The Capitol.

Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round sun ascends; and tower'd aloft
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerable
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Darkening their idols, when Astarte lur'd
Too-prosperous Israel from his living strength.

And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb, projected stands
The many-pillar'd portal: noblest work
Of human skill: here, curious architect,
If thou essay'it, ambitious, to surpass
Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark
How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing sculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first
Feasted their order, which Callimachus
(Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd, the chapter inform'd.

See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
And there the temple, where the summon'd state*
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest;
And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,
That tosses up her mire! ever disguis'd,
Shall treason walk? shall proud oppression yoke
The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch, abash'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,
Parent of happiness, celestial-born;
When the first man became a living soul,
His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
Ev'n yet there are, to thine equal laws,
Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
Of Cæsar, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In masque and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous poles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannic sway;
To quell the proud; to spread the joys of peace,
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
Inestimable good! who giv'it us Truth,
Whole hand upbraid's to light, divinest Truth,
Array'd in every charm: whose hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields,
And on his various fruits inscribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old

* The Temple of Concordia, where the senate met
on Catiline's conspiracy.

By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchancing Greece,
Whose numerous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her towery battlements in strength;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
And thine those piles * undeck'd, capacious, vast,
In days of dearth where tender Charity
Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
Thine too those musically-falling founts,
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever; while from yon blue hills,
Down in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, brightening in the sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach:
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their silver streams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murmuring falls,
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works:
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late, the rest;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
When impious tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile,

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome †
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous; to sling the pointed lance:
To vault the steed; or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant feet;
Or dash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
And see from every gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame:
Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war;
So many pomps; so many wondering realms:
Yet still through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies
rais'd,

In even state, to distant seas around,
They stretch their pavements. Lo, the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince, who to the trust of power ‡
Was honest, the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding isles remain; the rest an heap
Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a thining sea, majestic rose
An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd entomb'd

* The public granaries.

† Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

‡ Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.

By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
Th' Etrurian mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides *
The mouldering wall, beyond yon fabrick huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame :
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls, †
Appear but tufts; as may what'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,
After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques, §
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough steep,
Its hero to the skies: and his dark tower ‡
Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome; §
And the rough reliques of Carinæ's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erst
There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene;
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labours; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies;
When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
A gentle-wakening call to health and ease.
How musical! when all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the setting sun displays
His visible great round between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs; away, my Muse,

* The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly
without the walls.

† The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.

‡ Nero's.

§ The Palatin library.

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Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Of hence conveys; and every realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,
Yet still profuse of graces seems the waste.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oit the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who so well inspir'd
Could't throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the Muses! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The Poet chose, to tune th' ennobling rhyme
Meiodious; ev'n the rugged sons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint disdain.—

See'st thou yon fane? ev'n now incessant time *
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the dust;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with reverend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive; while oit the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender

limbs;

So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,
Wrap'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enameling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering swains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under
Mount Palatin.

P

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around,
 Jealous; yet, soon by wondrous virtue won,
 They sink into her bosom. From the plough
 Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
 Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
 For then no private pomp, no household state,
 The public only swell'd the generous breast.
 Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
 Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
 How Marcius sav'd the capitol? the choice
 Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
 Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
 Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
 Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
 With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
 Along the flowery vallies? They, content,
 Feasted at nature's hand, indelicate,
 Blithe, in their easy taste; and only fought
 To know their duties; that their only strife,
 Their generous strife, and greatly to perform.
 They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
 Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
 Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
 In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
 The Thunder of the battle they return'd
 Back on his Punick shores; till Canine fell,
 And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
 With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
 Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength.
 In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
 Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
 Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
 Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
 Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
 The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
 Nor yet the car of that tam'd British chief,
 Which seven brave years beneath the double wing
 Of victory, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
 Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
 Triumph'd, till Fame was silent to their foes.

And now the world unival'd they enjoy'd
 In proud security: the crested helm,
 The plated greave and corselet hung unbrac'd;
 Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding
 shield,

But on the glittering trophy to the wind.

Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
 Till every fun annoys, and every wind
 Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
 For now the frame no more is girt with strength
 Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
 Laughs at the winter storm, and summer-beam,
 Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
 Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
 To painful feeling: flowery bowers they seek
 (As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves)
 Or cool Nymphæan grots; or tepid baths
 (Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along
 The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,
 Pae in the roseat air with fond expence:
 Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
 And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
 Melodious murmuring; while luxury

Over their naked limbs with wanton hand,
 Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
 Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud
 Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
 The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
 And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
 Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
 Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
 Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
 Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
 And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd
 To slake Patrician thirst; for these, their rights
 In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;
 Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
 Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
 Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
 Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market
 throngs.

But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
 Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
 He be the monarch of the state; and lo!
 Didius, vile usurer, though the crowd he mounts*,
 Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
 And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
 O Britons, O my countrymen, beware;
 Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
 Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
 Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,
 And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
 The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
 Of fies and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
 Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
 Immortal Cæsar! Lo, a God, a God,
 He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar meanwhile
 Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
 Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
 Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
 To dogs and fycophants. A God, a God!
 The flowery shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the North the tempests swell
 O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
 Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
 Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
 Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,
 Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
 And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
 Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
 And ease, and luxury! O luxury,
 Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
 What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
 How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
 How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
 Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
 Th' unfathomable gulph where Ather lies
 O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boasting Cham;
 And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
 And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

THE
F L E E C E:
A
P O E M.
IN FOUR BOOKS.

"Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda
"ratio est, quæ prima sit, si ad utilitatis mag-
"nitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra
"frigoris violentiam protegit, corpoributque
"nostris liberaliora præbet velamina."

COLUMELLA.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Dedicatory address. Of pas-
tures in general, fit for sheep: for fine-wool'd sheep:
for long-wool'd sheep. Defects of pasture, and their
remedies. Of climates. The moisture of the English
climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England.
Different kinds of English sheep: the two common
sorts of rams described. Different kinds of foreign
sheep. The several sorts of food. The distempers
arising from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led
by instinct to their proper food and physic. Of the
shepherd's scrip, and its furniture. Care of sheep in
tupping time. Of the castration of lambs, and the
folding of sheep. Various precepts relative to changes
of weather and seasons. Particular care of new-
fallen lambs. The advantages and security of the
English shepherd above those in hotter or colder climates;
exemplified with respect to Lapland, Italy, Greece,
and Arabia. Of sheep-shearing. Song on that occa-
sion. Custom in Wales of sprinkling the rivers with
flowers. Sheep-shearing feast and merriments on the
banks of the Severn.

THE care of sheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye swains, and princely merchants, aid the verse.
And ye, high-trusted guardians of our ish,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge assigns: ye good, of all
Degrees, all sects, be present to my song.
So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul
From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,
The people's shepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the numerous swains of every vale,
With well-permitted power, and watchful eye,
On each gay field to shed beneficence,
Celestial office! Thou protect the song.

On spacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,
Where smiling Phoebus tempers every breeze,

The fairest flocks rejoice! they, nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain;
Evils deform'd and foul: nor with hoarse cough
Disturb the music of the pastoral pipe;
But, crouding to the note, with silence soft
The close-woven carpet graze; where Nature
blends

Flowrets and herbage of minutest size,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.

All arid soils, with sand, or chalky flint,
Or selves deluvian mingled; and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,
Be thy regard: and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper arise;
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.

Such are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with
woods,

And towery villas; such Dorcestrian fields,
Whose flocks innumerable whiten all the land:
Such those slow-climbing wilds, that lead the step
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and such the clover'd lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton*.
Health's cheartful haunt, and the selected walk
Of Heathcote's leisure: such the spacious plain
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,
Where solitary Stonehenge, grey with moss,
Ruin of ages, nods: such too the leas
And ruddy tith, which spiry Rofs beholds,
From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemster's brooky tract, and airy Croft†,
And such Harleian Eywood's‡ swelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling sea:
And Shobden§, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
And girt with all Siluria||, sees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleasant Siluria, land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple
groves

Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the sides
Of treacherous Falernum¶; or that hill
Vesuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus rose,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.

But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leicestrian fleeces, what the sinewy arm
Combs through the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks
The blackening shower, and fattens with the draught,
Or marle with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy
choice,

* A seat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandshire.

† A seat of Sir Archer Croft.

‡ Of the Earl of Oxford.

§ A seat of Lord Bateman.

|| Siluria, the part of England which lies west of
the Severn, viz. Herefordshire, Monmouthshire,
&c.

¶ Treacherous Falernum, because part of the
hills of Faernum was many years ago overturned by
an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren
mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

Of one consistence, one complexion, spread
Through all thy globe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
Tainting the pasturage: and let thy fields
In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.

Yet some defect in all on earth appears;
All seek for help, all press for social aid.
'Too cold the grassy mantle of the marl,
In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent sheep; from broken slumber oft
They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch;
Their wasted sides their evil plight declare.
Hence, tender in his care, the shepherd swain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet distance from the upland ridge,
To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent sand, with lime, and dark manure;
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a passage to the foe.
Plow not such pastures: deep in spongy grass
The oldest carpet is the warmest lair,
And soundest; in new herbage coughs are heard.

Nor love too frequent shelter: such as decks
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue steeps of distant Malvern* wall'd
Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade,
Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp
Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly bramble, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiss
Dimetians†, who, along their mossy dales,
Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour;
While round them stubborn thorns and furze
increase,

And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain,
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread
Their dust saline upon the deepening grass:
And oft with labor-strengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench across his verdant slopes,
To intercept the small meandering rills
Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that four
The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set mounds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd:
Only a slender turf of useful ash,
And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,
The little smiling cottage, warm embower'd;
The little smiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

Nor only soil, there also must be found
Felicity of climate, and aspect bland,
Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price.
In vain the silken fleece on windy brows,
And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills
Is sought, though soft Iberia spreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biscaian or Segovian. Eothic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,

* Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worcester.

† Dimetia, Caermarthenshire in South Wales.

In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun
Libya's hot plains: what taste have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow dust of gold? no more
Food to the flock, than to the miser wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and starves.
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the shining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Barely from Albion, by th' ensnaring bribe,
The bait of avarice, which with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thousands steals.

How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond desire! Those slow-descending showers,
Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate), are gitts the Pleiads shed,
Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her vallies laugh and sing.

Hail, noble Albion; where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
Rich Queen of Mists and Vapours! These thy sons
With their cool arms compress; and twist their
nerves

For deeds of excellence and high renown.

Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills,
Blakes,

Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose.

See the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen shower,
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradise adorn but thine,
Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific add, and stately ships,
Innumerable. But whither strays my Muse?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand
Arriv'd of bright Augusta: wild he roves,
From deck to deck, through groves immense of
masts;

Mong crouds, bales, cars, the wealth of either
Ind;

Through wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and
domes,

In sweet surprize; unable yet to fix
His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course
Each object tingly; with discoveries new
His native country studious to enrich.

Ye shepherds, if your labours hope success,
Be first your purpose to procure a breed,
'To soil and climate adapted. Every soil
And climate, ev'n every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each,
The Great Invisible, and each to all,
Through earth, and sea, and air, harmonious fruits.
Tempestuous regions, Darwent's* naked peaks,

* Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyshire.

Snowden * and blue Plynlymmon *, and the wide
Aërial sides of Cader-yddris huge ;
These are bestow'd on goat-horn'd sheep, of fleece
Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble shank,
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-scatter'd meal.
But hills of milder air, that gently rise
O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,
Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate ;
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
Near Cotswold downs, or the delicious groves
Of Symmonds, honour'd through the sandy soil
Of elmy Rofs †, or Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea ;
Regard this sort, and hence thy fire of lambs
Select : his tawny fleece in ringlets curls ;
Long swings his slender tail ; his front is fenc'd
With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls
That grace the columns of th' Ionic dome.

Yet should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields ‡,
Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
Thwarts the long course of dusty Watling-street ;
That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,
Whose fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain :
The ram short-limb'd, whose form compact
describes

One level line along his spacious back ;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretch'd head,
Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,
And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.

Thus to their kindred soil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bless thy skilful care,
That copies Nature : who, in every change,
In each variety, with Wisdom works,
And powers diversify'd of air and soil,
Herrich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marl, Ægyptus' water'd loam,
And dry Cyrene's sand, in climes alike,
With different stores supply the marts of trade.
Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear ;
Small are the Russian herds, and harsh their fleece ;
Of light esteem Germanic, far from re
From soft sea-breezes, open winters mild,
And summers bath'd in dew : on Syria sheep
The costly burden only loads their tails :
No locks Corman-del's, none Malacca's silk
Adorn ; but sleek of flax, and brown like deer,
Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along
The sands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone,
Shrubs aromatic, caustic wild, or then,
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool
Is grass or herbage soft, that ever blooms
In temperate air, in the delicious dowers
Of Albion, on the banks of all her streams.

* Snowden, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris,
high hills in North Wales.

† A town in Herefordshire.

‡ Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby,
in Warwickshire, and Lutterworth, in Leicestershire.

Of grasses are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
Oft mingle with the pearls of summer showers,
And swell too hastily the tender plains :
Then snatch away thy sheep ; beware the rot ;
And with deterfive bay-salt rub their mouths ;
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In hunger's kind distress, on tedded hay ;
Or to the marsh guide their easy steps,
If near thy tufted crofts the broad sea spreads.
Sagacious care foreacts : when strong disease
Breaks in, and stains the purple streams of health,
Hard is the strife of art : the coughing pest
From their green pasture sweeps whole flocks away.

That dire distemper sometimes may the swain,
Though late, discern : when on the lifted lid,
Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale ;
The swelling liver then her putrid store
Begins to drink : ev'n yet thy skill exert,
Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms :
Again deterfive salt apply, or shed
The hoary medicine o'er their arid food.

In cold stiff soils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the hait :
Those let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
Detain ; and pour into their cloven feet
Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,
Dry alum, verdigrise, or vitriol keen.
But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears,
'Twill serve to shift them to a dryer turf,
And salt again : th' utility of salt
Teach thy slow swains : redundant humours cold
Are the diseases of the bleating kind.

Th' infectious scab, arising from extremes
Of want or surfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or sodden slave-acre, or oil
Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous Berkeley, whose benevolence
Explor'd its powers, and easy medicine thence
Sought for the poor : ye poor, with grateful voice,
Invoke eternal blessings on his head.

Sheep also pleurifies and dropries know,
Driv'n oft from Nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aside, with haughty hand,
Whom sacred Instinct would securely lead.
But thou, more humble swain, thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field ;
Noting the sickle seasons of the sky.

Rain-fresh pastures let them thum, and seek
Clumps of herbage and salubrious flowers.
Thy All-perfect Master only taught,
They best their food and physic can discern ;
For He, his range Essence, ever near,
Informs them. O'er the wild green observe
What when a regular content they crop,
An every fourth collection to the mouth,
Unfavouring ever-power, whether to awake
Lanour of appetite with lively change,
Or merely to repel approaching ill,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom nature loves,
And with her salutary rules intruists,
Benevolent Jacksonia *, lay the cause.

* Dr. Jacksonie, late of Worcester, now of
Dunblough, near Edinburgh.

This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense ;
Each strong affection of th' unconscious brute,
Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,
Is wisely given ; harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reason (blush, vain man !)
And turn the wheels of nature's vast machine.

See that thy scrip have store of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle ; nor forget
Thy sheers true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return :
So may'st thou aid who lag along, or steal
Aside into the furrows or the shades,
Silent to droop ; or who, at every gate
Or hillock, rub their sores and loosen'd wool.
But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,
Banish before th' autumnal months : ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour ; oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.

Beware the season of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent spirit pours ;
Ev'n sheep are then intrepid : the proud ram
With jealous eye surveys the spacious field ;
All rivals keep aloof, or desperate war
Suddenly rages ; with impetuous force,
And fury irresistible, they dash
Their hardy frontlets ; the wide vale resounds ;
The flock amaz'd stands safe afar ; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls :
As fell of old, before that engine's sway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous towers of Salem to the dust.

Wife custom, at the fifth or sixth return,
Or ere they 'ave past the twelfth of orient morn,
Castrates the lambskins ; necessary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand has griev'd,
In those rough months, that list the turning year :
Not tedious is the office ; to thy aid
Favonius hastens ; soon their wounds he heals,
And leads them skipping to the flowers of May ;
May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary, houseless, common fields,
Worn by the plough : but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land :
Nor in too narrow bounds the prisoners croud :
Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn
Lies on the reeking pasture ; wait till all
The crystal dews, impearl'd upon the grass,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure sky.

In teizing fly-time, dank, or frosty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their soft skins, between the parted locks ;
Thus the Brigantes * ; 'tis not idle pains :
Nor is that skill despis'd, which trims their tails,
Ere summer heats, of filth and tagged wool.
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to foil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,
Hurdles to weave, and chearly shelters raise,
Thy vacant hours require : and ever learn
Quick æther's motion : oft the scene is turn'd ;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance ; these the moon will tell,

* The inhabitants of Yorkshire.

Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe :
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted ; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed :
Slight not the warning ; soon the tempest rolls,
Scattering them wide, close rushing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains : forbear
Such nights to fold ; such nights be theirs to shift
On ridge or hillock ; or in homesteads soft,
Or softer cotes, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable ? Before harsh winter drowns
The noisy dykes, and starves the ruihy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm :
There let them sojourn, till gay Progne skims
The thickening verdure, and the rising flowers.
And while departing autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields ; while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay ; then be their feet
Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or some warm umbrage ; left, in erring flight,
When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run
Dispers'd to ditches, where the swelling drift
Wide overwhelms : anxious the shepherd swains
Issue with axe and spade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste ;
And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
Dooming, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With still continued feeble pulse of life ;
The glebe, their fleece, their flesh, by hunger
gnaw'd.

Ah, gentle shepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all, that feel distress, the most assail'd,
Feeble, defenceless : lenient be thy care :
But spread around thy tenderest diligence
In flowery spring-time, when the new-dropt
lamb,

Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him ; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet :
O, guard his meek sweet innocence from all
Th' innumerable ills that rush around his life ;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain ;
Observe the lurking crows ; beware the brake,
There the fly fox the careless minute waits ;
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky :
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft flings his hail ; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food ; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her also turning : to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry beating still with tepid milk :
In this sort office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport :
Nor yield him to himself, ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers.
Nor yet forget him : life has rising ills :
Various as æther is the pastoral care ;
Through slow experience, by a patient breast,
The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd

With deep attention: such as NUCIUS * sings
To the full vale near Soare's † enamour'd brook,
While all is silence: sweet Hincklean swain!
Whom rude obscurity severely clasps:
The Muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell
With purple violets and primrose flowers,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.

Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread sores cutaneous; but, more frequent, heat:
The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly nest,
Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,
In littleness and number dreadful foes.
Long rains in miry winter cause the halt;
Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;
And all excess, ev'n of salubrious food,
As sure destroys, as famine or the wolf.
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in every zone endures.

With grateful heart, ye British swains, enjoy
Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.
Lo, in the sprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms
Th' Hyperborean tracts: his arrowy frosts,
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
And burrows deep beneath the snowy world;
A drear abode, from rose-diffusing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where by the squalid light
Of foetid oil inflam'd, sea-monster's spume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three slow gloomy months, with various ills
Sullen he struggles; such the love of life!
His lank and scanty herds around him press,
As, hunger-strung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fish or inward bark of trees,
Their common sustenance. While ye, O swains,
Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep
Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with busy mouths
They scoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only, at morning hour, to interpose
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,
The watery juices of the bossy root
Absorbing: or from noxious air to screen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
Of furze or copse-wood, in the lofty field
Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds.
Or, if your sheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,
Silkening their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
Nor watchful dog, require; where never roar
Of savage tears the air, where careless night
In balmy sleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror strides: their stubborn rocks are rent;
Their mountains sink; their yawning caverns flame;
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging; Pompeian towers,
And Herculanean, and what riotous flood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
Among solitary hills infectious lies.

* Mr. Joseph Nutt, an eminent apothecary at
Hinckley; of whom see the history of that time,
p. 187.

† Soare a river in Leicestershire.

See the swift furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring realms,
And spread their plains with desolation wide:
Yet your mild homesteads, ever-blooming smile
Among embracing woods; and waft on high
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimnies, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
In airy azure ringlets, to the sky.
Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic swains,
And Tarentine, with skins to cloath your sheep;
Expensive toil; howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But those expensive toils are now no more,
Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,
Sooth the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
The shepherds' kingdom: dreary solitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale
Of Athens, which, in solemn silence, sheds
Her venerable ruins to the dust.

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in quest of food:
And shift their little home's uncertain scene
With frequent farewell: strangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
May there be heard; nor sweeter liquid laps
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirst,
Daily they journey to the distant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,
Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
Themselves and long posterity to serve.
There, at the public hour of sultry noon,
They share the beverage, when to watering come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns: then is absent none,
Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats;
In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachael's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
From the deep dark mouth'd well his strength re-
mov'd,

And to her circling sheep refreshment gave.

Such are the perils, such the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my Muse;
Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.

Now, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares
Prepare to reap, and seek the founding caves
Of high Brigantium*, where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
The steady anvil and the glaring mass,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flattening the steel; from their rough hands receive
The sharpen'd instrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grass,
Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim

* The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheff-
field, in Yorkshire, where the shepherds shears and
all edge-tools are made.

Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,
With his white flakes, that glisten through the tide;
The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave
Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid stream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin:
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip
The downy vesture from their tender sides.
Prefs not too close; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But speedy when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat;
And careful house them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their stores tumultuous: through the gloom
Then thunder oft with pondrous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the crystal urns of heaven: adown
Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steepes
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades)
Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
And sudden o'erwhelm their vanish'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.

At shearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural festivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
And lusty merriment: while on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
'To the shrill pipe, and deep remurmuring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.

While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir;
Music of paradise! which still is heard,
When the heart listens; still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when Content
To Nature's flowery scenes directs the sight.
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whose desperate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they see the listening shores retire,
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Could I recall those notes, which once the Muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin*! Yet the carols sweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Horn-headed Damon, venerable swain,
The sourest shepherd of the flowery vale.
"This is no vulgar scene: no palace-roof

* A high hill in Shropshire.

"Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
"Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,
"Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
"Thus have expanded wide their sheltering arms,
"Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet Content,

"Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."

"Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,
"Rising and falling with the cheerful day,"

Colin reply'd; "and pleasing weariness

"Soon our unaching head to sleep inclines.

"Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,

"The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,

"And the diseases of intemperate wealth.

"Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!

"May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,

"May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-

"white lambs,

"Which, with a pretty innocence of look,

"Skip on the green, and race in little troops;

"May that great lamp, which sinks behind the
"hills,

"And streams around variety of lights,

"Recall them erring: this is Damon's wish.

"Huge Breaden's* stony summit once I climb'd

"After a kindling: Damon, what a scene!

"What various views unnumber'd spread beneath!

"Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs and
"torrent floods;

"And here and there, between the spiry rocks,

"The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,

"Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,

"Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:

"Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crouds

"Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,

"Which comes too late; that courts the taste in
"vain,

"Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,

"Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;

"And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,

"We silly shepherds, all intent to feed

"Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky fleece."

"Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"

Damon reply'd, "while the Supreme accounts

"Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike

"With king and priest: they also shepherds are;

"For so th' All-seeing styles them, to remind

"Elated man, forgetful of his charge."

"But haste, begin the rites: see purple Eve

"Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and swains

"Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,

"Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,

"Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear

"Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds;

"Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,

"Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,

"Among her sisters she reclines; the lov'd

"Vaga†, profuse of graces, Ryddol† rough,

"Blithe Ystwith†, and Clevedoc† swift of foot;

"And mingles various seeds of flowers and herbs,

"In the divided torrents, ere they burst

* A hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

† Vaga, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the springs of which rise in the sides of Plynlymmon.

" Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain
" roll.

" Nor taint-worm shall infect the yearning herds,
" Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's poisonous
" leaf."

He said: with light fantastic toe, the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lillies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn *,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till cease the rites: and now the mossy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly chear
Dispers'd in copious measure; early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes; and some apace
Whistle to roundelays: their little-ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and copy banks
To listen; and to view the joyous scene.

THE

F L E E C E.

B O O K II.

A R G U M E N T.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of mercifulness
to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diversity of
wool in the fleece: skill in the assorting of it; parti-
cularly among the Dutch. The uses of each sort.
Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to
prevent their effects. Wool lightest in common-
fields: inconveniences of common fields. Vulgar
errors concerning the wool of England: its real ex-
cellencies; and directions in the choice. No good
wool in cold or wet pastures: yet all pastures im-
provable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford
Level. Britain in ancient times not esteemed for
wool. Countries esteemed for wool before the A-
genautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its
consequences. Countries afterwards esteemed for
wool. The decay of arts and sciences in the barba-

rous ages: their revival, first at Venice. Coun-
tries noted for wool in the present times. Wool the
best of all the various materials for cloathing. The
wool of our island, peculiarly excellent, is the comb-
ing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation.
Apology of the author for treating this subject.
Bishop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of
the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product
of England. Necessity of trade for importing them.
The advantages of trade, and its utility in the mo-
ral world; exemplified in the prosperity and ruin of
the elder Tyre.

NOW, of the sever'd lock, begin the song,
With various numbers, through the simple
theme

To win attention: this, ye shepherd swains,
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray, if thou
Cease not with skilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd Muse, above the grassy vale,
And hills, and wood, shall, singing, soar aloft;
And he, whom Learning, Wisdom, Candor,
Grace,

Who glows with all the virtues of his fire,
Royston approve, and patronize the strain.

Through all the brute creation, none, as sheep,
To lordly man such ample tribute pay.

For him their udders yield nectareous streams:
For him their downy vestures they resign;
For him they spread the feast: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,
Let wasted hunger, by destroying live;
And the permission use with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond:
And gluttons ever murder when they kill.

Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed

Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,

Not of the sanguinary tribe are all;

All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains,

Like Brama's healthy sons on Indus' banks,

Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain,

Ye are the sons of Nature; your mild hands

Are innocent: ye, when ye shear, relieve.

Come, gentle swains, the bright unfully'd locks

Collect: alternate songs shall sooth your cares,

And warbling music break from every spray.

Be faithful; and the genuine locks alone

Wrap round: nor alien flake nor pitch enfold:

Stain not your stores with base desire to add

Fallacious weight: nor yet, to mimic those,

Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield *,

Lessen, with subtle artifice, the fleece:

Equal the fraud. Nor interpose delay,

Lest busy ather through the open wool

Debilitating pass, and every film

Ruffle and fully with the valley's dust.

Guard too from moisture, and the fretting moth

Pernicious: she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,

Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.

But in loose locks of fells she most delights,

And feeble fleeces of distemper'd sheep,

Whither she hatters, by the morbid scent

* The country about Ross, in Herefordshire.

* Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomery-
shire, on the banks of the Severn.

Allur'd ; as the swift eagle to the fields
Of slaughtering war or carnage : such apart
Keep for their proper use. Our ancestors
Selected such, for hospitable beds
To rest the stranger, or the gory chief,
From battle or the chace of wolves return'd.

When many-colour'd Evening sinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and opposite
Rises, full-orb'd, the silver harvest-moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield
His scatter'd sheaves collecting ; then expect
The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome ; they traverse every plain,
And every dale, where farm or cottage smokes :
Reject them not ; and let the season's price
Win thy soft treasures : let the bulky wain
Through dusty roads roll nodding ; or the bark,
That silently adown the cerule stream
Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight
To copy villages on either side,
And spiry towns, where ready diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.

In the same fleece diversity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious skill to fort the several kinds.
But in this subtle science none exceed
Th' industrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want : their spacious domes
With boundless hospitality receive
Each nation's outcasts : there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame,
employ'd,

And unrejected age ; ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted : nimbly, with habitual speed,
They sever lock from lock, and long and short,
And soft, and rigid, pile in several heaps.
This the dusk hatter asks ; another shines,
Tempting the clothier ; that the hosier seeks ;
The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs ;
But often it deceives the artist's care,
Breaking useless in the steely comb :
For this long spungy wool no more increase
Receives, while Winter petrifies the fields :
The growth of Autumn stops : and what though
Spring

Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on
The texture ? yet in vain she strives to link
The silver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
Be then the swain advis'd to shield his flocks
From winter's deadening frosts and whelming
frowns :

Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof,
While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy,
And swell their fleeces, equal to the worth
Of cloath'd Apulian *, by soft warmth improv'd :
Or let them inward heat and vigor find,
By food of cole or turnep, hardy plants.
Besides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.

But lightest wool is theirs, who poorly toil,

* The shepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and
Attica, used to cloath their sheep with skins, to
preserve and improve their fleeces.

Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-fields : inclose, inclose, ye swains ;
Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, must stain your motley flock,
To mark your property ? The mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint : besides, in fields
Proniscuous held, all culture languishes ;
The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives ;
Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats
And barren furrows : none the rising grove
There plants for late posterity, nor hedge
To shield the flock, nor copse for chearing fire ;
And, in the distant village, every hearth
Devours the grassy sward, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain ;
Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
Increasing beggary, and Nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilferer easier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he steals ; or when,
With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,
The milky stalk of the tall green ear'd corn,
The year's slow-ripening fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.

There are, who over-rate our spungy stores,
Who deem that Nature grants no clime, but ours,
To spread upon its fields the dews of heaven,
And feed the silky fleece ; that card, nor comb,
The hairy woll of Gaul can e'er subdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unless a third from Britain swell the heap.
Illusion all ; though of our sun and air
Not trivial is the virtue : nor their fruit,
Upon our snowy flocks, of small esteem :
The grain of brightest tincture none so well
Imbibes : the wealthy Gobelins must to this
Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.

And though, with hue of crocus or of rose,
No power of subtle food, or air, or soil,
Can dye the living fleece ; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vase.
Therefore from herbage of old-pastur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marle,
Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.
Those fields regard not, through whose recent turf
The miry soil appears ; not ev'n the streams
Of Yare, or silver Stroud, can purify
Their frequent-fully'd fleece ; nor what rough
winds,

Keen-biting on tempestuous hills, inbrown.

Yet much may be perform'd, to check the force
Of Nature's snivel : the high heath, by trees
Warm-shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms :
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,
And leave in dykes their soon-forgotten tears.
Labor and Art will every aim achieve
Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level *, erst
A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform ;
And, smiling with her lure of summer flowers,
The heavy ox, vain-struggling, to ingulph ;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name,
Russet, arose, who drain'd the rushy fen,

* In Cambridgeshire.

Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom,

And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams;
God-like beneficence; from chaos drear
To raise the garden and the shady grove!

But see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeasurable tract. The traveller
Slow tries his mazy step on th' yielding tuft,
Shuddering with fear: ev'n such perfidious wilds,
By labor won, have yielded to the comb
The fairest length of wool. See Deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis Art and Toil
Gives Nature value, multiplies her stores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis Art and Toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
The pear and tasteful apple; decks with flowers
And foodful pulse the fields, that often rise,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot Toil
With patient Art, effect? There was a time,
When other regions were the swains delight,
And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labor knew,
But of rude baskets, homely rustic gear,
Woven of the flexile willow; till, at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient Culture, and, o'er sinking woods,
High Cotswold show'd her summits. Urchinfield,
And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's
brake,

Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives;
And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
O'er lessening vineyards spreads the growing turf.

In eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool
Phoenicia's hilly tracts were most renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides:
Twice with the murex' crimson hue they ting'd
The shining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.

Next busy Colchis, blest'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.

This, rising Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful Jason an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brow, the Muses' haunts,
He rous'd the brave, to re-demand the fleece.
Attend, ye British swains, the ancient song.

From every region of Ægea's shore
The brave assembled; those illustrious twins,
Castor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in speed;
Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.

On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And soon, the laurel cord, and the huge stone
Up-lifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark;
Whose keel, of wondrous length, the skilful hand
Or Argus fashion'd for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty mast
Up-rais'd, and sails full-swell'd; to the chiefs

Unwonted objects: now first, now they learn'd
Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden stars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep: the cloudy isles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, rise,
And Halonesos: soon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs:
While they, her flattering creeks and opening
bowers

Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.
Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course,
But with too eager haste: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long
The chance detains; he springs upon the shore,
And, rising from the roofs a tapering pine,
Renews his stroke. Between the threatening
to:vers

Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal: then smooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glassy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Bosphorus thy dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,
Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thundering
floods

Cleave their bold passage: nathless by the craggs
And torrents sorely shatter'd: as the strong
Eagle or vulture, in th' entangling net
Involv'd, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes
behind.

Thus, through the wide waves, their slow way they
force

To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave
Pass many pearls, and to fame by such
Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand
Jason advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he view'd, and stately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury; around,
In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets,
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of shepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of king distinguish'd, 'gan to slight
The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance:
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's songs
Of joy, and rosy youth, and Beauty's charms,
With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,
Till the bold heroes grasp'd the golden fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
O'er the known seas, by every guiding cape,
With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,

With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.

Thus Phasis lost his pride : his slighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and pastures mourn'd ;
The trade-ship left his streams ; the merchant
shunn'd

His desert borders ; each ingenious art,
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence ; all retir'd,
And left to Want and Servitude their seats :
Vile successors ! and gloomy Ignorance
Following like dreary Night, whose sable hand
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.

Since the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic, and Thessalian, bore esteem ;
And those in Grecian colonies dispers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Ionia's coast,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galeus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through solitary vallies seeks the sea.
Or green Altini m, by an hundred Alps
High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks
aloft

Shield her low plains from the rough northern
blast.

Those too of Bœtica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage blest'd of highest taste,
What need I name ? The Turdetanian tract,
Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd
The finest webs ? where scarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only Tin
To late improv'd Britannia gave renown.

Lo the revolving course of mighty time,
Who loftiness abases, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her splendid streets,
The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal ? Where the Attic fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cotes,
Or sunny meadows, cloath'd with costly care ?
All in the solitude of ruin lost,
War's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's dust.

Long lay the mournful realms of eider Fame
In gloomy desolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy waste emerg'd :
In Adria's gulph her clotted locks she lav'd,
And rose another Venus : each soft joy,
Each aid of life, her busy wit restor'd ;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts,
And all the Graces. Restituted Trade
To every Virtue lent his helping stores,
And cheer'd the vales around ; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the cheerful lawn.

The glossy fleeces now of prime esteem
Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Caffimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious stores ; woods, rocks, caves,
lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding streams ; a region
term'd

The paradise of Indus. Next, the plains
Of Lahor, by that art'or stretch'd immense,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worship'd prince, whose lust is law :
Remote dominions ; nor to ancient Fame,
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,

Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their distant climes adventurous trade.

Add too the silky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.

Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of lush Castile, and mild Segovian glades.

And beauteous Albion, since great Edgar chac'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of silky lustre ; chief, Siluria, thine ;
Thine, Vaza, favour'd stream ; from sheep minute
On Cambria bred : a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's isle, that shelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders : or Salopian stores,
Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun :
High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains
Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet : He *, whose rustic Muse
O'er heath and craggyholt her wing display'd,
And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shires,
Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leicestra's marly plains, for length
Of whitest locks and magnitude of fleece
Peculiar ; envy of the neighbouring realms ?
But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
With bossy turnep, and luxuriant cole,
Learns through the circling year their flocks to feed.

Ingenious trade ! to cloath the naked world,
Her soft materials, not from sheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
Collects sagacious : in Eubœa's isle
A wondrous rock † is found, of which are woven
Vests incombustible : Batavia, flax ;
Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane ;
Soft Persia, silk ; Balafor's shady hills
Tough bark of trees ; Peruvian Pito, grass ;
And every sultry clime the snowy down
Of cotton bursting from its stubborn shell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With glossy hair of Tibet's shaggy goat
Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,
And airy float behind : the beaver's flax
Gives kindest warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood flow rises through the veins.
Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherd's stores,
For numerous uses known : none yield such warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure ;
So pliant to the loom, so various, none.

Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they
bear,

In fervid climes : Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth :
As the sleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad resigns it for the latter's use.

Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering : Apacheria's * glades,
And Canes' *, echo to the pipes and flocks

* Drayton.

† The Asbestos.

* Provinces in Louisiana, on the western side of
the Mississippi.

Of foreign swains. While time shakes down his
lands,

And works continual change, be none secure :
Quicken your labors, brace your slackening nerves,
Ye Britons ; nor sleep careless on the lap
Of bounteous Nature ; she is elsewhere kind.
See Mississippi lengthen on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds : see the sheep *
Of fertile Arica †, like camels form'd ;
Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore,
And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down.

Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use ;
They cloath the mountain carl, or mariner
Laboring at the wet shrouds, or stubborn helm,
While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear ;
Nor what, from fleece Ratazan ‡, mimic flowers
Of rich Damascus : many a texture bright
Of that material in Prætorium § woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.

If any wool peculiar to our isle
Is given by Nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown
flake.

Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
This golden fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When Nature wide around him lies supine
And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd
Of death-like sleep : he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumines the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvas, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.

Happy the patriot, who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a generous aid
To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
Or where the Lune || or Coker * wind their streams,
Be found sufficient ? Far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury arise.

O might their mazy dales, and mountain sides
With copious fleeces of Ierne shine,
And gulphy Caledonia, wisely bent
On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs ;
Then would the sister realms, amid their seas,
Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And blest remotest climes—To this lov'd end,
Awake, Benevolence ; to this lov'd end,
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.
Far, far away, whose passions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life ;
(Ye worms of pride) for your repast alone,
Who claim all nature's stores, woods, waters,
meads,

All her profusion ; whose vile hands would grasp
The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the sepulchre of Self entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot use.

* These sheep are called Guanapos.

† A province of Peru.

‡ The fleeces of Leicestershire.

§ Coventry.

|| A river in Cumberland.

* A river in Lancashire.

Know, for superior ends th' Almighty Power
(The Power, whose tender arms embrace the
worm)

Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold ; allots to each
His fair peculiar ; wisdom, wit and strength ;
Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,
And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
With man united, is a nation strong ;
Builds towery cities, satiates every want,
And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
For the high business of the public good.

For me, 'tis mine to pray, that men regard
Their occupations with an honest heart,
And cheerful diligence : like the useful bee,
To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
But wax, and each material ; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may sooth distress, and raise the fall'n,
In life's rough race : O be it as my wish !
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

For this, I wake the weary hours of rest ;
With this desire, the merchant I attend ;
By this impell'd, the shepherd's hut I seek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure simplicity,
And rules divulg'd beneficent to sheep :
Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic ; Volga's stream,
Cold Hudson's cloudy freights, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,
And China's long canals ; those noble works,
Those high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, sedulous of public weal :
Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge ;
But also mindful, thus devising good,
At vacant seasons, oft ; when evening mild
Purples the vallies, and the shepherd counts
His flock, returning to the quiet fold,
With dumb complacence : for Religion, this,
To give our every comfort to distress,
And follow virtue with an humble mind ;
This pure Religion. Thus, in elder time,
The reverend Blasius wore his leisure hours,
And slumbers, broken oft : till, fill'd at length
With inspiration, after various thought,
And trials manifold, his well-known voice
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb,
Shew'd how the fleece might stretch to greater
length,

And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went round ;
Matrons and maids with songs reliev'd their toils ;
And every loom receiv'd the softer yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blasius, did not bless
Thy teaching hand ? Thy bosom, like the morn,
Opening its wealth ? What nation did not seek,
Of thy new-model'd wool, the curious webs ?

Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly festivals : through their streets
The pomp, with tuneful sounds, and order just,
Denoting labor's happy progress, moves,
Procession slow and solemn : first the rout ;
Then fervient youth, and magisterial old ;
Each after each, according to his rank,

His sway, and office, in the common weal ;
 And to the board of smiling plenty's stores
 Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits
 Of every clime are pil'd ; and with free hand,
 Toil only tastes the feasts, by nerveless ease
 Unrelish'd. Various mirth and song resound ;
 And oft they interpose improving talk,
 Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
 Sparks, from experience, that sometimes arise ;
 Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's
 dawn

Rouzes to labor, man to labor born.

Then the sleek brightening lock, from hand to
 hand,

Renews its circling course : this feels the card ;
 That, in the comb, admires its growing length ;
 This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave ;
 And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.

For it suffices not, in flowery vales,
 Only to tend the flock, and shear soft wool :
 Gums must be stor'd of Guinea's arid coast ;
 Mexican woods, and India's brightening salts ;
 Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain
 The fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
 Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
 Intenerate. With curious eye observe,
 In what variety the tribe of salts,
 Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
 Produce, absterfise or restraining ; how
 Steel casts the sable ; how pale pewter, fus'd
 In fluid spirit'ous, the scarlet dye ;
 And how each tint is made, or mixt or chang'd,
 By mediums colourless : why is the fume
 Of sulphur kind to white and azure hues,
 Pernicious else : why no materials yield
 Singly their colours, those except that shine
 With topaz, sapphire, and cornelian rays :
 And why, though nature's face is cloath'd in
 green,

No green is found to beautify the fleece,
 But what repeated toil by mixture gives.

To find effects, why causes lie conceal'd,
 Reason uncertain tries : how'er, kind chance
 Oft with equivalent discovery pays
 Its wandering efforts ; thus the German sage,
 Diligent Drebet, o'er alchemic fire,
 Seeking the secret source of gold, receiv'd
 Of alter'd cochineal the crimson store.
 Tyrian Melcartus thus (the first who brought
 Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,
 And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
 Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
 Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld
 The wounded murex strike a purple stain,
 The purple stain on fleecy woofs he spread,
 Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
 And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre.

Our vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,
 The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,

Or root of madder, here or purple woad,
 By which our naked ancestors obscur'd
 Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
 Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful sun
 Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
 And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
 Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone,
 Trade to the good physician gives his balms ;
 Gives chearing cordials to th' afflicted heart ;
 Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high ;
 Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare ;
 And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
 Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares
 His presence, power, and goodness, unconfin'd,
 'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
 His lips with argument. To censure trade,
 Or hold her busy people in contempt,
 Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,
 And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
 To seeming imperfections, to vain wants,
 Or real exigencies ; passions swift
 Forerunning reason ; strong contrarious bents,
 The steps of men dispersing wide abroad
 O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn
 scene,

Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
 Humiliating the mind enlarg'd ; for they
 The clearest sense of Deity receive,
 Who view the widest prospect of his works,
 Ranging the globe with trade through various
 climes :

Who see the signatures of boundless love,
 Nor less the judgments of Almighty Power,
 That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes
 From human justice : who, astonish'd, view
 Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires ;
 The dust of Carthage ; desert shores of Nile ;
 Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old
 With stately towers ; whose merchants, from their
 isles,

And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts ;
 Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
 Their shaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs ;
 Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
 Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint,
 And flowering shuttle. While the admiring world
 Crowded her streets ; ah ! then the hand of Pride
 Sow'd imperceptible his poisonous weed,
 Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
 As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
 Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
 Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain ;
 Not ev'n the dust they sunk in ; by the breath
 Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
 Down to the bottom of the stormy deep :
 Only the solitary rock remains,
 Her ancient scite ; a monument to those,
 Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and
 pride.

THE
L E E C E.

BOOK III.

A R G U M E N T.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of labor. The several methods of spinning. Description of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill described, and the progress of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill consequences of idleness. Country-workhouses proposed; with a description of one. Good effects of industry exemplified in the prospect of Bursfal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there described. Preference of the labors of the loom to other manufactures, illustrated by some comparisons. History of the art of weaving: its removal from the Netherlands, and settlement in several parts of England. Censure of those who would reject the persecuted and the stranger. Our trade and prosperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapestry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapestries of Bleinheim described. Different arts, procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their industry, the surest source of it. Hence a wish, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers, through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the seats of our manufactures: other countries less happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the Ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more easily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Description of the Thames, and the port of London.

PROCEED, Arcadian Muse; resume the pipe
Of Hermes, long disus'd, though sweet the
tone,
And to the songs of Nature's choiristers
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few: for every note which virtue wounds,
However pleasing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is discord. Yet too oft
Has false dissembling vice to amorous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedless youth allur'd:
Too oft, with bolder sound, enflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and sheepfolds were the Muses'
haunts.
So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, shalt these rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote, whose benevolence
Visits our vallies; where the pasture spreads,
And where the bramble; and would justly act

True charity, by teaching idle want
And vice the inclination to do good,
Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,
Through grateful toil. Ev'n nature lives by toil:
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling
worlds,

All live by action: nothing lies at rest,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labor. This of old,
Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing
plough,

Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What simple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground;
'Tis toils that make them wealth; that makes the
fleece

(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps);
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn ascends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires; arise, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye
maids,

Receive the soft material: with light step
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently-lessening thread:
Even, unknotted twine, will praise your skill.
A different spinning every different web
Asks from your glowing fingers: some require
The more compact, and some the looser wreath:
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: scarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.

There are, to speed their labor, who prefer
Wheels double-spol'd, which yield to either hand
A several line: and many, yet adhere
To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk:
At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method still
Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian * towns:
It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of spinning, when th' Egyptian prince
A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too-beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,

* The Icenii were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

Sagacious, has a spiral engine * form'd,
Which, on an hundred spoles, an hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,
That copiously supplies the greedy loom.

Nor hence, ye Nymphs, let anger cloud your
brows:

The more is wrought, the more is still requir'd:
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed:
Fear not surcharge; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the strife of trade,
These curious instruments of speed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
Which, ever-gliding, feed the flowery lawn.
Nor, should the careful State, severely kind,
In every province, to the house of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.
Yours, with the public good, shall ever rise,
Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs
The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the glistening fleece,
And th' amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.

The amorous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,
Now on the busy stage see him step forth,
With beating breast: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich industry. First, he bespeaks a loom:
From some thick wood the carpenter selects
A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,
Or saplin ash: he shapes the sturdy beam,
The posts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
The smith, with iron-screws, and plated hoops,
Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt
That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe,
And graver's knife, the hollow shuttle add.
Various professions in the work unite:
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of subtle skill;
Howe'er, in vulgar use around the globe
Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: th' adventurous voyager,
To's'd over ocean to remotest shores,
Hears on remotest shores the murmuring loom;
Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd
field,

The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the discipline
Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new?

Next, the industrious youth employs his care
To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp
Along the garden-walk, or highway-side,
Smoothing each thread; row fits it to the loom,
And fits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready shuttles glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof, and shut altern:
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Against the web is driven the noisy frame,
That o'er the level rushes, like a surge,
Which, often dashing on the sandy beach,
Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
Again, across the lines oft opening, glides
The thready shuttle, while the web apace
Increases, as the light of eastern skies,

* Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

Spread by the rosy fingers of the morn;
And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.

Or, if the broader mantle be the task,
He chuses some companion to his toil.
From side to side, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the opening mind.

What need we name the several kinds of looms?
Those delicate, to whose fair-colour'd threads
Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers
guide

The artist's hand: he, unseen flowers, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
Or that, whose numerous needles, glittering bright,
Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs:
Modern invention: modern is the want.

Next, from the slacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.

Oft the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd,
Fast-dripping, to the river's grassy bank;
And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,
Wring out the latent water: then, up-hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid sun
Its level surface, reeking, it expands;
Still brightening in each rigid discipline,
And gathering worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears,
And burler's thistle, skim the surface sheen.
The round of work goes on, from day to day,
Season to season. So the husbandman
Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues:
The sickle labours, and the slow team strains;
Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.

Th' ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
The last improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
Fustic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,
Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
Like those that canopy the towers of Stowe
After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,
Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

From yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs
Beauteous emerge; from these the azure rise;
This glows with crimson; that the auburn holds;
These shall the prince with purple robes adorn;
And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.

Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues arise.

That stain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
Dissolving water's, and calcining sun's,
And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts,
And purest gums! since your whole skill consists
In opening well the fibres of the woof,
For the reception of the beauteous dye,

And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.

But what the powers, which lock them in the web;

Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.

Ah! wherefore have we lost our old repute?
And who enquires the cause, why Gallia's sons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not, Britons; grasp in every art
The foremost name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's stand,
The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.

Now see, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
The welcome traders, gathering every web;
Industrious, every web too few. Alas!
Successful oft their industry, when cease
The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
Their motion stopt by wild Intemperance,
Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude steps; while Misery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.

O when, through every province, shall be rais'd
Houses of labor, seats of kind constraint,
For those, who now delight in fruitless sports,
More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd day-light dawns,
When charitable Rigor shall detain
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of
Trade,

Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion*: here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your Maker praise.

Behold, in Calder's† vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the shrubby hills,
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
The sprightly scene; where many a busy hand,
Where spoles, cards, wheel, and looms, with
motion quick,

And ever-murmuring sound, th' unwonted sense
Wrap in surprize. To see them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,

* This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

† A river in Yorkshire, which runs below H.L. fax, and passes by Wakefield.

As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can bestow. Nor less they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal scale
Some deal abroad the well-afforded fleece;
These card the short, those comb the longer flake;
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks;
Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.

Another scene displays the more robust,
Rasping or grinding tough Brazilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web;
And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honey-comb. We next are shown
A circular machine*, of new design,
In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needless hands.
A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,
To every member of th' harmonious frame
Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says,
Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright spindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine,

From this delightful mansion (if we seek
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
Distributes) take we now our eastward course,
To the rich fields of Bursdal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
Of busy Leeds, up-wasting to the clouds
The incense of thanksgiving: All is joy;
And trade and business guide the living scene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.
As when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they
haste

With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn:
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads:
The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board
Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The stroke of ax and hammer; scaffolds rise,
And growing edifices; heaps of stone,
Beneath the chisel, beauteous shapes assume
Of frieze and column. Some with even line,
New streets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,

* A most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at present contrived to spin cotton; but it may be made to spin fine carded wool.

And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work presides. Such was the scene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
First view'd her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For every realm, the careful factors meet,
Whispering each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like War's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
Straight, ere the founding bell the signal strikes,
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude
The speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labor and endurance: deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies:
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue,
And tedious process of its painful works,
The lusty sicken, and the feeble die.

But cheerful are the labors of the loom,
By health and ease accompany'd: they bring
Superior treasures speedier to the state,
Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves
(Wretched requital) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale Palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains
Behold arising, in their fattening flocks,
A double wealth; more rich than Belgium's boast,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayan's, whose ignobler care
Nurses the silk-worm; or of India's sons,
Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' stream.
Nor do their toils and products furnish more,
Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give cloathing to necessity; keep warm
Th' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
Enlighted, while the tempest beats around.

No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate, life little needs
Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm
To cast the strong-slung shuttle, or the spear.
Can ye defend your country from the storm
Of strong invasion? Can ye want endure,
In the besieged fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,
Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm,
Mid wild discordant waves, with steady course?
Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious persecution driven,
And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful power of tyrants? These are deeds
To which their hardy labors well prepare
The sinewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,
Ye sons of Albion, with a yielding heart,
Your hardy labours: let the sounding loom
Mix with the melody of every vale;
The loom, that long-remember'd, wide-envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd

From fair Venetia; she from Grecian nymphs;
They from Phenice, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus around the globe,
The golden-sooted sciences their path
Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and joy;
And follow'd close by Ignorance and Pride,
Lead Day and Night o'er realms. Our day arose
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld.
With speedy wing, and scatter'd course, they fled,
Like a community of bees, disturb'd
By some relentless swain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza, to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wise Ægypt erst
To troubled Nilus, whose nutritious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then, from fair Antwerp, an industrious train
Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas;
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of spacious Medway: some on gentle Yare,
And fertile Waveney, pitch'd; and made their seats
Pleasant Norvicum, and Colcestria's towers:
Some to the Darent sped their happy way:
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose
Antona's chalky plains, and stretch'd their tents
Down to Clausentum, and that bay supine
Beneath the shade of Vecta's cliffy isle.
Soon o'er the hospitable realm they spread,
With cheer reviv'd; and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd:
Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,
Nor those, by Vaga's stream, from ruins rais'd
Of ancient Ariconium; nor less pleas'd
With Salop's various scenes; and that soft tract
Of Cambria, deep-embay'd Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
The fortunes of the fleece; whose ancestors
Were fugitives from Superstition's rage,
And erst, from Devon, thither brought the loom;
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's towers,
Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
Lancastria's arms, emboss'd in mouldering stone.

Thus, then, on Albion's coast, the exil'd band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld, alighted; and, alighting, sang
Grateful thanksgiving. Yea, at times, they shift
Their habitations, when the hand of Pride,
Restraint, or southern Luxury, disturbs
Their industry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inspired, their art improves the fleece,
Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,
Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time
We were their shepherds only; from which state,
With friendly arm, they rais'd us: nathless some
Among our old and stubborn swains misdeem'd,
And envy'd, who enrich'd them; envy'd those,
Whose virtues taught the varlety of towns
To useful toil to turn the pilfering hand.

And still, when bigotry's black clouds arise,
(For oft they sudden rise in papal realms),
They, from their isle, as from some ark secure,
Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of Superstition, and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling storm,
Which fierce pursues the sufferers in their flight.

Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms,
 Spread ever open to receive their flight?
 A virtuous people, by distresses oft
 (Distresses for the sake of Truth endur'd)
 Corrected, dignify'd; creating good
 Where-ever they inhabit: this, our isle
 Has oft experienc'd; witness all ye realms
 Of either hemisphere, where commerce flows:
 Th' important truth is stamp'd on every bale;
 Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
 Receives th' impression; every airy woof,
 Cheyney, and bayse, and serge, and alepine,
 Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list
 Of woollen webs; and every work of steel;
 And that crystalline metal, blown or fus'd,
 Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
 Of mossy marble: not to name the aids
 Their wit has given the fleece, now taught to link
 With flax, or cotton, or the silk-worm's thread,
 And gain the graces of variety:
 Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
 Or the thin-shading trail for Agra's * nymphs;
 Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds
 Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

They too the many-colour'd arras taught
 To mimic nature, and the airy shapes
 Of sportive fancy: such as oft appear
 In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough
 Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field;
 Or that, o'erhaded erst by Woodstock's bower,
 Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms
 Rise glowing tapestries, that lure the eye
 With Marlborough's wars: here Schellenbergh
 exults,

Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,
 And vales of trenches dark; each hideous pass
 Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
 His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
 Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,
 And the red Danube. Here, the rescued states
 Crowding beneath his shield: there, Ramillies'
 Important battle: next, the tenfold chain
 Of Arleux burst, and th' adamantine gates
 Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
 A shade obscures the rest—Ah, then, what power
 Invidious from the lifted sickle snatch'd
 The harvest of the plain? So lively glows
 The fair delusion, that our passions rise
 In the beholding, and the glories share
 Of visionary battle. This bright art
 Did zealous Europe learn of pagan hands,
 While she assay'd, with rage of holy war,
 To desolate their fields: but old the skill:
 Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms renown'd;
 Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excell'd,
 And elder Sidon, in th' historic web.

Far-distant Tibet in her gloomy woods
 Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unweaved,
 And glutinous materials: the Chinese
 Their porcelain, Japan its varnish boasts.
 Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
 And each from each a share of wealth acquires.

* There is woven at Manchester, for the East-Indies, a very thin stuff, of thread and cotton; which is cooler than the manufactures of that country where the material is only cotton.

But chief by numbers of industrious hands
 A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raise
 Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells,
 There will be Traffick's seat; there will she build
 Her rich emporium. Hence ye happy swans,
 With hospitality inflame your breast,
 And emulate on: the whole world receive,
 And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle.
 Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,
 Shall join their various stores, and amply feed
 The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
 Active and enterprising, or to teach
 The stream a naval course, or till the wild,
 Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal,
 Or plow the fertile billows of the deep.
 Why to the narrow circle of our coast
 Should we submit our limits, while each wind
 Ailists the stream and sail, and the wide main
 Wooes us in every port? See Belgium build,
 Upon the foodful brine, her envy'd power;
 And, half her people floating on the wave,
 Expand her fishy regions. Thus our isle,
 Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—
 But whither, by the visions of the theme
 Smit with sublime delight, but whither strays
 The raptur'd Muse, forgetful of her task?

No common pleasure warms the generous mind,
 When it beholds the labors of the loom;
 How widely round the globe they are dispers'd,
 From little tenements by wood or croft,
 Through many a slender path, how sedulous,
 As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way
 To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street,
 Or Armine, ancient works: and thence explore,
 Through every navigable wave, the sea,
 That laps the green earth round: through Tyne,
 and Tees,

Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandizing
 Hull,

And Swale, and Aire, whose crystal weaves reflect
 The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
 Through Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale,
 Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
 Curbing his train, and with the sober pace
 Of cautious Eld, meandering to the deep;
 Through Dart, and fullen Exe, whose murmuring
 wave

Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
 The serge and kersie to their blanching streams;
 Through Towy, winding under Merlin's towers,
 And Usk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
 On her deep waters paints th' impending scene,
 Wild torrents, craggs, and woods, and mountain
 flows.

The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
 Carry their labors on pigmean steeds,
 Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep.
 Yet strong and sprightly: over hill and dale
 They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
 In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
 Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
 And spreads the swelling sheet. For no-where far
 From some transparent river's naval course
 Arise, and fall, our various hills and vales,
 No-where far distant from the mast'd wharf.
 We need not vex the strong laborious hand
 With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,

Who join'd the fable waters of the Nile,
From Memphis' towers, to th' Erythræan gulph :
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whose will imperious forc'd an hundred streams,
Through many a forest, many a spacious wild,
To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,
That some unprofitable skiff might float
Across irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.

Far easier pains may swell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the isle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone parted, woo to join
Majestic Thamis. With their silver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
And celebrate the union ; and the light
Wood-nymphs ; and those, who o'er the grots
pretide,

Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
In summer's tedious absence, clear the swains,
Long sitting at the loom ; and those besides,
Who crown, with yellow sheaves, the farmer's
hopes,

And all the genii of commercial toil :
These on the dewy lawns await, to speed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
And glossy web, to every port around
Mightily glide along. Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thousand floods, the burden'd barks,
With white sails glistening, through the gloomy
woods

Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
Of stately Thamis, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
And constant as his stream : in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty Trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world : the strand around
Close swarms with busy crouds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what
fleets !

Lo, from the simple fleece how much proceeds.

THE
F L E E C E.
BOOK IV.

A R G U M E N T.

OUR manufactures exported. *Voyage through the Channel, and by the Coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern coast of Africa. Trade to Persia and Indostan precarious, through tyranny and frequent*

insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Coromandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-islands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates : hence the passage through Hudson's Bay impracticable. Enquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

NOW, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the widening main,
A floating forest : every sail, unfurl'd,
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.
Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
Steady ; with eye intent upon the steel,
Steady, before the breeze, the pilot steers :
While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows
Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin
To streak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought,
Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return : while some explore
Deep Finnic gulphs, and a new thore and mart,
The bold creation of that Kesar's power,
Illustrious Peter, whose magnificent toils
Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.
Soon firs away the green and level beach
Of Rumney marsh and Rye's silent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle,
Like the pale moon in vapor, faintly bright.
An hundred opening marts are seen, are lost ;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgcomb mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene.
Yet steady o'er the waves they steer : and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundless magnitude, around them swells ;
O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft : heaven's azure vault
Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
Uninterrupted clear circumference ;
Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the cape
Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.
Again, and oft, th' adventurous sails disperse ;
These to Iberia, others to the coast
Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tharhis deem'd
Of Solomon ; fair regions, with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester ;
Light airy cloathing for their vacant swains,
And visionary monks. We, in return,
Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces soft,
Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd ;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Powerful incentive : or Hesperian fruits,

Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.

Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage
through

The gates of Hercules *, find many seas,
And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels;
But shores inhospitable oft, to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
Relinquish their ruins: Tiber's boasted flood,
Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep,
Now creeps along, through brakes and yellow
dust,

While Neptune scarce perceives its murmuring rill:
Such are th' effects, when Virtue slackens her hand;
Wild Nature back returns: along these shores
Neglected trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting slender stores, the sun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste
Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile strand,
Bereft of human discipline, has lost
Its ancient lustre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the numerous marts,
That in those glittering seas with splendor rose,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,
Remains in prosperous state; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the Muse.

To these resort the delegates of trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, dispense; yet see, with vain regret,
Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or sought, or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd strand alluring; the great skill
Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails;
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—'tis not—
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within,
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'Tis he, who pours into the shops of trade
That impious poison: it is he, who gains
The sacred seat of parliament by means,
That vitiate and emasculate the mind;
By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene
Of riot, worse than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar, and remote Chinese,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.

Meantime (while those, who dare be just,
oppose

The various powers of many-headed vice)
Ye delegates of trade, by patience rise
O'er difficulties: in this sultry clime
Note what is found of use: the flax of goat,
Red-wool, and balm, and caffee's berry brown,
Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft,
By skilful labour, rise to high esteem.
Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simois, or Mæander flow,
Renown'd in story, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase,
Statue, and bust, of old magnificence
Beautiful reliques: oh, could modern time

* The streights of Gibraltar.

Restore the mimic art, and the clear mien
Of patriot sages, Walsingham and Yoakes,
And Cecils, in long-lasting stone preserve!
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they seem—or in a varied dress
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights;
Change then your searches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabeian frankincense
Rare is collected now: few altars smoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaiah views
Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast:
Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs,
Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets
With gloomy coul, majestic no more.

See the dark spirit of tyrannic power.

The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,
And the Mæotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hostile battlement: in aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: insolent of rule, he spreads
Thralldom and desolation o'er his realms.

Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce discovers: the Livonian gulph
Receives her sails, and leads them to the port
Of rising Petersburg, whose splendid streets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Cossack there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crowds resort, and their warm'd limbs unfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoid,
Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves
Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage
Overtake his homeward step; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams;
And borderers of the Caspian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes, which fill'd
With proudest affluence the Colchian state.

Many have been the ways to those renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis: to the port of wealthy Tyre;
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,
Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails;
And sacred Salem, when her numerous fleets,
From Ezion-geber, pass'd th' Arabian gulph.

But later times, more fortunate, have found,
O'er ocean's open wave, a surer course,
Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
And islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
Is now, of commerce, made the scene immense,
Which daring ships frequent, associated,
Like doves, or swallows, in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

Some, with more open course, to Indus steer;
Some coast from port to port, with various men
And manners conversant; of th' angry surge,
That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with
foam,
Regardless, or the monsters of the deep,
Porpoise, or grampus, or the ravenous shark,
That chase their keels; or threatening rock,
o'erhead

Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckless, they furl their sails, and bartering take,
Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool,

Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.

The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,
And high Bojador ; Zara too displays
Unfruitful deserts ; Gambia's wave inisles
An ouzy coast, and pestilential ill
Diffuses wide ; behind are burning sands,
Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.

On Guinea's sultry sand, the drapery light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white ivory ; yet the valued trade,
Along this barbarous coast, in telling, wounds
The generous heart, the sale of wretched slaves ;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging
death

For life-long servitude ; severe exchange !
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increasing natives to their crowded wharfs.

But let the man, whose rough tempestuous
hours

In this adventurous traffic are involv'd,
With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce : wickedness is blind :
Their fable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart

And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.

Hot Guinea too gives yellow dust of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And sandy deserts, rous'd by sudden storms,
All search forbid : howe'er, on either hand,
Vallics and pleasant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found
Fertile and populous ; their fable tribes,
In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,
And soft refreshing breezes : nor are lakes
Here wanting ; those a sea-wide surface spread,
Which to the distant Nile and Senegal
Send long mæanders : whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercasts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast
Is seldom visited ; and the rough shore
Of Caffres, land of savage Hottentots,
Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave
Their aged parents : what barbarity
And brutal ignorance, where social trade
Is held contemptible ! Ye gliding sails,
From these inhospitable gloomy shores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope
Of prosperous voyage, steer : rejoice to view,
What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,
Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in husk or glossy rind :
There the capacious vase from crystal springs
Replenish, and convenient store provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.

See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic shapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
Of Sofala, thought Ophir ; in whose hills
Ev'n yet some portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand

Of its clear streams, though unregarded now,
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
The vessels glide ; unless their speed be stop'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
While every zephyr sleeps : then the shrouds drop ;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not ; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire ; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor
Did ever temple boast as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around ?
At solemn distances its pillars rise,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,
And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And glossy shells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their course, till this bright
scene

Is brush'd away before the rising breeze,
That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
The sail full-swellling to Socotra's isle,
For aloes fam'd ; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar ;
And fill'd with plenty, though dry sandy wastes
Spread naked round ; so great the power of trade :
Persia few ports ; more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few ?
Where wild ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up ; while fell revenge and famine lead
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies : oft in vain
The merchant seeks upon the strand, whom erst,
Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd ;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,
He seeks ; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile-up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent salt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd saps from leaf and flower,
And various gums ; the clothier knows their worth ;
And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly ; whether mixt
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material : though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not ; let none deem
The fleece, in any traffic, unconcern'd ;
By every traffic aided ; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all, unconscious of the union, act.

Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar ; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coasts the shores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles ;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks ;
Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills ;
And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm
Of bees in summer, on a poplar's trunk,

Clustering innumerable; these behind
His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whose volcano's rise
Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Daring in air aloft; around whose feet
Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves,
In various prospect; Ceylon also deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich disputed strand
Of Cor'mandel, where traffic grieves to see
Discord and avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
Nation to Nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts:
But cries aloud in vain. Yet wise defence,
Against ambition's wide-destroying pride,
Madras erected, and Saint David's fort,
And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,
Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
The shining bales our factors deal abroad,
And see the country's products, in exchange,
Before them heap'd: cotton's transparent webs,
Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs,
Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoiseshell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming Nymphs. For these, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our draperies are dispers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Cassimere, and Atoc, on the stream
Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm;
And late-discover'd Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought
To threadless drapery, which, in conic forms,
Of various hues, their gaudy roofs adorn.

The keels which voyage through Molucca's
straits,

Amid a cloud of spicy odours, sail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whose woods
Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth
In woolly vestures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the festal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to those narrows bounds confin'd;
While gracious Nature, with unsparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.

Near those delicious isles, the beauteous coast
Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,
Ye sons of trade, that ever-flowery shore,
Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall glossy towers of porcelain,
And pillar'd pagods shine; rejoic'd they see
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.

Upon the strand they heap their glossy bales,
And works of Birmingham, in brass or steel,
And flint, and ponderous lead from deep cells
rais'd,

Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,
That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn
mast:

These, for the artists of the fleece, procure
Various materials; and, for affluent life,
The flavoured tea and glossy painted vase;
Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
In temperance us'd, delectable and good.

They too from hence receive the strongest thread
Of the green silkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, secure
In constant peace and commerce; till'd to th'
height

Of rich fertility; where, thick as stars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and shady dale; ev'n on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes, and bordering seas,
Rise floating villages; no wonder; when,
In every province, firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable streams,
Ever, with ease, conduct the works of toil
To sure and speedy markets, through the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon flow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Ruffic caravans are brought,
Through Scythia's numerous regions, waste and
wild,

Journey immense! which, to th' attentive ear,
The Muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.

From the proud mart of Petersburg, ere-while
The watery seat of desolation wide,
Issue these trading caravans, and urge,
Through dazzling snows, their dreary trackless
road;

By compass steering oft, from week to week,
From month to month; whose seasons view their
toils.

Neva they pass, and Kefma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threatening in vain; and many a cataract,
In its fall stopt, and bound with bars of ice.

Close on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
White with continual frost; and on the right
The Caspian-lake, and ever-flowery realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the
haunt

Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are destin'd to the sword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcases, or under foot
Thick strown; while, in their rough bewilder'd
vales,

The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.

Sometimes o'er level ways, on easy sleds,
The generous horse conveys the sons of trade;
And ever and anon the docile dog;
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
Skims over icy lakes; now slow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the rising moon, through watery mists:
Tobol, th' abode of those unfortunate
Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where earl, and prince,
Soldier, and statesman, and uncrested chief,
On the dark level of adversity,
Converse familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness,
Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks
Of trade are kindled: trade arises oft,
And virtue, from adversity and want:

Be witness, Carthage ; witness, ancient Tyre ;
And thou, Batavia, daughter of distress.
This, with his hands, which erst the truncheon
held,

The hammer lifts ; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow ; that the matoc drives :
All are employ'd ; and by their works acquire
Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan
Through lively-spreading cultures, pastures green,
And yellow tillages in opening woods :
Thence on, through Narim's wilds, a pathless road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplex ;
Land of the lazy Ostiaks, thin dispers'd,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented ; miserable tribe,
Void of commercial comforts : who, nor corn,
Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
Know to procure ; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share,
Nor social aid : beneath their thorny bed
The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains ; and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding crags
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous streams
Of Oby, and Irtis, Jenisca, swift,
Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

These rugged paths and savage landscapes pass'd,
A new scene strikes their eyes : among the clouds
Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work ; that matchless work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power,
In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are seen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vast extent, beyond the length
Of many a potent empire ; towers and ports,
Three times a thousand, lift thereon their brows
At equal spaces, and in prospect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.

At length the gloomy passage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whose opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering spires
The destin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.

Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of steadfast Earth ; for so
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.

Now to the other hemisphere, my Muse,
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnassus, the unwear'd toils
Of industry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.

Happy the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy,
When he discern'd, above the foamy surge,
A rising coast, for future colonies,
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent ; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of labour : thither, from the wrongs
Of lawless rule, the free-born spirit flies ;

Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,
And Arts and Sciences : thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind !

But joy superior far his bosom warms,
Who views those shores in every culture dress'd ;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley ; and his countrymen
Form'd into various states, powerful and rich,
In regions far remote : who from our looms
Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new desires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.

Ye, who the shuttle cast along the loom,
The silk-worm's thread inweaving with the
fleece,

Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
Nor slight the green Savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods arise
Of mulberries, and in whose water'd fields
Up-springs the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth ?

Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overshades some crystal river, spreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
The fleecy shuttle : to her growing marts,
The Iroquefe, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth,
For woolly garments ; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
Blush, Europeans, whom the circling cup
Of Luxury intoxicates ; ye routs,
Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land :
And ye voluptuous idle, who in vain,
Seek easy habitations, void of care :
The sons of nature, with astonishment,
And detestation, mark your evil deeds ;
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveless arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.

See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Massachusset, happy in those arts
That join the politics of Trade and War,
Bearing the palm in either : they appear
Better exemplars ; and that hardy crew,
Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
Hang their white fish amid the parching winds :
The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly
warmth,
And frize of Cambria, worn by those, who seek,
Through gulphs and dales of Hudson's winding
bay,

The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in vain,
While Winter's frosty rigor checks approach,
Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
(If ye, the travel'd sons of commerce, know),
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice ?
While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,
By the same zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phoebus, and supine, behold
Their plains and hillocks blush with clustering
vines.

Must it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty Labor drain their guffy lakes,
Enlarge the brightening sky, and, peopling, warm
The opening vallies, and the yellowing plains?
Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles
Numerous and large? Have they not harbours
calm,

Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar sciences, and other forms
Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course
By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond
Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's isle
The standard of Britannia shall arise.
Proud Buenos Aires, low-couch'd Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye,
The labouring vessel: neither may we trust
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffic there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry storms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners,
Be firm; take courage from the brave. 'Twas
there

Perils and conflicts inexpressible
Anson, with steady undespairing breast,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chac'd
His country's foes. Fast-gathering tempests rous'd
Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around
Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Descending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyfs;
And now the stars, upon the loftiest point
Toss'd of the sky-mix'd fuzges. Oft the burst
Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas,
Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts;
While flames, thick-flashing in the gloom, reveal'd
Ruins of decks and shrouds, and fights of death.

Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his cheer,
Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Or Montegorda, and inaccessible
Wreck-threatening Staten-Lands o'erhanging shore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Posture of falling; as when Pelion, rear'd,
On Ossa, and on Ossa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry toils
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.

At length, through every tempest, as some
branch,
Which from a poplar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, though deep immerg'd,
Yet re-ascends, and glides, on lake or stream,
Smooth through the vallies; so his way he won
To the serene Pacific, flood immense,
And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.

Then Palta's walls, in warlike flames involv'd,

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His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave
To shew humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe secure to pride
And violence: although the far-stretch'd coast
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cause; though fell Disease,
Unbating Labor, tedious Time, conspir'd,
And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Though that wide fla, which spreads o'er half the
world,

Deny'd all hospitable land or port;
Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyfs, whereon
To drop the fastening anchor; though his brave
Companions ceas'd, subdued by toil extreme;
Though solitary left in Tinian's seas,
Where never was before the dreaded sound
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought, the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes!

Rejoice, ye nations, vindicate the sway
Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whose fertile earth
By Ocean's briny waves are circumscrib'd,
The armed host, and murdering sword of war,
And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
Her solemn compacts, in the lust of rule:
Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs
The holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and spread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of Toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye swains;
Increasing commerce shall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careless wealth,
Pernicious gift, bestows; a day will come,
When, through new channels sailing, we shall clothe
The Californian coast, and all the realms
That stretch from Anian's streights to proud Japan;
And the green isles, which on the left arise
Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the sailors chart:
Then every variation shall be told
Of the magnetic steel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.

That portion too of land, a tract immense,
Beneath the Antarctic foread, shall then be known,
And new plantations on its coast arise.
Then rigid Winter's ice no more shall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the soft fleece shall every-where be cloath'd.
Th' exulting Muse shall then, in vigor fresh,
Her flight renew. Mean-while, with weary wing,
O'er Ocean's wave returning, she explores
Siberia's flowery vales, her old delight,
The shepherd's haunt, where the first springs arise
Of Britain's happy trade, now foreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific seas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

S

THE
COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning's fair, the lusty sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run;
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolv'd, this charming day,
In the open field to stray;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I see
A beautiful variety
Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
And flirting empty chaff about.
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food;
While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,
And tempt all to crowd the door.

What a fair face does Nature show?
Augusta, wipe thy dusty brow;
A landskip wide salutes my sight,
Of shady vales, and mountains bright;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thousand flaming flowers glow;
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honey-suckles smelling sweet.
Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding smoothly by;
Which shows with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding pleasure after pain,
Sleeping I see a wearied swain,
While his full scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food supply.

Happy swain, sure happier far
Than lofty kings and princes are!
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,
With all its easy beds of down.

The sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the shade that groves bestow;
And on green moss I lay me down;
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is silent, but some flood
That sweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
And charm ev'n Silence with her lays.

Oh powerful Silence, how you reign
In the Poet's busy brain!
His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls,
Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,
They rise before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.

Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring;
Where they behold a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell;

But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.

Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy;
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clío far away.
But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No, 'tis not her voice I find,
'Tis but the echo stays behind.

Some meditate ambition's brow,
And the black gulph that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of Flattery.
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When rushing from yon rustling spray,
It made them vanish all away.

I rouse me up, and on I rove.
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The sun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whisper through the trees:
And, as I leave the sylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see,
Leaning on an aged tree;
Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden sway below.
Through spreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage sweet, and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green, and young.
Here he puffs upon his spade,
And digs up cabbage in the shade:
His tatter'd rags are sable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown:
The dying sap descends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.

Up * Grongar hill I labour now,
And catch at last his bushy brow.
Oh, how fresh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I descry
Thy magazine before me lie!
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
Crouding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds, and barren ground.

See, below, the pleasant dome,
The Poet's pride, the Poet's home,
Which the sun-beams shine upon,
To the even, from the dawn.
See her woods, where Echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terras walks,
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and shining lakes.
Keep, ye gods, this humble seat,
For ever pleasant, private, neat.

See yonder hill, uprising steep,
Above the river flow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid;
On whose high top there rises great,
The mighty remnant of a feat,
An old green tower, whose batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.

* A hill in South Wales.

Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain!
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade of fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

In blushes the descending sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds do interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires!
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To * Abergasney I descend.

But, Oh! how blest'd would be the day,
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray.

THE

ENQUIRY.

YE poor little sheep, ah! well may ye stray,
While sad is your shepherd, and Clio away!
Tell where have you been, have you met with my
love,

On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
Alas-aday, No—Ye are stray'd, and half dead;
Ye saw not my love, or ye all had been fed.

Oh, Sun, did you see her?—ah! surely you did:
'Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is she
hid?

Ye tall, whistling pines, that on yonder hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
Did you see her a-roving in wood or in brake?
Or bathing her fair limbs in some silent lake?

Ye mountains, that look on the vigorous east,
And the north, and the south, and the wearisome
west,

Pray tell where she hides her, you surely do know,
And let not her lover pine after her so.

Oh, had I the wings of an eagle, I'd fly
Along with bright Phœbus all over the sky;
Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide dis-
play'd,

And dart in my eyes at each whispering shade:
I'd search ev'ry tuft in my diligent tour,
I'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bower,

* The name of a seat belonging to the Author's
brother.

Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
And made myself quiet, and happy again.

A N E P I S T L E
TO A
F A M O U S P A I N T E R.

DELIGHTFUL partner of my heart,
Matter of the loveliest art!
How sweet our senses you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng, believe!
Here flows the Po!—The Minis there,
Winding about with sedgy hair!
And there the Tyber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood!
And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Grannic's bloody banks;
Who bravely die, or basely run
From Philip's all-subduing son!
And there the wounded Porus brought
(The bravest man that ever fought!)
To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntless visage, as he lies
In death's most painful agonies.

To me reveal thy heavenly art,
To me thy mysteries impart.
As yet I but in verse can paint,
And to th' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you show,
Seeming Nature's living glow!
The beauteous shapes of objects near!
Or distant ones confus'd in air!
The golden eve, the blushing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleasing views of chequer'd glades!
And rivers winding through the shades!
And sunny hills!—and pleasant plains!
And groups of merry nymphs and swains!
Or some old building, hid with grass,
Rearing sad its ruin'd face;
Whole columns, frizes, statues, lie,
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or swift adown a mountain tall:
A foaming cataract's sounding fall;
Whose loud roaring stuns the ear
Of the wondering traveller!
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level shining sea!
Or surges rough, that froth, and roar,
And, angry, dash the sounding shore!
And vessels tost! and billows high!
And lightning flashing from the sky!
Or that which gives me most delight,
The fair idea (seeming fight!)
Of warrior fierce, with shining blade!
Or orator, with arms display'd!
Tully's engaging air and mien,
Declaiming against Cataline.
Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die.

Or Hercules, with lion's hide,
And knotty cudgel, thrown aside,
Lifting Antæus high in air!
Who, in his gripe, expires there!
Or Sisyphus, with toil and sweat,
And muscles strain'd, striving to get
Up a steep hill a ponderous stone,
Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous
down.
Or beauteous Helen's easy air,
With head reclin'd, and flowing hair;
Or comely Paris, gay and young,
Moving with gallant grace along!
Taste you can do!—I but advance
In a stolid ignorance;
And say to you, who better know,
You should design them so and so.

T O

AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM CALLED GIDEON.

TELL me, wondrous friend, where were you
When Gideon was your lofty song!
Where did the heavenly spirit bear you,
When your fair soul reflected strong
Gideon's actions, as they shin'd
Bright in the chambers of your mind!
Say, have you trod Arabia's spicy vales,
Or gather'd bays beside Euphrates' stream,
Or lonely sung with Jordan's water-falls,
While heavenly Gideon was your sacred theme.
Or have you many ages given
To close retirement and to books!
And held a long discourse with Heaven,
And notic'd Nature in her various looks!
Full of inspiring wonder and delight,
Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye!
Like a pleas'd traveller that lingers sweet
On some fair and lofty plain
Where the sun does brightly shine,
And glorious prospects all around him lie!
On Gideon's pages beautifully shine,
Surprizing pictures rising to my sight,
With all the life of colours and of line,
And all the force of rounding shade and light,
And all the grace of something more divine!
High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
I see a youth divinely fair,
Pensive he leans his head on his left hand;
"His smiling eye sheds sweetness mix'd with
"awe,
"His right hand, with a milk-white wand, some
"figure seems to draw!
"A nameless grace is scatter'd through his air,
"And o'er his shoulders loosely flows his amber-
"colour'd hair"
Above, with burning blush the morning glows,
The waking world all fair before him lies;
"Slow from the plain the melting dews,
"To kiss the sun-beams, climbing, rise," &c.
Methinks the grove of Baal I see,

In terrass'd stages mount up high,
And wave its fable beauties in the sky,
"From stage to stage, broad steps of half-hid
"stone,
"With curling moss and blady grass o'ergrown,
"Lead awful—
Down in a dungeon deep,
"Where through thick walls, oblique, the broken
"light
"From narrow loop-holes quivers to the fight,
"With swift and furious stride,
"Close-folded arms, and short and sudden starts,
"The fretful prince, in dumb and sulen pride,
"Revolves escape—
Here in red colours glowing bold
A warlike figure strikes my eye!
The dreadful sudden sight his foes behold
Confounded so, they lose the power to fly;
"Backening they gaze at distance on his face,
"Admire his posture, and confess his grace;
"His right hand grasps his planted spear, &c."
Alas! my Muse, through much good-will, you err:
And we the mighty author greatly wrong;
To gather beauties here and there,
As but a scatter'd few there were,
While every word's a beauty in his song!

[Those lines in this Poem marked thus " are taken out of the Poem called GIDEON.]

THE

C H O I C E.

TO MR. DYER. BY AARON HILL, ESQ.

WHILE, charm'd with Aberglasney's quiet
plains,
The Muses, and their Empress, court your strains,
Tir'd of the noisy town, so lately try'd,
Methinks, I see you smile, on Towy's side!
Pensive, her mazy wanderings you unwind,
And, on your river's margin, calm your mind.
Oh!—greatly blest'd—whate'er your fate requires,
Your ductile wisdom tempers your desires!
Balanc'd within, you look abroad serene,
And, marking both extremes, pass clear between.
Oh! could your lov'd example teach your skill,
And, as it moves my wonder, mend my will!
Calm would my passions grow;—my lot would
please;
And my sick soul might think itself to ease!
But, to the future while I strain my eye,
Each present good slips, undistinguish'd, by.
Still, what I would, contends with what I can,
And my wild wishes leap the bounds of man.
If in my power it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd desires can fix a scope,
This were my Choice—Oh, Friend! pronounce me
poor:
For I have wants, which wealth can never cure!
Let others, with a narrow'd stint of pride,
In selfish views, a bounded hope divide:
If I must with at all—Desires are free,
High, as the Highest, I would wish to be!

Then might I, sole supreme, act, unconfin'd,
And with unbounded influence bless mankind.
Mean is that soul, whom its own good can fill!
A prosperous world, alone, could feast my will.
He's poor, at best, who others misery sees,
And wants the wish'd-for power to give them ease!
A glory this, unreach'd, but on a throne!
All were enough—and, less than all, is none!

This my first wish:—But since 'tis wild, and
vain,

To grasp at glittering clouds, with fruitless pain,
More safely low, let my next prospect be,
And life's mild evening this fair sun-set see.

Far from a Lord's loath'd neighbourhood—a
State!

Whose little greatness is a pride I hate!

On some lone wild, should my large house be
plac'd,

Vastly surrounded by a healthful waste!

Steril, and coarse, the untry'd soil should be,

Till-forc'd to flourish, and subdu'd by me.

Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, streams,
and skies,

Should with a changeful grandeur, charm my eyes!

Where-e'er I walk'd, effects of my past pains

Should plume the mountain tops, and paint the
plains,

Greatly obscure, and shunning courts, or name!

Widely befriended, but escaping fame;

Peaceful, in studious quiet, would I live,

Lie hid, for leisure, and grow rich, to give!

T O

M R. S A V A G E,

S O N O F

T H E L A T E E A R L R I V E R S.

SINK not, my friend, beneath misfortune's
weight,

Pleas'd to be found intrinsically great.

Shame on the dull, who think the soul looks less,

Because the body wants a glittering dress.

It is the mind's for-ever bright attire,

The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire!

That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes,

Is the fop's tinsel, which the grave despise.

Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they
gaze,

The concomb's ne'er discover'd in the blaze!

As few the vices of the wealthy see,

So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.

Earl Rivers!—In that name how would'st thou
shine?

Thy verse, how sweet! thy fancy, how divine!

Critics and Bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,

And all would think it merit to applaud.

But thou has nought to please the vulgar eye,
No title hast, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt small praise, but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;
And if, though few, they any faults can see
How meanly bitter will cold censure be!
But, since we all, the wisest of us, err,
Sure, 'tis the greatest fault to be severe.

A few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the misty millions of mankind,
Who proudly stoop to aid an injur'd cause,
And o'er the sneer of concombs force applause,
Who, with felt pleasure, see fair Virtue rise,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize!
Or mark her labouring in the modest breast,
And honour her the more, the more deprest.

Thee, Savage, these (the justly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning Judgment's phlegm with Fancy's
fire!

Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

A N

E P I S T L E

T O A

F R I E N D I N T O W N *.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy
town,

Forgot such a man as John Dyer?

Or heedless despise thee, or pity the clown,

Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—

(Contented?—why every thing charms me)

Fall in tunes all adown the green sleep, ye cascades,

Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage arises, or misery needs

The stout, the intrepid avenger;

Till sacred religion or liberty bleeds,

Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain

We heap up in sin and in sorrow!

Immense is the toil, yet the labour now vain!

Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have

Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even;

While gently the body descends to the grave,

And the spirit arises to heaven.

* Among the Poems of Mr. Savage, there is one
to Mr. Dyer, in answer to his from the country.

† •
M R. D Y E R.

BY CLIO*.

I'VE done thy merit and my friendship wrong,
In holding back my gratitude so long;
The soul is sure to equal transport rais'd,
That justly praises, or is justly prais'd:
The generous only can this pleasure know
Who taste the god-like virtue—to bestow!
I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend;
And feel the very praises which I send.

* Among the Poems of Mr. Savage, is an Epistle, occasioned by Mr. Dyer's Picture of this Lady.

Nor jealousy nor female envy find,
Though all the Muses are to Dyer kind.

Sing on, nor let your modest fears retard,
Whose verse and pencil join, to force reward:
Your claim demands the bays, in double wreath,
Your Poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.

I wish to praise you, but your beauties wrong:
No theme looks green, in Clio's artless song:
But yours will an eternal verdure wear,
For Dyer's fruitful soul will flourish there.
My humbler lot was in low distance laid;
I was, oh, hated thought! a woman made;
For household cares, and empty trifles meant,
The Name does immortality prevent.

Yet let me stretch, beyond my sex, my mind,
And, rising, leave the fluttering train behind;
Nor art, nor learning, wish'd assistance lends,
But nature, love, and music, are my friends.

END OF DYER'S POEMS.

THE
POEMS OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

E L E G I E S,
WRITTEN ON MANY DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

"Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos
"Affiduè veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, solus,
"Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani!"

VIRG.

A
PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

IT is observable, that discourses *prefixed* to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is very commonly raised in the *first place*, and the measures, by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of *elegiac* poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own *opinions* with that *denomination*. He would only intimate the great variety of *subjects*, and the different *styles* in which the writers of *elegy* have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of *their* example.

If we consider the etymology * of the word, the epithet which † Horace gives it, or the confession which ‡ Ovid makes concerning it, I think we may conclude thus much however; that *elegy*, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea: that it looks upon *this* as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as *this* is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects; which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy *stole* over pretty different objects; which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

* ε-λεγιον, ε particulam dolendi.

† "Miserabiles elegos."

HOR.

‡ "Heu nimis ex vera nunc tibi nomen erit."

OVID. de Morte Tibulli

It is probable that elegies were written at *first* upon the death of *intimate friends* and *near relations*; *celebrated beauties*, or *favourite mistresses*; *beneficent governors* and *illustrious men*: one may add perhaps, of all those, who are placed by Virgil in the laurel-grove of his Elysium. (See Hurd's Dissertation on Horace's Epistle.)

"Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo."

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints; and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself, was the grief of *absent* or *neglected* lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with *this* they were not contented. They had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole territory. They sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings *, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of *elegy* to their pleasantries as well as lamentations; till at last, through their abundant fondness for the *myrtle*, they forgot that the *cypress* was *their* peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of elegy; and it should seem, that any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve *the name*, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of love.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may *seem* perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the *use* and *end* of elegy. The most important end of *all* poetry is to encourage virtue. *Epic* and *tragedy* chiefly recommend the *public* virtues; *elegy* is of a species which illustrates and endears the *private*. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of elegy to enforce. This, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in *melancholy* which we could not find in *mirth*; and has led us with success to the dusty *urn*, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl; as pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of elegy to shew the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage: and that, in a way distinct from *pastoral*, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in *dignity* and *understanding*. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of *humility*, *disinterestedness*, *simplicity*, and *innocence*: but then there is a *degree* of elegance and refinement, no way inconsistent with these *rural* virtues; and that raises *elegy* above that *merum rus*, that *unpolished* rusticity, which has given our *pastoral* writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendor will never want their proper weight: the danger is, lest they should too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that endears the honest *delights* of love and friendship, that *celebrates* the *glory* of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it *inculcates*, *such* a kind of poetry may chance to please; and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the *style* of elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It should imitate the voice and language of grief, or if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification therefore is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occasions, its inconveniencies appear to lose their weight in *shorter* elegies: and its advantages seem to *acquire* an *additional* im-

* "Dicite Io Pæan, & Io his dicite Pæan." OVID.

portance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies *not long since published*; the product of a gentleman * of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that elegy can shed.

It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic: others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages. And, in favour of these last, might be produced the example of Milton in his *Lycidas*, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove *too much*; since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall chuse; though it must be owned also, that the choice *they* make of any, is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to *compromise* the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the *sense* should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained. And this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together with so much *ease* into a couplet as Mr. Pope. But, as an air of *constraint* too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of *elegy*.

The *previous* rhyme in Milton's *Lycidas* is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: and this seems to be the greatest objection to *that* kind of versification. But then the peculiar *ease* and *variety* it admits of, are no doubt sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an elegy of *length*.

The chief exception to which *stanza* of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the sense too *regularly*, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it *is*, I flatter myself, that the advantages I have before mentioned resulting from alternate rhyme (with which stanza is, I think, connected) may, at least in *shorter* elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different *kinds* of elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate, is softened to an *excess*. Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and design, and being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies, that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and ardour.

The author of the following elegies entered on his subjects *occasionally*, as particular incidents in life *suggested*, or dispositions of mind *recommended* them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot; and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates. If he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene; who having (whether through choice or necessity, is not material) retired betimes to country-solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are *his own*, and the embellishment of his *farm* his sole amusement. As the sentiments therefore were inspired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance: diffusing at least some *part* of that amusement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

* Mr. Hammond.

There will appear perhaps a real inconsistency in the moral tenor of the several elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight; but will allow, that men's opinions as well as tempers vary; that, neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an *entire* ignorance, or to the *least* disesteem, of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient *plan* and *method* in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find: with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid, as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the *metre* also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider *this* as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of elegy.

If it should happen to be considered as an object with *others*, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused through the whole; it is replied, that he *endeavoured* to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious; or to *risque* excluding the fashionable reader: at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the *blossom* of a *fruit-tree*. Poetry is indeed like that species of plants, which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the *former*, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.

E L E G I E S,

E L E G Y I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of simplicity. To a FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now 'mid the trees, I see my smoke arise;
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius, which secures my rest,
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the fordid breast;
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere!

Far from these paths, ye faithless friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name!
Hence! the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains, the price of fame!

O lov'd simplicity, be thine the prize!
Assiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,
Contemns the power, the dull resource to feign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my scorn!
Still may the bard dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flattery sighing, sigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-sick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;
Ah! never could Aonia's hill disclose
So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless bards intent with artful pains
To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on — plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful soul
Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,
Write from thy bosom—let not art controul
The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace,
The forms our pencil, or our pen design'd!
"Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!
"Such the soft image of our youthful mind!

Soft whilst we sleep beneath the rural bowers,
The Loves and Graces steal unseen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flowers,
We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud scorn of every vulgar care,
When Hope exalts thee, or when Doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou hast worn the day,
Near fount or stream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove Oenone lov'd to stray,
The faithful Muse shall meet thee in the grove.

E L E G Y II.

ON POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION.

TO A FRIEND.

O GRIEF of griefs! that envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praise;
O foolish Muses! that with zeal inspire
To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays!

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will she hear the distant voice of fame?
Or, hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?

Perhaps ev'n genius pours a slighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
Ev'n Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
Though near his tomb, Sabæan odours burn,
The loitering fragrance will it reach the skies?

No, should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
Can every sense of present joys excel:
For this, great Hadrian chose laborious days:
Through this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric
raise,

To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to spread the sacred bair,
To plan a work, through latest ages fair!

Is it small transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each Attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy?
Shall waft like odours through the pleasing page?

To mark the day, when through the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying style refines?
And readers call their lost attention home,
Led by that index where true genius shines?

Ah let not Britons doubt their social aim,
Whose ardent bosom catch this ancient fire!
Cold interest melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours, but with life, expire!

E L E G Y III.

ON THE

UNTIMELY DEATH OF A CERTAIN LEARNED
ACQUAINTANCE.

IF proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies;
Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier;
The faithful Muse withotive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art;
That odious art which fortune's favourites know;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound;
He little knew that mortals could ensnare;
Virtue he knew; the noblest joy he found,
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wandering sheep;
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold;
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep;
And, for his friend, his very crook were sold.

Ye sons of wealth! protect the Muse's train;
From winds protect them, and with food supply
Ah! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain!
The meagre famine, and the wintry sky?

He lov'd a nymph: amidst his slender store,
He dar'd to love; and Cynthia was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream;

His nymph was fair! the sweetest bud that blows
Revives let's lovely from the recent shower;
So Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose;
Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flower!

He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
He saw his timorous loves on her depend;
He lov'd the Muse; although she taught in vain;
He lov'd the Muse, for she was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
Of vice's brothel, forth to virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain;
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
As though the virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As though the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply:
The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But power and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!
Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons,
where?
Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
Go wash the conscious blennish with a tear.

E L E G Y IV.

O P H E L I A's U R N.

T O

MR. GRAVES.

THROUGH the dim veil of evening's dusky
shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic fear survey'd!
What shrouded spectres superstition seen!

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantoms wan array;
What none but fear's officious hand can paint,
What none but superstition's eye survey.

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
Constant, as crystal dews impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn!

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid:
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
Where soot Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise;
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

There fame, her clarion pendant at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
"Why has such worth, without distinction, dy'd,
"Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?"

Then young simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh:
And candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull fresh flowrets for Ophelia's tomb:
And beauty chide the Fates' severe command,
That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
For mournful fable all her hues forego,
And ask sweet solace of the Muse in vain!

Ah, gentle forms, expect no fond relief;
Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest favourite is no more.

E L E G Y V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship. To MELISSA his Friend.

FROM love, from angry love's inclement reign
I pass a while to friendship's equal skies;
Thou, generous maid, reliev'st my partial pain,
And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care:
How can my will and reason disagree?
How can my passion live beneath despair!
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?

Ah dear Melissa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time;
Ill can I bear the various clime of love!
Love is a pleasing, but a various clime!

So smiles immortal Maro's favourite shore,
Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd!
When straight Vesuvio's horrid cauldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh blissful regions! oh unrival'd plains!
When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh fatal realms! and oh accurs'd domains!
When Pliny, 'mid sulphureous clouds, expir'd!

So smiles the surface of the treacherous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play;
When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave;
 Ev'n hope subside amid the billows tost;
 Hope, still emergent, still contends the wave,
 And not a feature's wonted simile is lost.

ELEGY VI.

T O

A LADY ON THE LANGUAGE OF

BIRDS.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,
 The science of the feather'd choirs explore:
 Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
 And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song,
 Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree:
 Ah! who, that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
 Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my Muse! that lov'st the sylvan shade;
 Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel:
 Translate the song; convince my doubting maid.
 No solemn dervise can explain so well.—

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I fate,
 The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain!
 When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
 And thus I construed the mellifluous strain.

"Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
 At every note a lover sheds his tear!
 Sing on, my bird—'tis Damon hears thy song;
 Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear.

He the sad source of our complaining knows;
 A foe to Tereus, and to lawless love!
 He mourns the story of our ancient woes;
 Ah could our music his complaints remove!

Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerless maid;
 And see pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,
 A train of lovers court the chequer'd shade;
 Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retir'd;
 No lover blest the glow-worm's pallid ray:
 But ill-star'd birds, that listening not admir'd,
 Or listening envy'd our superior lay.

Chear'd by the sun, the vassals of his power,
 Let such by day unite their jarring strains!
 But let us chuse the calm, the silent hour,
 Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

ELEGY VII.

He describes his vision to an acquaintance.

"*Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c.*" VIRG.

ON distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
 Pensive I saw the circling shades descend;
 Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
 While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;
 No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;
 Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
 Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleasing sound!
 The village cur 'twere transport then to hear;
 In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
 While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
 Where towering Wolfey breath'd his native air;
 A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
 The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.

Instant a grateful form appear'd confess;
 White were his locks with awful scarlet crown'd,
 And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
 That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger, he said, amid this pealing rain,
 Benighted, lonesome, whither would'st thou stray?
 Does wealth or power thy weary step constrain?
 Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

For know I trod the trophy'd paths of power;
 Felt every joy that fair ambition brings;
 And left the lonely roof of yonder bower,
 To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the towering ardour share;
 Nor, meanly rose, to bless myself alone:
 I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
 And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
 I saw proud empires my decision wait;
 My will was duty, and my word was law,
 My simile was transport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! said I, nor power I seek, nor gain:
 Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
 A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
 And, from his friend's condolence, hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
 Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend;
 Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind;
The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree;
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

Yet, though averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to blefs, I languish to bestow;
And though no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,
Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address;
Too mean to think that honours are my due,
Yet should some patron yield my stores to blefs,
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire,
Shot'ft blazing forth; disdainful dull degrees;
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious envy bar the road?
Or falsehood's treacherous foot beset the way?

Say should I pass through favour's crowded gate,
Must not fair truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd in the shades by freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

Oh! if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite!
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And sighing vanish'd in the shades of night.

ELEGY VIII.

He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences. To Mr. GRAVES, 1745.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF
MR. POPE.

AH me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
Such lessening fleeces must the swain behold,
That ere with Doric pipe essays to please.

I saw my friends in evening circles meet;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet:
Ah fool! to credit what I heard them say!

Ill-fated bard! that seeks his skill to show,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
Not the poor veteran that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

Nor could my Graves mistake the critic's laws,
Till pious friendship mark'd the pleasing way:
Welcome such error! ever blest the cause!
Ev'n though it led me boundless leagues astray!

Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame
On listening Cherwell's osier banks reclin'd?
While, foe to fortune, uneduc'd by fame,
I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love were met?
What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd?
How shall the Muse those vacant hours forget?
Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid?

Thou know'ft how transport thrills the tender breast,
Where love and fancy fix their opening reign;
How nature shines in livelier colours dress'd,
To blefs their union, and to grace their train.

So first when Phoebus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown'd,
Unusual flowers enrich'd the painted green;
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bower,
The drooping Muses take their casual way;
And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?
The cowslips golden cup no more I see:
Dark and discolour'd every flower that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage controul:
Hush'd be my grief ere every smile be fled,
Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul!

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise;
But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
And, low on earth, the prostrate ruin lies.

ELEGY IX.

He describes his disinterestedness to a friend.

INE'ER must tinge my lip with Celtic wines;
The pump of India must I ne'er display;
Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor, with Italian sounds, deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my crystal beverage flows ;
My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring ;
Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
And, from my grove, I hear the thristle sing.

My fellow swains ! avert your dazzled eyes ;
In vain allur'd by glittering spoils they rove,
The fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompence in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins ;
They gave you toils ; but toils your sinews brace ;
They gave you nymphs, that own their amorous
pains,
And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See ! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind !
To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grots, and echoing vales assign'd !

Would'st thou, my Strephon, love's delighted slave !
Though sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
And, giving, bade thee in remembrance wear ?

Ill fare my peace, but every idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
When love deplores the tyrant power of gain !
Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Off from the stream, flow wandering down the
glade,
Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound ;
" Some miser weds, I cry, the captive maid,
" And some fond lover sickens at the found."

Not Somerville, the Muse's friend of old,
Though now exalted to yon ambient sky,
So shunn'd a foul disdain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the generous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self, resigns ;
Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
And to a ducate's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taste, with science blest,
Ere age impair me, and ere cold's allure ;
Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the sordid ore,
The charms of independence let us sing ;
Blest with thy friendship, can I wish for more ?
I'll spurn the boasted wealth of Lydia's king.

E L E G Y X.

To Fortune; suggesting his motive for repining at
her dispensations.

ASK not the cause, why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway !
Ask not, thus branded in my soilest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name, which all obey ?

'Tis not, that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise ;
That, on this breast, no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah ! more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not, that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze :
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade,
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air ;
While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, " Forbear.

" Forbear, vain youth ! be cautious, weigh thy
gold,
" Nor let yon rising column more aspire ;
" Ah ! better dwell in ruins, than behold
" Thy fortunes mouldering and thy domes entire.

" Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy ;
" He planted, scornful of my sage commands ;
" The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye !
" The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream that pours its murmuring tide
O'er some rough rock that would its wealth
display,
Displays it aught but penury and pride ?
Ah ! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

" How would some flood, with ampler treasures
blest,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distil !
How must * Velino shake his reedy crest !
How every cygnet mock the boastive rill !

Fortune, I yield ! and see, I give the sign ;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home ;
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
And, with retorted eye, forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains ;
Can unrepining leave the rising wall :
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
" And my warm hopes, in full pursuit recall.

Descend, ye storms ! destroy my rising pile ;
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway ;
Contented I, although the gazer smile
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

* A river in Italy.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales its wanton herd;
Guileless of envy, why should I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed's prefer'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
But ah! his tawdry shepherd's pride,
Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's drefs? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?

"Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair;
"Ye glittering daughters of disguise, adieu!"
So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
But will the rural thane decide so true?

Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
'Tis thy false glare, O fortune! thine they see:
'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

E L E G Y XI.

He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life
is over.

T O M R. J A G O.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not last!
This fairy-scene, that cheats our youthful
eyes!
The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
And we, delightful, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our steps astray,
Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce has the sun seven annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shewn the whole that fortune can supply;
Since, not the miser so carefs'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart,
Substantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living stone:
"Though gold, though splendour, heaven and fate
"deny,
"Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil,
'The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trim'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the prayer,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er!
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul:
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting state, profusely blest!
Bliss e'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health carest;
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as opening roses fair;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu soft raptures, transports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow!
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey,
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips
blow!

O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn!
We start false joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey; that cheats our youthful morn,
Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chace.

E L E G Y XII.

H I S

R E C A N T A T I O N.

NO more the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise!
No more with awkward fallacy complains,
How every fervour from my bosom flies.
And reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
No more she paints the breast from passion free;
I feel, I feel one loitering wish survive—
Ah, need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

The star of Venus shines in the day,
The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!
The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
When other stars their friendly beams resign.
Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
Pure as that star, from guilt, from interest free,
Has gentle Delia tripp'd across the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?
While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays;
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
And fires my strain with hopes of brighter days.
I slept not long beneath yon rural bowers;
And lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I see:
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

ELEGY XIII.

To a Friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day,
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.
Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial with resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy.
Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Would'st thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Would'st thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown?
Life is that stranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame?
Myriads of souls that knew one parent mold,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance!
Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbidden by fate to change one transient glance!
But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend:
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm?
And guide them to the bosom—of a friend?
Yes, we have met—through rapine, fraud, and wrong
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boisterous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?
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For oh! pale sickness warms thy friend away,
For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern fate his eben wand display;
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.
Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier:
"Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
To let suspicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own.

To Lord TEMPLE.

WHILE others, lost to friendship, lost to love,
Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand
Be mine, with British nymph or swain to rove,
And court the genius of my native land.
Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien soil!
To win the vice his genuine soul obtains,
Return exultant, and import the spoil!
In vain he boasts of his detested prize;
No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour in a moment fade!
Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;
An awkward stranger, if we wait it o'er:
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?
I covet not the pride of foreign towns;
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove;
Nor, for the world's kind of brighter pleasures,
Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.
No distant clime shall servile airs import,
Or form these limbs with pleasing idleness to play;
Trembling I view the Gaul's lascivious art,
That steals my loved rusticity away.
'Tis long since freedom lost th' Hispanian clime:
Her citron groves, her flower-embroider'd shore;
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And lost Campania's olive charms no more.
Let partial suns mature the western mine,
To feed its lustre o'er the Iberian moor;
Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil, are thine;
Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.
Let Ceylon's envy'd plant perfume the seas,
Till torn to season the Barbican bowl;
Ours is the breath whole genuine and unpleas'd,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

* The cinnamon.

U

Le:

Let the proud Souldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
 Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
 The Muse no more by flowery Ladsen roves,
 She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.
 Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
 Ah! helpless realms that war's oppression feel!
 In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
 If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.
 Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
 Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade!
 And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
 The mournful types of mighty power decay'd!
 No crescent here displays its baneful horns;
 No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves;
 Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
 And poets, not inglorious, chaunt their loves.
 Boast, favour'd Media, boast thy flowery stores;
 Thy thousand hues by chemic funs refin'd
 'Tis not the dress or mien thy soul adores,
 'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.
 While Grenville's breast * could virtue's stores
 afford,
 What envy'd flora bore so fair a freight?
 The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
 The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.
 Thee, Grenville, thee with calmest courage
 fraught,
 Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore!
 Thee by the virtues arm'd, the graces taught,
 When shall we cease to boast, or to deplore?
 Presumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,
 What shall it now in recompense decree?
 While friends that merit every earthly joy,
 Feel every anguish; feel the loss of thee!
 Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
 No more the Muse of partial praise arraign;
 Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
 And, if she glory, glories not in vain.

ELEGY XV.

In memory of a private family † in Worcester-shire.

FROM a lone tower with reverend ivy
 crown'd,
 The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;
 Still, as the village caught the waving sound,
 A swelling tear distream'd from every eye.
 So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,
 When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
 For, sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
 Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support is dead!

* Written a few years after the time of Capt. Grenville's death, which happened in 1747. The earldom of Temple was not created till 1749.

† The Penns of Harborough.

'Twas good Palemon—near a shaded pool,
 A group of aged elms unbragous rose;
 The flocking rocks, by instinct's native rule,
 This peaceful scene, for their asylum, chose.

A few small spires to Gothic fancy fair,
 Amid the shades emerging, struck the view;
 'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;
 'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

One favour'd son engag'd his tenderest care;
 One pious youth his whole affection crown'd;
 In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
 Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd
 around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
 A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky;
 Blasts the fair crop—the fire is drown'd in tears,
 And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthio die!

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend;
 Heart-chill'd with grief—"My thread, he
 cry'd, is spun!
 If heaven had meant I should my life extend,
 Heaven had preserv'd my life's support, my
 son.

Snatch'd in thy prime! alas, the stroke were
 mild,
 Had my frail form obey'd the fate's decree!
 Blest were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
 Had heaven so pleas'd, and I had dy'd for
 thee."

Five sleepless nights he stem'd this tide of woes;
 Five irksome furs he saw, through tears, for-
 lorn!

On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose;
 From yonder dome the mournful bier was
 borne.

'Twas on those downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,
 Fought our bold fathers; rustic, unrefin'd!
 Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd!
 They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their
 mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous
 race,
 Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
 War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,
 And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,
 To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;
 If fostering skies, the sun, the shower were
 blest,
 Their bounty spread; their field's extent the
 same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food and fire,
 They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend;
 Bade luxury to lavish courts aspire,
 And avarice to city-breasts descend.

None, to a virgin's mind, prefer'd her dower;
 To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir:
 The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or power
 Assign'd him virtue, and his lot was fair.

They

They spoke of fortune, as some doubtful dame,
 That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere;
 From lucre's vagrant sons had learnt her name,
 But never wish'd to place her banners here.
 Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
 Enjoy'd the melt that innocence can give,
 Those wholesome sweets that border virtue's
 way;
 Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and
 live
 Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore;
 From their own streams their choicer fare they
 drew,
 To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
 The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!
 Sincere themselves, ah too secure to find
 The common bosom, like their own, sincere!
 'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
 'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.
 Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent lane,
 Their suppliant busis implore the reader's
 prayer:
 Ah gentle souls, enjoy your blissful reign,
 And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.
 For sure, to blissful realms the souls are flown,
 That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd strove;
 The friends of science! music, all their own;
 Music the voice of virtue and of love!
 The journeying peasant, through the secret
 shade,
 Heard their soft lyres engage his listening ear;
 And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd,
 No angel play'd—but might with transport
 hear.
 For these the sounds that chase unholy strife
 Solve envy's charm, ambitious wretch release!
 Raise him to spurn the radiant ill of life
 To pity pomp, to be content with peace.
 Farewel, pure spirits! vain the praise we give,
 The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
 Farewel! the virtues which deserve to live,
 Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.
 Last of his race, Palemon, now no more
 The modest merit of his line display'd;
 Then pious Hough Vige nia's mitre wore—
 Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

ELEGY XVI.

He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal splendor
 glows,
 When title shines, with ambient virtues
 crown'd;
 Like some fair almond's flow'ry pomp it shews,
 The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair, to soften splendour's ray;
 Endure the twain, the youth of low degree;
 Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display;
 'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.
 Pity the scandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
 He sighs to brighten a neglected name;
 Foe to the dull applause of vulgar joy,
 He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits fame.
 In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;
 Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades;
 Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
 But gleam still lovely thro' the chequer'd
 shades.
 Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,
 Has fortune rear'd us in the rural groves;
 Should * * * 's eyes illumine the desert plain,
 Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.
 Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind;
 Though you condemn, the gods respect his
 vow;
 Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
 And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.
 On Sarum's plain I met a wand'ring fair,
 The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore:
 Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
 And, on her brow, a flow'ry wreath she wore.
 Oft stooping as she stray'd she cull'd the pride
 Of ev'ry plain; she pillag'd ev'ry grove!
 The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
 And still her hand some various garland wove.
 Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire;
 From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic
 stray'd
 Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
 When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said:
 "Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapless maid,
 Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings!
 Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
 Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.
 The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
 Nor I, nor you, shall his compassion move;
 Come friendly let us wander and complain,
 And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love;
 My love is young—but other loves are young;
 And other loves are fair and so is mine;
 An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
 He is my love, who boasts that air divine.
 No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest,
 Lest he listens to no vulgar vow;
 A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;
 A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.
 What shall I stain the glories of my race?
 More clear, more lovely bright than Hesper's
 beam?
 The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debase?
 Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?
 See through these veins the sappire current shine!
 'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:
 Can base plebeian forms contend with mine!
 Display the lovely white, or match the blue?"

The painter strove to trace its azure ray ;
 He chang'd his colours and in vain the Grove ;
 He frown'd—[smiling view'd the faint essay ;
 Poor youth ! he little knew it flow'd from
 Jove.

Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told :
 How amorous Jove trepan'd a mortal fair ;
 How through the race the generous current roll'd,
 And mock'd the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn sprung
 Our sacred race ; through demigods, convey'd ;
 And he, ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
 My god-like boy, must wed their duteous
 maid.

Oft when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
 My fire's dread fury murmurs through the sky ;
 And should I yield—his instant rage appears,
 He darts th' up-lifted vengeance—and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll !
 Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare !
 'Twas then a vulgar love enflam'd my soul—
 'Twas then—I hardly escap'd the fatal snare.

'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,
 All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain ;—
 Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
 Dear were the youth, and blissful were the
 plain.

But oh ! I faint ! why wastes my vernal bloom,
 In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove ?
 My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
 And I shall die—before I find my love.

When last I slept, methought my ravished eye,
 On distant heights his radiant form survey'd ;
 Though night's thick clouds encamp'd all the
 sky,
 The gems that bound his brow, dispell'd the
 shade.

O how this bosom kindled at the sight !
 Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase !
 Till, on a sudden, these wish-held their light—
 All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,
 Wanders my destin'd youth and chides my
 stay :

See, see, he grasps the steel—forbear, my love—
 Ianthe comes ; thy princess hastes away."

Scornful she spok'd, and heedless of reply
 The lovely naimie bounded o'er the plain ;
 The pitious victim of an angry sky,
 Ah me ! the victim of her, proud disdain !

ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the suggestions of spirit :

An elegy to the winds.

"Æole, namque tibi divum pater atque homi-
 num rex

"Et mulcere dedit mentes & tollere vento."

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my
 prayer !

While thy fury check, thy storm confine !

No trivial blast impell the passive air ;
 But I brew a tempest in a breast like mine.
 What bands of black ideas spread their wings !
 The peaceful regions of content invade !
 With deadly poison taint the crystal springs !
 With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade !
 I know their leader, spleen ; and dread the sway
 Of rigid Fume, his detested fire ;
 Through one my blossoms and my fruits decay ;
 Through one my pleasures and my hopes ex-
 pire.

Like some pale stripling, when his icy way
 Relenting yields beneath the noontide beam,
 I stand aghast ; and chill'd with fear survey
 How far I've tempt'd life's deceitful stream !
 Where, by remorse impell'd, & puls'd by fears,
 Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore ?
 She flies the sad presage of coming years,
 And sorrowing dwells on pleasures now no
 more !

Again with patrons and with friends she roves ;
 But friends and patrons never to return !
 She sees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
 But sees them, weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.
 She visits, His ! thy forsaken stream,
 Oh ill forsaken for Eolian air !
 She deems no flood reflects to bright a beam,
 No reed so verdant, and no flowers so fair.
 She dreams beneath thy sacred shades were peace,
 Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel ;
 Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease.
 And with no cheerful accent cries, farewell !
 Farewel, with whom to these retreat I stray'd !
 By youthful sports, by youthful toils ally'd !
 Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade.
 And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow ;
 Sees every Mute a partial ear incline ;
 Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
 Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flattering mirror, form'd to please,
 Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair ;
 Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease ;
 Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,
 Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove !
 Alas ! there echo will repeat the tale—
 Where shall I find the silent scenes I love ?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone ;
 Forbid to please, yet fated to admire,
 Away my friends ! my sorrows are my own !
 Why should I breathe around my sick desire ?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
 Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell !
 There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
 And from the mouldering refuse, build my cell !

Genius of Rome ! thy prostrate pomp display !
 Trace every dismal proof of fortune's power ;
 Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
 Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tower.

Or

Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,
Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn;
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Towers arches, fanes, in wild confusion strewn,
Let banish'd Marins, lowering by thy side
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou monarch of the storms! forbear!
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul;
And scarce a pleasing twilight soothes my care,
Ere one vast death like darkness shrouds my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
Is built frail fear, or hopes deceitful pile;
My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,
Should the fly brighten or Melissa smile.

ELEGY XVIII.

*He repeats the song of COLLIN, a discerning shepherd;
lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory.*

"Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque rivalet,
Quo minus est illis curae mortalis egestas,
Avarus: victumque ferat" VIRG.

N E A R Avon's bank, on Arden's flowery
plain,

A * * * shepherd charm'd the listening
wave:

And sunny Colcol' fondly lov'd the strain;
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh! lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his music with my bosom agree!
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee.

When, for his tomb with each revolving year,
I fled the musk-rose from the scented brake,
I flew my cowslips and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake,

Shivering beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing
tongue,

The more I found his faltering notes decay,
The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

"Adieu my flocks, he said! my wonted care
By sunny mountain, or by verdant shore!
May some more happy hand your fold prepare,
And may you need your Colin's crook no more!

And you, ye shepherds! lead my gentle sheep;
To breezy hills or leafy shelters lead;
But if the sky with showers incessant weep,
Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
Long loitering there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath?
The fruitless gift of an officious friend!

* Mr. Somerville.

Ah! what avails the timorous lambs to guard,
Though nightly cares, with daily labours, join?
If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,
If Gallia's craft the ponderous fleece purloin.

Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,
I met the terrors of an early grave;
For this I led them from the pointed thorn?
For this I bath'd them in the Lucid wave?

Ah heedless Albion! too benignly prone
Thy blood to lavish, and thy wealth resign!
Shall every other virtue grace thy throne,
But quick-ey'd prudence never yet be thine?

From the fair natives of this peerless hill
Thou gav'st the sheep that browse Iberian
plains:

Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,
Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they stray;
Far from their dams their native guardians far!
Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,
Chaunts his proud mistress to his hoarse
guitar.

But Albion's youth her native fleece despise;
Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's
moan;

In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,
Allur'd by every treasure but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,
Anxious, to see the wintry tempest drive;
Preserve, said I, preserve your fleece, my sheep!
Ere long will Phillis, will my love arrive.

Ere long she came: ah! woe is me she came!
Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,
Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
Give the rich growth of British hills to fame?
And let her charms, and her example, own
That virtue's dress, and beauty's are the
same?

Will no fam'd chief support this generous
maid?

Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
And, comely from his native plains array'd,
Speak future glory to the British loom?

What power unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?
I pierce the dreary shade of future days;
Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,
To breathe my latest breath in * * * 's praise.

O might my breath for * * * 's praise suffice,
How gently should my dying limbs repose!
O might his future glory bless mine eyes,
My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they
close!

* * * was born to spread the general joy;
By virtue rapt, by party uncontroll'd;
Britons for Britain shall the crook employ;
Britons for Britain's glory shear the fold."

ELEGY

ELEGY XIX.

Written in spring 1743.

A GAIN the labouring hind inverts the soil;
 Again the merchant ploughs the tumid
 wave :
 Another spring renews the soldier's toil,
 And finds me vacant in the rural cave.
 As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
 The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
 The fordid Alpheus hurried through my groves ;
 Yet stop'd to vent the dictates of disdain.
 He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold ;
 He blam'd the graces of my favourite bower ,
 My breast, unsully'd by the lust of gold ;
 My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of power.
 Yes, Alpheus ! fly the purer paths of fate ;
 Abjure these scenes from venal passions free ;
 Know, in this grove, I vowed perpetual hate,
 War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.
 Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
 I dress'd an altar to Thalia's name :
 Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flowers,
 Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.
 Damon, she cry'd, if pleas'd with honest praise,
 Thou court success by virtue or by song,
 Fly the false dictates of the venal race ;
 Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.
 Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray ;
 Swerve not thy foot with fortune's votaries
 more ;
 Brand thou their lives and brand their lifeless day,
 The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.
 Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,
 " Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial powers !
 Aid me to quell the fordid breast, I said ;
 And threw my javelin tow'rd's their hostile
 towers*
 Think not regretful I survey the deed ;
 Or added years no more the zeal allow ;
 Still, still observant to the grove I speed,
 The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.
 Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,
 Such generous hate the Punic champion † bore ;
 Thy lake, O Thrasimene ! beheld it glow,
 And Cannæ's walls, and Thebia's crimson shore.
 But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame ;
 Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd ;
 Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
 His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—
 Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd ;
 Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire :
 Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
 And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.
 But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
 Their gold in pyramidal plenty pil'd,
 He saw th' unutterable grief prevail ;
 He saw their tears, and in his fury smil'd.

* A Roman ceremony in declaring war.

† Hannibal.

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the smiles of ease,
 Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain ;
 I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
 Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain !
 But were it cordial, this detested smile,
 Seems it less timely than the grief ye show ?
 O sons of Carthage ! grant me to revile
 The fordid source of your indecent woe !
 Why weep you now ! ye saw with tearless eye
 When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave ;
 Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
 When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave ?
 'Tis past—O Carthage ! vanquish'd ! honour'd
 shade,
 Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore ;
 Had freedom shar'd the vow to fortune paid.
 She ne'er, like fortune, had forsook thy shore."
 He ceased—abash'd the conscious audience hear ;
 Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold ;
 Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear.
 And falling moistens their abandon'd gold.

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the distress of others ; and his subjection to DELIA, with the miserable servitude of an African slave.

WHY droops this heart, with fancy'd woes
 forlorn,
 Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky ?
 What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
 What myriads wish to be as blest as I !
 What though my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
 Nor tempt the proud to quit his destined way ?
 Nor costly art my flowery dais disguise,
 Where only simple friendship deigns to stray ?
 See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
 That scoop their couch beneath the drifted
 snows !
 How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
 Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows !
 Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
 My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear ;
 The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
 The pang she causes, 'tis ev'n bliss to bear:
 See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,
 Ah ! not in love's delightful fetters bound !
 No radiant smile his dying peace restores ;
 Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his
 wound.
 Let vacant bards display their boasted woes,
 Shall I the mockery of grief display ?
 No, let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,
 Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away.
 On the wild beach in mournful guile he stood,
 Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign ;
 He dropt a tear unseen into the flood ;
 He stole one secret moment, to repine.

Yet

Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made ;
 Such moving plaints as nature could inspire ;
 To me the Muse his tender play convey'd,
 But smooth'd, and suited to the sounding lyre.
 " Why am I ravished from my native strand ?
 What savage race protects the impious gain ?
 Shall foreign plagues infect this teeming land,
 And more than sea-born monsters plough the
 main ?
 Here the dire locusts horrid swarms prevail ;
 Here the blue asps with livid poison swell ;
 Here the dry dipsa with his sinuous mail ;
 Can we not here secure from envy dwell ?
 When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,
 When the stern panther sought his midnight
 prey,
 What fate reserv'd me for the christian race ?
 O race more polish'd more severe than they !
 Ye prouling wolves, pursue my latest cries !
 Thou hungry tiger leave thy reeking den ?
 Ye sandy waives, in rapid eddies rise !
 O tear me from the whips and scorn of men !
 Yet in their face superior beauty glows ;
 Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong ?
 Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
 And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.
 Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
 Where gentle minds conveyed by death repair,
 But stain'd with blood and crimson'd o'er with
 crimes,
 Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair ?
 No, careless, hopeless of these fertile plains,
 Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
 They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
 And feign these distant regions to repay.
 For them our tusked elephant expires ;
 For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold ;
 Where rove the brutal nations wild desires ?—
 Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold !
 Yet shores there are, blest shores for us remain,
 And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd,
 Where tufted flowrets paint the verdant plain,
 Where every breeze shall medicine every
 wound.
 There the stern tyrant that embitters life
 Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand ;
 There shall we view the billows raging strife,
 Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

ELEGY XXI.

*Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he
 is led to meditate on the character of the ancient
 Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax
 upon luxury, 1746.*

THUS Damon sung—What though unknown
 to praise
 Umbrageous coverts hide my Muse and me ;

Or 'mid the rural shepherds, flow my days,
 Amid the rural shepherds, I am free.
 To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall,
 Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave !
 To find thy tints, O Titian ! grace my wall,
 Forego the flowery fields my fortune gave ?
 Lord of my time my devious path I bend,
 Through fringy woodland, or smooth-shaven
 lawn ;
 Or pensile grove, or airy cliff ascend,
 And hail the scene by nature's pencil drawn.
 Thanks be to fate—though nor the racy vine,
 Nor fattening olive cloath the fields I rove,
 Sequester'd shades, and gurgling founts are mine,
 And every silvan grott the Muses love.
 Here if my vista point the mouldering pile,
 Where hood and cowl devotion's aspect wore,
 I trace the tottering reliques with a smile,
 To think the mental bondage is no more !
 Pleas'd if the glowing landscape wave with corn ;
 Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise ;
 Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thousand vallies born,
 Discern the Cambria hills support the skies.
 And see Plinlimmon ! ev'n the youthful sight
 Scales the proud hills ethereal cliffs with pain !
 Such Caer-caradoc ! thy stupendous height,
 Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian rain.
 Bleak, joyless regions ! where, by science fir'd,
 Some prying sage his lonely step may bend ;
 There, by the love of novel plaints inspir'd,
 Invidious view the clambering goats ascend.
 Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
 The freeborn Briton left his greenest mead,
 Receding fullen from his mightier foe,
 For here he saw fair liberty recede.
 Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
 Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
 Above all Persian laxx, or Attic art,
 The rude majestic monument arose.
 Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame ;
 Sires, to his praise, attain'd their children's
 tongue ;
 The hoary druid fed the generous flame,
 While in such strains the reverend vizard sung.
 " Go forth, my sons !—for what is vital breath,
 Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd ?
 Go forth, my sons ! for what is instant death
 To souls secure perennial joys to find ?
 For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
 Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's
 wound ;
 Where Patriots, blest with boundless freedom,
 reign,
 With mistletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.
 Such are the names that grace your mystic songs ;
 Your solemn woods resound their martial fire ;
 To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
 If in the cause you vanquish or expire.
 Hark ! from the sacred oak that crowns the
 groves,
 What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms ;
 This

This is the favour'd moment heaven approves,
Sound the shrill trump : this instant, sound to arms."

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance, or decorate the shield;
Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
For some false Florimel's impure disguise,
The list'd youth, nor war's loud signal know,
Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then if soft concord hush'd their fears to sleep,
Inert and silent slept the manly car;
But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful sleep,
If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war,

Now the sleek courtier, indolent, and vain,
Thron'd in the splendid carriage guides supine;
To taint his virtue with a foreign stain,
Or at a favourite's board his faith resign.

Leave them, O luxury! this happy soil!
Chafe her, Britannia, to some hostile shore!
Or * fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

ELEGY XXII.

Written in the year —, when the rights of sepulture were so frequently violated.

SAY, gentle sleep, that lov'st the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams! thou great magician, say,
Whence my late vision thus induces the light;
Thus haunts my fancy through the glare of day.

The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,
And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest;
A sudden lustre struck my wondering eyes,
And Silvia stood before my couch confess'd.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
That led the dance beneath the festive shade!
But she that, in the morning of her day,
Intomb'd beneath the grass-green soil was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast;
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame,
No more her cheek the Pastan rose surpass'd;
Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face;
Nor such her voice as charm'd the listening crowd;

Nor such her dress as heighten'd every grace;
Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same;
That dear distinction every doubt removed;
Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury.

"Damon, she said, mine hour allotted flies;
Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!
Though griev'd to see thy Silvia's pale disguise,
Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy Muse with virtuous flame be blest!
So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
So may thy bones in sacred silence rest,
Fast by the reliques of some happier maid!

Thou know'st how lingering on a distant shore
Disease invidious nipt my flowery prime;
And oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

No friend was near to raise my drooping head;
No dear companion wept to see me die;
Lodge me within my native soil, I said;
There my fond parents honoured reliques lie.

Though now debarr'd of each domestic tear;
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
There many a friend shall grace my woeful bier,
And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow.

I spoke, nor fate forbore his trembling spoil;
Some vernal mourner lent his careless aid;
And soon they bore me to my native soil,
Where my fond Parents dear remains were laid.

'Twas then the youths, from every plain and grove,

Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Silvia's bier;
'Twas then the nymph their votive garlands wove,

And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why, alas! the tender scene display?
Could Damon's foot the pious path decline?
Ah no! 'twas Damon first attun'd his lay,
And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave;
My placid ghost no longer wept its doom;
When savage robbers every sanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!

Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,

Loose the cheap portion of my native sands?
Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the wild ravage of barbarian hands?

Say, would thy breast no death-like torture feel,
To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey?
To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel?
To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey?

If Pæan's sons these horrid rites require,
If health's fair science be by these refin'd,
Let guilty convicts, for their use, expire;
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

Yet hard it seems, when guilt's last fine is paid,
To see the victim's corse deny'd repose!
Now, more severe! the poor offenceless maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?
Where the fond care the wandering manes claim?

Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
And sacred be their ashes, and their fame;

Arise

Arise, dear youth ! ev'n now the danger calls ;
 Ev'n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey ;
 See ! see ! I lead thee to yon' sacred walls—
 Oh ! fly to chase these human wolves away."

ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his situation.

BORN near the scene for Kenelm's fate renowned,

I take my plaintive reed and range the grove,
 And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
 The savage force of empire and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon' various wild,
 Where spreading oaks embower a Gothic fane ;
 Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd ;
 There nature urg'd her tenderest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
 Th' ambitious maid could every care employ ;
 Then with assiduous fondness crept the flowers,
 To deck the cradle of the princely boy ?

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown ;
 Love fires her breast ; the sultry passions rise ;
 A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
 And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune, ah ! how just were fate,
 Would fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove !
 How sweet to revel on the couch of state !
 To crown at once her lover and her love !

See garnish'd for the chase, the fraudulent maid
 To these lone hills direct his devious way ;
 The youth all prone the sifter guide obey'd,
 Ill-fated youth ! himself the destin'd prey.

But now, nor shaggy hill, nor pathless plain,
 Forms the lone refuge of the sylvan game ;
 Since Lytleton has crown'd the sweet domain
 With softer pleasures, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough Bowman urg'd his headlong
 speed,

Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire ;
 And where hoarse scream'd the serpent horn,
 succred

The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thompson loitering near some limpid well,
 For Britain's friend the verdant wreath pre-
 pare !

Or, studious of revolving seasons tell,
 How peerless Lucia made all seasons fair !

See * * * * * from civic garlands fly,
 And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein !

Or from yon' summit, with a guardian's eye,
 Observe how freedom's hand adorns the plain !

Here Pope ! ah never must that towering mind
 To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return ?

VOL. VII.

What art ! what friendships ! oh ! what fame
 resign'd !

—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,
 And these glad streams and smiling lawns be-
 hold ?

Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
 And think fair freedom well exchang'd for
 gold ?

Through the soft shades delighted let me stray,
 While o'er my head forgotten suns descend !
 Through these dear valleys bend my casual way,
 Till setting life a total shade extend !

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares
 I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate :
 Or shrink to find, how much ambition dares,
 To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state !

Canst thou O sun ! that spotless throne disclose,
 Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain ?
 Where, shew me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
 Pure, as the simple crook that rules the plain ?

Tremendous pomp ! where hate, distrust, and
 fear,

In kindred bosoms solve the social tie ;
 There not the parent smile is half sincere ;
 Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame,
 No face is brighten'd, and no bosoms beat ;
 Youth, manhood, age, avow one sordid aim,
 And ev'n the beardless lip allays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murderous
 round ;

The glance, that more than rural blame instills ;
 Whisper's, that ting'd with friendship doubly
 wound,

Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

Their anger whets, but love can ne'er engage ;
 Careless brothers part but to revile ;
 There all men smile, and prudence warns the
 wife,

To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all her rivals ! sifter, son, and sire,
 With horrid purpose hug destructive arms ;
 There soft-ey'd maids in murderous plots con-
 spire,

And scorn the gentler mis'chief of their charms.

Let servile minds one endless watch endure ;
 Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard re-
 sign ;

But lay me, fate ! on flowery banks, secure,
 Though my whole soul be, like my limbs, su-
 pine.

Yes, may my tongue disdain a vassal's care ;
 My lyre resound no prostituted lay ;
 More warm to merit, more eager to wear
 The cap of freedom, than the crown of bay.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
 I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow ;
 Cheer'd by the verdure of my spruce wood,
 I scorn the quarry, where no shrub can grow.

X

No

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
His tongue, his hand, attempts no secret wound;
He sings his Delia, and if she be true,
His love at once, and his ambition's crown'd.

ELEGY XXIV.

He takes occasion, from the fate of ELZANOR of BRETAGNE, to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life.

WHEN beauty mourns, by fate's injurious doom,
Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye;
When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

Fair Eiconora! would no gallant mind,
The cause of love, the cause of justice own?
Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
To see them sparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms
Well might such brows the regal gem resign;
Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms;
Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shrine of Britons! in one fullen tower
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen anguish every rest devour;
They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell.

Through one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw;
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd.
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This age might bear: then fated fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;
Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
Restrain its listening ear, its curious eye.

Believe me, * * *, the pretence is vain!
This boasted calm that smooths our early days,
For never yet could youthful mind restrain
Th' alternat. pant for pleasure and for praise.

Ev'n me, by shady oak or limpid spring,
Ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure;
Some genius whispers, "Life is on the wing,
And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

What though thy vicer mind admire no more—
The shining cincture, and the broader'd fold,
Can pierce like lightning through the figur'd ore,
And melt to drops the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermins, rods, may well attract thy scorn;
The futile presents of capricious power!
But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
And who but envies then the social hour?

Can virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
Forget how * * * sustains the shepherd's
cause?

Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
Nor join the sounding pean of applause?

For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
See Grenville quit the Muse's favourite ease;
And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?
Life, says the sage, affords no bliss sincere;
And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew:
But ah! where Grenville charms the listening
ear,

'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.
The groves may smile, the rivers gently glide;
Soft through the vale resound the lonesome lay.
Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taste preside;
But can they please, when Lyttleton's away?

Pure as the swain's the breast of * * * glows,
Ah! were the shepherd's phrase, like his,
refin'd

But, how improves the generous dictate flows
Through the clear medium of a polish'd mind.

Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's
love,

Her inmost wish in * * * period's hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move,
Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the
sphere!

While rural faith, and every polish'd art,
Each friendly charm, in * * * conspire,
From public scenes all pensive must you part;
All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or
stream,

Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun;
Go dare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam,
And hail the bright procession of the sun.

Then cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume
The silent walk; no more by passion test:
Then seek thy rustic haunts; the dreary gloom,
Where every art, that colours life, is lost."

In vain! the listening Muse attends in vain!
"Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—
Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,
When injur'd beauty mourns the Muse's fate.

ELEGY XXV.

TO DELIA, with some flowers; complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune.

WHATEVER could sculpture's curious art,
employ,

Whatever the lavish hand of wealth can shower,
These would I give—and every gift enjoy,
That pleas'd my fair—but fate denies the
power.

Blest were my lot to feed the social fires!

To learn the latent wishes of a friend!

To give the boon his native taste admires,

And, for my transport, on his smile depend!

Blest

Blest too is he, whose evening ramble strays,
Where droop the sons of indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaz,
And win, at small expence, their fondest
prayer!

And oh the joy! to flann the conscious light,
To spare the modish blush: to give unseen!
Like showers that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they, who drooping realms relieve!
Whose virtue cultur'd in our vales appear!
For whose sad fate a thousand shepherd's grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from its oppressive shade;
To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine;
To hear it grateful own the generous aid;
This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss; nor I refuse
To range where daizies open, rivers roll;
While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of Jasmine bowers,
And urge with trivial cares the loitering
year;

A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flow-
ers,

Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of those lov'd flowers the lifeless corse may
share;

Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow:
The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as
fair,

As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan quire;
The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire;
O! let not gentle Delia smile so soon!

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay;
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—

O Delia! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
I bless the silent path the fates decree;
Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days,
To raise the moments crown'd with bliss and
thee,

ELEGY XXVI.

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous
mind, on the melancholy event of a li-
centious amour.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his
downcast eye!
That eye where mirth, where fancy used to
shine?

Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.
Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care
Blest in thy song, and blest in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the
fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise refrain:
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell:
Then had my bosom'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In fortune's train the syren flattery smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chase, till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest!
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Ere-while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

"Henry, she said, by thy dear form subdued,
See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes re-
turn?

Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But soe that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with
shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;

All seem to chase me from the chearful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.
If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the Jasmynes that could once
allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say.
For we are spotless, Jeffy; we are pure.
Ye flowers! that well reproach a nymph so frail;
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant and was not so fair.
Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhor'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.
Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets o' blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die.
Left my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.
Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove.
And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.
Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jeffy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
Not such the precept from his lips I drew!
Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
And pity, welcome, to my native soil."
She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me, in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for
mine.
I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with every passion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to
leave!
Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jeffy—floats upon the watery plain!
And see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jeffy floating on her watery bier!

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

An ODE to the late Dukes of Somerset,
written 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the Muse inspire!
Oh! Peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!
Ye rural thames that o'er the mossy down
Some panting, timorous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And urg'd by rude constraint resound the jovial
cry?
See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;

He sees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses load the deed.
Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown:
Yours be the produce of the soil:
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain?
But though the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true
But though, the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.
Unpleas'd

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the spring her flowery robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious Muse
For well she knows your froward sense accuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the maffy trunk, before you cry, 'tis
fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day.
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our uncutor'd sense disdain:
'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.
Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain sweells, the dale subsides;
Ev'n thistleless furze detains their wandering
flight.
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with
delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
The sordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his
name!
What scruples lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth!
Bonds, contracts, scoffments, names unmeet
for prose,
The towering Muse endures not to disclose;
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehensive and more free,
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the solemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial fort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the sea:
Each laughing Mute derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle shores in dower.
His breast to admiration prone
Enjoys the smile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant every grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws,
When Somerlet avoids the great;
When, cloy'd with merited applause,
She seeks the rural calm retreat;
Does she not praise each mossy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?

When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon throble chaunt the rising year?
Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primrose of the plains!
Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the sons of power, unknown to half man-
kind?

Ah can she covet there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires:
While, studious of the moral theme,
She, to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey.
How cool serene, and clear, the current glides
away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who slight the sweetly pensive mind!
On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
And every Muse prophetic smil'd,
Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell,
Or, on the music of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and
prove
All nature's charms immense, and heaven's un-
bounded love.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around:
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smoothe below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Reflect flowers, woods, and spires, and brighten
all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favour'd
bower,
And every gentle breast partakes the joy!
While charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to cheer
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain;
See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,
For half her graceless deeds atone,
And hail the bounteous work, and ranks it with
her own.

Why

Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search but the garden or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the
smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why shines with paint the linner's wing?
For sustenance alone? For use?
For preservation? Every sphere
Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.
And sure there seem, of human kind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To sooth the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate re-
pose.

From plains and woodlands; from the view
Of rural nature's blooming face,
Smit by the glare of rank and place,
To courts the sons of fancy flew;
There long had art ordain'd a rival seat;
There had she lavish'd all her care
To form a scene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat
To share her proud control;
Had given the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And, emulous of nature's power,
Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow-
er;

Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each rustic limb anew,
And warp'd the very soul.
A while her magic strikes the novel eye,
A while the fairy forms delight;
And now a loof we seem to fly
On purple pinions through a purer sky.
Here all his wonderful, all is bright:
Now landed on some spangled shore
A while each dazzled maniac roves
By sapphire lakes, through emerald groves.
Paternal acres please no more;
Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—
Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangle'd vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of
toil.

But soon the pageant fades away!
'Tis nature only bears perpetual sway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigued with splendor's irksome beams.
Fancy again demands the sight
Of native groves and wonted streams,

Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful
eyes,
Where truth maintains her court, and banishes
disguise.

Then hither oft, ye senators, retire,
With nature here high converse ho'd;
For who like Stamford her delights admire,
Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,
Shall see fair truth, immortal maid,
Friendship in artless guise array'd,
Honour and moral beauty shine
With more attractive charms, with radiance
more divine.

Yes, here alone did highest heaven ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, towers,
'Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flowers
Or shrubs fuliginously grim:
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far distant grove,
Where, smit with undissembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd
fair.

But how must faithless art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love:
Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
Examples for its giddy bands:
From these impartial heaven demands
To spread the flame itself inspires;
To sift opinions mingled mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grot, or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
They only that deserve, enjoy
What though nor fabled dryad haunt the
grove.
Nor naiad near their fountain rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental sight,
A train of smiling virtues bright
Shall there the wise retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wan-
derer's brow.

And

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,
 Art have with nature wag'd presumptuous
 war;
 By Seymour's winning influence charm'd
 In whom their gifts united shine,
 No longer shall their counsels jar.
 'Tis her to mediate the peace;
 Near Percy-Lodge, with awe-struck
 mien,
 The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
 And havock and contention cease.
 I see the rival powers combine,
 And aid each other's fair design;
 Nature exalt the mound where art shall build;
 Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the
 field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
 O warble forth your noblest lay;
 Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
 Ye leverets, freely sport and play.
 —Peace to the strept horn!
 Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,
 No sounds inelegant and rude
 Her sacred solitudes profane!
 Unless her candour not exclude
 The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
 Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
 Fearful, yet not averie, that Somerset should
 hear.

ODE to MEMORY. 1748.

O Memory! celestial maid!
 Who glean'st the flowerets cropt by time;
 And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
 Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
 Bring, bring those moments to my mind
 When life was new, and Lescia kind.
 And bring that garland to my sight,
 With which my favour'd crook she bound;
 And bring that wreath of roses bright
 Which then my festive temples crown'd;
 And to my raptur'd ear convey
 The gentle things she deign'd to say.
 And sketch with care the Muse's bower,
 Where Isis rolls her silver tide;
 Nor yet omit one reed or flower
 That shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
 If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
 When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.
 The song it 'vails not to recite—
 But sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
 Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
 Than other banks, than other streams:
 Or, by the softening pencil shewn,
 Assume thy beauties not their own?
 And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
 When, all beneath the poplar bough,
 My spirits light, my soul serene,
 I breath'd in verse one cordial vow:

That nothing should my soul inspire
 But friendship warm, and love entire.
 Dull to the sense of new delight,
 On thee the drooping Muse attends;
 As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
 On thy expressive power depends;
 Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
 To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chafe those vows away
 Which at ambition's shrine I made;
 Nor ever let thy skill display
 Those anxious moments ill repaid:
 Oh from my breast that season raise,
 And bring my childhood in its place.
 Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
 And bring the hobby I bestrode;
 When, pleas'd in many a sportive ring,
 Around the room I jovial rode:
 Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
 And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
 Why did not these enjoyments last;
 How sweetly wasted I the day,
 While innocence allow'd to waste!
 Ambition's toils alike are vain,
 But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

The PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

A BALLAD alluding to a story recorded
 of her, when she was prisoner at
 Woodstock, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining
 Great Eliza captive lay?
 Each ambitious thought resigning,
 Foe to riches, pomp, and sway.
 While the nymphs and swains delighted
 Tript around in all their pride;
 Envyng joys by others fligh'd,
 Thus the royal maiden cry'd.
 "Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
 Who would bid those scenes adieu?
 Stranger to the arts of malice,
 Who would ever courts pursue?
 Malice never taught to treasure,
 Censure never taught to bear:
 Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
 Love is all the damsel's care.
 How can they of humble station
 Vainly blame the powers above?
 Or accuse the dispensation
 Which allows them all to love?
 Love like air is widely given.
 Power nor chance can these restrain;
 Truest, noblest gifts of heaven!
 Only purest on the plain!

Peers

Peers can no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters drest,
As, on Sundays, does the lover
With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near;
Fops may use the same allusion;
But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
Clearly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowslips all around her springing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never breast with jewels laden
Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent heaven had granted
Me some rural damsel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove:
Fearless taste the crystal fountains;
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb.

ODE to a young LADY,

Somewhat too solicitious about her man-
ner of expression.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream,
Adown the smiling valley stray;
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?
So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one single grace bestow.
Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamel'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flower to please us more;
As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
And oh may Laura, ere she try,
With fresh vermilion paint the rose.
Hark how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can every study'd grace excel;
Let art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?
Oh ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic law confin'd!
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

NANCY of the VALE.

A BALLAD.

"Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hybla!
"Candidior Cygnis! hederâ formosior albâ!"

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray:
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day.

When from an hazle's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

"Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove;

But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Esham's dale!
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams,
And every shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That floats on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom:
Her eye, all mild to view:
The little alcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
So taper, strait, and fair;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerless bud I found;
And shadowing rock and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
Should from a nymph so sweet;
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline
"Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
As I would prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

ODE to INDOLENCE. 1750.

AH! why for ever on the wing
Perfists my wearied soul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
Or pleasure or contentment home?
Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
From paradise's honour'd groves,
Careless fatigues his little frame;
Nor finds the resting place he loves.
Lo! on the rural mossy bed
My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
Ah, gentle sloth! indulgent spread
The same soft bandage o'er my mind
For why should lingering thought invade,
Yet every worldly prospect cloy?
Lend me, soft sloth, thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.
Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempestuous wind that blows?
An altar on its bank shall rise,
Where oft thy votary shall be found;
What time pale autumn lulls the skies,
And sickening verdure fades around.
Ye busy race, ye fustious train,
That haunt ambition's guilty shrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.
And thou, puissant queen! be kind:
If e'er I shar'd thy balmy power;
If e'er I sway'd my active mind
To weave for thee the rural bower;
Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing sigh remove;
And only let me wake to share,
The sweets of friendship and of love.

ODE to HEALTH. 1730.

HEALTH, capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bower,
Where I had hope to share thy power,
And blest thy loving aid?
Since thou, alas! art flown,
It vailes not whether Muse or Grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place;
I sigh for thee alone.
VOL. VII.

Age not forbids thy stay;
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city-air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And though with purest hand I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
The boasted name, and titles fair,
Why scorn'st thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the Muse's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu.
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and val'ys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet 'midst his unremitting snows,
The poor Laponian's bosom glows;
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time
When, though I scorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor said a prayer,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blest than I?
When the glad school-boy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
To freedom, and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could sink my cheerful mind.

Where'er my stars include;
What other breads convert to pain,
My towering mind shall soon disdain,
Should scorn— Ingratitude.

Repair this mould'ring cell,
And blest with objects round at home,
And envying none their farer dome,
How pleas'd my soul should dwell;

Temperance should guard the doors;
From room to room should memory stray,
And ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleasing stores—

There let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene:
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair Queen! alone.

TO a LADY of QUALITY,*

Fitting up her Library. 1738.

AH! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart;
Ye trophies, which the learn'd pursue
Through endless fruitless toils adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,
To soothe the miseries they show?
What, like the bliss for him decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the simplest hind,
How rare that object which supplies
A charm for too discerning eyes!

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper sense of pain:
As each invading blast devours
The richest fruits, the fairest flowers.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of knowledge climb;
Then from the towering heights they scale,
Behold contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Asteria, tell us why
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh;
Why then does reason seem so fair,
Why learning, then, deserve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,
While you so fair a proof unfold
What force the brightest genius draws
From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What strange perfection bids us own
That bliss with toilsome science dwells,
And happiest he, who most excels?

Upon a VISIT to the same, in WIN-
TER, 1748.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day;
And charm the dull ey'd spleen away!

No linnet, from the leafless bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now;
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flower's emit their transient rays:
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd streams
But ill befriended a poet's dreams:
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre;
And well supplies poetic fire.

* Lady Lu. borough.

The fields have lost their lovely dye;
No chearful azure decks the sky;
Yet still we bless the lowering day;
Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the muse no more presume,
To blame the winter's dreary gloom;
Accuse his loitering hours no more;
But ah! their envious haste deplore!

For soon, from wit and friendship's reign,
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year,
On savage plains, and deserts drear!

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
Nor find the spring my loss atone!
But 'mid the flowery sweets of May
With pride recal this winter's day.

An Irregular ODE after SICKNESS,
1749.

“—Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus.”

TOO long a stranger to repose,
At length from pain's abhorred couch I rose
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay
I hail'd once more the chearful day,
The sun's forgotten beams:
O sun! how pleasing were thy rays.
Reflected from the polish'd face
Of yon refulgent streams!

Rais'd by the scene, my feeble tongue
Essay'd again the sweets of song:
And thus, in feeble strains and slow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

“Come, gentle air! my languid limbs restore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore:
For sure I heard the tender sighs,
I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapless youths, who through the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love:

To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies;
Debar'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes;
And banish'd in their prime.

Come, gentle air! and, while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jasmine's breath divine;
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor spare the sweet-leaft eglantine.
And may'st thou shun the rugged storm
Till health her wonted charms explain,
With rural pleasure in her train,
To greet me in her fairest form.
While from this lofty mount I view
The sons of wealth, the vulgar crew,
Anxious for futile gains beneath me stray,
And seek with erring step contentment's obvious way.

Comes

Come, gentle air! and thou, celestial Muse,
Thy genial flame infuse;
Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
And gild retirement's gloomy shade;
Enough to rear such rustic lays
As foes may flight, but partial friends will praise."

The gentle air allow'd my claim;
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of opening flowers;
Such as the bee, with chemic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or scents Sabea's blooming vales.
But ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind
By precepts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan
Oh, how should they relieve?—The Muses all
were flown.

By flowery plain, or woodland shades,
I fondly sought the charming maids;
By woodland shades, or flowery plain,
I sought them, faithless maids! in vain!
When lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead.
To range where zeal and friendship lead,
To visit Luxborough's honour'd bower.

Ah foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near less verdant shades;
Scarce have my foot-steps press'd the favour'd
ground,

When sounds ethereal strike my ear;
At once celestial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The Muses here attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
The sportive Graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
Too well at one survey I trace,
How every Muse, and every Grace,
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
Glow's not a shell on Adria's rocky shore.
But, torn methought from native lands and seas,
From their arrangement gain fresh power to please.

And some had bent the wondrous maze,
Bedeck'd with every shrub that blows;
And some entwin'd the willing spray,
To shield th' illustrious dame's repose:
Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;
Or, mid the decorated space,
Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place.
And given to learning all the pomp of show.
And now from every task withdrawn,
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! woe is me, said I;
And * * * 's hilly circuit heard my cry,
Have I for this with labour strove,
And lavish'd all my little store

To fence for you my shady grove,
And scollop every winding shore;
And fringe with every purple rose,
The sapphire stream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treacherous maids!
To quit unseen my votive shades,
When pale disease, and torturing pain,
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a restless couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To swell the song, or plan the shade;
By genuine fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while she marks the sage command,
More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
Her lyre resound with nobler lays
Than ever you inspir'd.
Thus I may rage and grief display;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a Grace or Muse return
Till Luxborough lead the way.

To a LADY, with some coloured Pat-
terns of Flowers, Oct. 7, 1736.

MADAM,

THOUGH rude the draughts, though artless
seem the lines,
From one unskill'd in verse, or in designs;
Oft has good-nature been the fool's defence,
And honest meaning gild'd want of sense.

Fear not, though flowers and beauty grace my
lay,
To praise one fair, another shall decay.
No lily, bright with painted foliage, here,
Shall only languish, when Selinda's near:
A Fate revers'd no smiling rose shall know,
Nor with reflected lustre doubly glow.
Praises which languish when apply'd to you,
Where flattering schemes seem obviously true.

Yet sure your sex is near to flowers ally'd,
Alike in softness, and alike in pride:
Foes to retreat, and ever fond to shine,
Both rush to danger, and the shades decline;
Expos'd, the short-liv'd pageants of a day,
To painted flies or glittering fops a prey:
Chang'd with each wind, nor one short day the
same,
Each clouded sky affects their tender frame,
In glaring Chloe's man-like taste and mien,
Are the gross splendors of the Tulip seen:
Distant they strike, inelegantly gay,
To the near view no pleasing charms display.
To form the nymph, a vulgar wit must join,
As coarser soils will moist the flower refine.
Ophelia's beauties let the Jasmine paint,
Too faintly soft, too nicely elegant,

Y 2

Around

Around with seeming sanctity endued,
The Passion-flower may best express the Prude.
Like the gay Rose, too rigid Silvia shines,
While, like its guardian thorn, her virtue joins—
Happy the nymph! from all their failures free,
Happy the nymph! in whom their charms agree.

Faint these productions, till you bid disclose,
The Pink new splendors, and fresh tints the Rose:
And yet condemned not trivial draughts like these,
Form'd to improve, and make ev'n trifles please.
A power like yours minuter beauties warms,
And yet can blast the most aspiring charms:
Thus, at the rays whence other objects shine,
The taper sickens, and its flames decline.
When by your art the purple Violet lives,
And the pale Lily sprightlier charms receives:
Garters to me shall glow inferior far,
And with less pleasing lustre shine the star.

Let serious triflers, fond of wealth or fame,
On toils like these bestow too soft a name;
Each gentler art with wise indifference view,
And scorn one trifle, millions to pursue:
More artful I, their specious schemes deride:
Fond to please you, by you in these employ'd;
A nobler talk, or more sublime desire,
Ambition ne'er could form, nor pride inspire:

The sweets of tranquil life and rural ease
Amuse securely, nor less justly please.
Where gentle pleasure shows her milder power,
Or blooms in fruit, or sparkles in the flower;
Smiles in the groves, the raptur'd poet's theme;
Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the stream;
Dawns, with each happier stroke the pencil gives,
And, in each livelier image, smiting lives;
Is heard, when Silvia strikes the warbling strings,
Selinda speaks, or Philomela sings:
Breathes with the morn; attends, propitious maid,
The evening ramble, and the noon day glade;
Some visionary fair she cheats our view,
Then only vigorous, when she's seen like you.
Yet nature some for sprightlier joys design'd,
For brighter scenes, with nicer care, refin'd:
When the gay jewel radiant streams supplies,
And vivid brilliants meet your brighter eyes;
When dress and pomp around the fancy play,
By fortune's dazzling beauties borne away:
When theatres for you the scenes forego,
And the box bows, obsequiously low:
How dull the plan which indolence has drawn,
The mossy grotto, or the flowery lawn!
Though roseate scents in every wind exhale,
And sylvan warblers charm in every gale.

Of those be her's the choice, whom all approve;
And whom, but those who envy, all must love:
By nature model'd, by experience taught,
To know and pity every female fault:
Pleas'd ev'n to hear her sex's virtues shewn,
And blind to none's perfections but her own:
Whilst, humble fair! of these too few she knows,
Yet owns too many for the world's repose:
From wit's wild petulance forever free,
Yet blest in all that nature can decree

Not like a fire, which, whilst it burns, alarms;
A modest flame, that gently shines and warms:
Whose mind, in every light, can charms display;
With wisdom serious, and with humour gay;
Just as her eyes in each bright posture warm,
And fiercely strike, or languishingly charm:
Such are your horrors—mention'd to your cost,
Those least can hear them, who deserve them
most:

Yet ah! forgive—the less inventive Muse,
If e'er she sing, a copious theme must chuse.

Written in a Flower Book of my own
Colouring, designed for Lady Ply-
mouth. 1753-4.

“Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ.” HOR.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year;
And let me, thence, a garland frame,
To crown this fair, this peerless dame!

But ah! since envious winter hours,
And Hewell meads resign their flowers,
Let art and friendship joint essay
Diffuse their flowerets, in her way.

Not nature can herself prepare
A worthy wreath for Læstia's hair,
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
Whose thoughts and accents form'd to soothe,
Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,
Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
Deserv'd and won my Plymouth's love.

ANACREONTIC. 1733.

T WAS in a cool Aorian glade,
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
Had sought refreshment from the shade;
And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep;
And is it thine to snore profound,
She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush—from this auspicious hour,
The world, I ween, may rest in peace;
And, robb'd of darts, and stript of power,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—
When the Castalion fount she saw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!
 Shall cause you soon to curse the day
 You dar'd the shafts of love invade;
 And gave his arms redoubled sway.
 For in a stream so wonderful clear,
 When angry Cupid searches round,
 Will not the radiant points appear?
 Will not the furtive spoils be found?
 Too soon they were; and every dart,
 'ipt in the Muse's mystic spring,
 Acquir'd new force to wound the heart;
 And taught at once to love and sing.
 Then farewell, ye Pierian quire;
 For who will now your altars throng?
 From love we learn to swell the lyre;
 And echo asks no sweeter song.

ODE. Written 1739.

"Urit spes animi credula nutui." HOR.

TWAS not by beauty's aid alone,
 That love usurp'd his airy throne,
 His boasted power display'd;
 'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
 'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
 Which beauty first convey'd.
 In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view;
 Her lips with all the rose's hue
 Have all its sweets combin'd;
 Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
 'Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
 To prove the charmer kind—
 Though wit might gild the tempting snare,
 With softest accent, sweetest air,
 By envy's self admir'd:
 If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
 In vain might every Grace adorn
 What every Muse inspir'd.
 Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
 He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
 Which love-sick twains endure:
 Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart;
 Since frowns could never wound his heart;
 And smiles—must ever cure.
 But ah! how false these maxims prove,
 How frail security from love,
 Experience hourly shows!
 Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
 On every charming lip and eye
 Eternal sweets bestows.
 In vain we trust the fair-one's eyes;
 In vain the sage explores the skies,
 To learn from stars his fate:
 Till, led by fancy wide astray,
 He finds no planet mark his way;
 Convinc'd and wile—too late.

As partial to their words we prove;
 Then boldly join the lists of love.

With towering hopes supply'd:
 See heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
 Mistook their deity's designs;
 Then took the field—and dy'd.

THE DYING KID.

"Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi

"Prima fugit——" VIRG.

A Tear bedews my Delia's eye,
 To think yon playful kid must die;
 From crystal spring and flowery mead,
 Must, in his prime of life, recede!
 Erewhile, in sportive circles round
 She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
 From rock to rock pursue his way,
 And, on the fearful margin, play.
 Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
 She saw him climb my rustic cell:
 Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
 And seem all ravish'd at the sight.
 She tells, with what delight he stood,
 To trace his features in the flood:
 Then skip'd aloof with quaint amaze;
 And then drew near again to gaze.
 She tells me how with eager speed
 He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
 And how with critic face profound,
 And steadfast ear, devour'd the sound.
 His every frolic, light as air
 Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
 And tears bedew her tender eye.
 To think the playful kid must die.—
 But knows my Delia, timely wife,
 How soon this blam'd self era flies?
 While violence and craft succeed;
 Unfair design, and ruthless deed!
 Soon would the vine his wounds deplore;
 And yield her purple gifts no more;
 Ah soon, eras'd from every grove
 Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.
 No more those bowers might Strephon see,
 Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
 No more those beds of flowerets find,
 Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.
 Each wayward passion soon would tear
 His bosom, now so void of care;
 And, when they left his ebbing vein,
 What, but insipid age, remain?
 Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
 That gave his life so short a date;
 And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
 To think that youth so swiftly flies!

S O N G S,

Written chiefly between the Years 1737
and 1742.

S O N G I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Dispoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

S O N G II. The LANDSKIP.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers
Ere while I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale
And all the landskip round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see:
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

S O N G III.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames,
That rule o'er every British mind;
Be sure ye soothe their amorous flames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting sighs away:
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom
And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,
A British youth, should vainly moan;
Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

S O N G IV. The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sounds that soothe her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

S O N G V.

" Ah! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
" Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem."

ON every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial spring in vain!
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain, nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me;
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?
Or what the needle's pride of spring?
The cypressbough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

' is true, my vine so fresh and fair
Might claim a while my wonted care;
My rural store some pleasure yield;
So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon unsincere?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

SONG VI.

The Attribute of VENUS.

YES; Fulvia is like Venus fair;
Has all her bloom, and shape and air:
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore;
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.
Her train was form'd of smiles and loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves!
And from her zone, the nymph may find,
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG VII. 1744.

THE lovely Delia smiles again;
That killing frown has left her brow:
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day;
A while we see the tempest lower;
Anon the radiant heaven survey,
And quite forget the flitting shower.

The flowers, that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note, express
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG VIII. 1742.

WHEN bright Roxana treads the green,
In all the pride of dress and mien;
Averse to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day:
None other beauty strikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay;
The scene improves, where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;
Pity a wild illusive flame,
That varies objects still the same;
And let their very changes prove
The never-vary'd force of love.

SONG IX. 1743.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

'TIS said that under distant skies,
Nor you the fact deny;
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant power,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,
Where blooms the sovereign flower.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmast bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his vow,
Some artless linnet, sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends;
And owns, upon her friendly aid,
His health, his life, depends:

Vain futile idols, bird or flower;
To tempt a votary's prayer!
How would his humble homage tower,
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes,
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

SONG X. 1745.

THE fatal hours are wonderful near,
That, from these fountains, bear my dear,
A little space is given; in vain:
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Shall draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the school-boy that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace—

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair enclose!
Oh! better had'st thou shun'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.
Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part with thee!

SONG XI. 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh;
Where wit and sense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.
The beauties of her polish'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.
It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love—
Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is—it is love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

SONG XII. 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths, I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.
But though my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine;
My busy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone—on thine.
No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eye;
No pyramids aerial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.
Unmov'd, should I assert kings advance;
Could I the pageant see:
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal one thought from thee.

SONG XIII.

The SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where mur-
mur'd the rill;
I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.
Free rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I
fung
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my
tongue;

But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might
hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd!
And the more I with study my fancy rein'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.
So long as of nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew:
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

SONG XIV. The ROSE-BUD.

SEE, Daphne, see, Florelia cry'd,
And learn the sad effects of pride;
You shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!
The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze:
A gale succeeds from Eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.
So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine
Where fame's transporting rays allure,
Though here more happy, more secure.
The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade;
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the rose, an eastern wind.
The nymph reply'd—you first, my swain,
Confine your sonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike disarms,
You, of your wit, me, of my charms.
What is, unknown, the poet's skill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
Or what the rose's blush, unseen?

SONG XV. WINTER. 1746.

NO more, ye warbling birds, rejoice:
Of all that cheer'd the plain,
Echo alone preserves her voice,
And she—repeats my pain.
Where'er my love-sick limbs I lay,
To shun the rushing wind,
Its busy murmurs seem to say,
"She never will be kind!"
The Naiads, o'er their frozen urns,
In icy chains repine;
And each in fullen silence mourns
Her freedom lost, like mine!
Soon will the sun's returning rays
The cheerless frost controul;
When will relenting Delia chase
The winter of my soul?

S O N G XVI.

DAPHNE'S VISIT.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay salute my love:
My Daphne with your notes detain:
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footsteps rise;
Display at once your brightest dyes;
That she your opening charms may see:
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flower,
And shed its odours round my bower:
Or never more O gentle wind,
Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams! if e'er your tanks I lov'd
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur soothe my fair!
Or, oh! twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom!
Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

S O N G XVII.

Written in a collection of Bacchanalian
Songs.

A DIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzling eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
Eut limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove;
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
I scorn the madness I approve,
And value reason next to love

S O N G XVIII.

WHEN bright Ophelia treads the green,
In all the pride of dress and mien;
Averse to freedom, mirth, and play,
The lofty rival of the day;
Me thinks to my enchanted eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

Vol. VII.

But when, disdaining art, the fair
Assumes a soft, engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
And as the feather'd warblers gay:
The scene improves whate'er she goes,
More sweetly smiles the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor think thy Damon insincere.
Pity my wild delusive flame:
For though the flowers are still the same,
To me thy languish, or improve,
And plainly tell me that I love.

S O N G XIX.

Imitated from the French.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I
Sway'd,

But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run;
In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the
plains;
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my
pains;
How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my
love!
Be still though, my heart! thine emotion give
o'er;
Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I sway'd amid fountains and bow-
ers,
Or, loiter'd behind and collected the flowers!
Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursued,
And to think with what kindness my garland she
view'd!
But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give
o'er!
Fain would'st thou forget thou must love her no
more.

A PARODY.

WHEN first, Philander, first I came
Where Avon rools his winding stream,
The nymphs—how brisk! the swains—how gay!
To see Asteria, Queen of May!
The parsons round, her praises sung!
The steeples, with her praises rung!—
I thought—no sight, that e'er was seen,
Could match the sight of Babel's-green!—

Z

Put

But now, since old Eugenio dy'd—
The chief of poets, and the pride—
Now, meaner bards in vain aspire
To raise their voice, to tune their lyre !
Their lovely season, now, is o'er !
Thy notes, Florelia, please no more !
No more Asteria's smiles are seen !—
Adieu !—the sweets of Barel's-green !

The HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of Ooze
Does yonder halcyon speed so fast ?
'Tis all because she would not lose
Her favourite calm that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flowery spray :
And frugal of her time she flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain ;
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

Descend, she cries, thou hated shower,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,
For I have chose a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my Silvia, sure will own
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll :
And when our youth our health is flown,
To think of love but shocks the soul.
Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
And thou art Damon's only theme ;
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

O D E.

SO dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend ;
That seasons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend ;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when every Muse,
When every Grace benignant smil'd,
With all a parent's breast could chuse
To bless her lov'd, her only child :
'Tis thine, so richly grac'd to prove
More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flowery tracks of time,
Together mus'd in search of truth,
O'er learned sage, or bard sublime ;
And well thy cultur'd breast I know,
What wondrous treasure it can show.

Come then, resume thy chaming lyre,
And sing some patriot's worth sublime,
Whilst I in fields of soft desire

Consume my fair and fruitless prime ;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come ! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily soothe thy studious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind ;
And Fame sits listening for thy lays
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the sportsmen from her nest,
And fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plain'y shows her tortur'd breast :
O let him, conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

A PASTORAL ODE,

To the Right Hon. Sir Richard Lyttleton.

THE morn dispens'd a dubious light
A sullen mist had stol'n from sight
Each pleasing vale and hill ;
When Damon left his humble bowers,
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
Or seek his wandering rill.

Though school'd from fortune's paths to fly,
The swain beneath each lowering sky,
Would oft his fate bemoan ;
That he in sylvan shades, forlorn !
Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn.
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obstreperous noise,
Yet to the whispers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe :
The pleasures he through choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,
Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
And moorcocks thun the day ;
While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
Remark the swain's familiar shade,
And scorn to quit their prey.

But see, the radiant sun once more
The brightning face of heaven restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn ;
And, more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear,
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think * Bridgewater's honour'd name
Should grace his rustic cell ;

That

* The Duchess, married to Sir R. Lyttleton.

That she, on all whose motions wait
Distinction, title, rank, and state,
Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd,
Will nought but vice disdain;
Nor will the breast where fancy glows
Deem every flower a weed that blows
Amid the desert plain.

Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive:

At most such garlands from the field,
As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive ye shepherds, strive to find,
And weave the fairest of the kind,
The prime of all the spring;
If haply thus yon lovely fair
May round their temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd
Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien;
How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the song,
'Mid hazel copses green:

Lo, Dartmouth on those banks reclin'd,
While busy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
As through enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could ever nymph descend to stray
From Hagley's fam'd retreat?
Else, by the blooming features fair
The faultless make, the matchless air,
'Twere Cynthia's form compleat.

So would some tuberosc delight,
That struck the pilgrim's wandering sight
'Mid lonely deserts drear;
All as at eve, the sovereign flower
Dispenses round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the shepherd cry'd,
Must I ambition's charms deride,
Her subtle force disown
No more of fawns or fairies dream,
While fancy, near each crystal stream,
Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathless mead,
I deem'd that splendour ne'er should lead
My dazzled eyes astray;
But who alas! will dare contend,
If beauty add, or merit blend
Its more illustrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain!
Since Guernsey saw without disdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,

The * partner of his early days,
And once the rival of his praise
Had stol'n through life unseen,

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bower
To smile familiar here:
O form'd by nature to disclose
How fair that courtesey which flows
From social warmth sincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,
Admir'd this rural maze:
The noblest breast that virtue fires,
The traces love, the Muse inspires,
Might pant for Pollio's praise.

Say Thomson here was known to rest,
For him yon vernal seat I drest,
Ah! never to return!
In place of wit, and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
To weep beside his urn.

Come then, my Lælius, come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore
With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuse,
That envy'd his impartial Muse
To sin: your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd sight,
Antiquity, with full d-light,
Her inmost wealth displays;
Beneath yon ruins moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recal
The pomp of ancient days,

Here too shall Conway's nam appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless! through the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings!
Though form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove
Ing'orious, through the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more,
Than these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree?
Have not these trees and fountains seen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless Aylesbury?

And Grenville, the whose radiant eyes
Have mark'd by slow gradation rise
The princely piles of Stow;
Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,
And smil'd to see the babbling floods
Through self-worn mazes flow.

* They were school-fellows.

Say Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the pensive shade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the sprightlins of youth,
By cool reflection sway'd?

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear,
Ye sailors, though his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
Grant him in other spheres to charm,
The shepherds' breasts though mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttleton! my honour'd guest,
Could I describe thy generous breast
Thy firm, yet polish'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conspires with fame;
The song should please mankind.

VERSES,

Written towards the close of the year
1748, to William Lyttleton, Esq.

HOW blithely pass'd the summer's day!
How bright was every flower!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bower!

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And Damon's bower, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne
In quest of joy they steer;
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O pensive Autumn! how I grieve
Thy sorrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, Winter, haste; usurp the sky;
Complete my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast
Yon sickning leaves retain;
That speak at once of pleasures past,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest, I gaze around,
My distant scenes require;
Where all in murky vapours drown'd
Are hamlet, hill and spire.

Though Thompson, sweet descriptive bard!
Inspiring Autumn sung;
Yet how should we the months regard,
That stopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah luckless months, of all the rest,
To whose hard share it fell!
For sure he was the gentlest breast
That ever sung to well.

And see, the swallows now disown
The roos they lov'd before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad some happier shore.
The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The sportsman's frantic deed;
While hounds and horns and yeils unite
To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields with brighted herbage brown,
Ye skies no longer blue!
Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
To bear these frowns from you.
Where is the mead's unsullied green?
The zephyr's balmy gale?
And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,
That brighten'd every vale?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,
And boast her purple store;
Not all the vineyard's rich supplies
Can soothe our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain
Could wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whose social vein
Surpass'd the power of wine.

Faith by the streams he deign'd to praise,
In yon sequester'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raise;
To him, and friendly love.

Yes, there, my friend! forlorn and sad,
I grave your Thomson's name;
And there, his lyre; which fate forbad
To sound your growing fame.

Here shall my plaintive song recount
Dark themes of hopeless woe?
And faster than the drooping fount,
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn green,
Shall shade the hallow'd ground;
And Spring will there again be seen,
To call forth flowers around.

But now kind suns will bid me share,
Once more, his social hour;
Ah Spring! thou never canst repair
This loss, to Damon's bower.

LOVE AND MUSIC,

Written at Oxford, when young.

SHALL Love alone for ever claim
An universal right to fame,
An undisputed sway?
Or has not music equal charms
To fill the breast with strange alarms,
And make the world obey?

The Thracian Bard, as Poets tell,
 Could mitigate the Powers of hell;
 Ev'n Pluto's nicer ear:
 His arts, no more than Love's, we find
 To darts or men confin'd,
 Drew brutes in crowds to hear.
 Whatever favourite passion reign'd,
 The Poet still his right maintain'd
 O'er all that rang'd the plain:
 The fiercer tyrants could assuage,
 Or fire the timorous into rage,
 Whene'er he chang'd the strain.
 In milder lays the Bard began?
 Soft notes through every finger ran,
 And echoing charm'd the place:
 See! forning lions gaze around,
 And taught to quit their savage sound,
 Assume a gentler grace.
 When Cymon view'd the fair-one's charms,
 Her ruby lips, and snowy arms,
 And told her beauties o'er:
 When love reform'd his awkward tone,
 And made each clownish gesture known,
 It shew'd but equal power.
 The Bard now tries a sprighlier sound,
 When all the feather'd race around
 Perceive the varied strains;
 The soaring lark the note pursues;
 The timorous dove around him cooes,
 And Philomel complains.
 An equal power of Love I've seen
 Incite the deer to scour the green,
 And chase his barking foe.
 Sometimes has Love, with greater might,
 To challenge—nay—sometimes—to fight
 Provok'd the enamour'd beau.
 When Sylvia treads the smiling plain,
 How glows the heart of every swain,
 By pleasing tumults tost!
 When Handel's solemn accents roll,
 Each breast is fir'd, each raptur'd soul
 In sweet confusion lost.
 If she her melting glances dart,
 Or he his dying airs impart,
 Our spirits sink away.
 Enough, enough! dear nymph, give o'er;
 And thou, great artist! urge no more
 Thy unresisted sway.
 Thus Love or sound affects the mind:
 But when their various powers are join'd,
 Fly, daring mortal, fly!
 For when Selinda's charms appear,
 And I her tuneful accents hear—
 I burn, I faint, I die!

COMPARISON.

TIS by comparison we know
 On every object to bestow
 Its proper share of praise:

Did each alike perfection bear,
 What beauty, though divinely fair,
 Could admiration raise?

midst the lucid bands of night,
 See! Hesperus, serenely bright,
 Adorns the distant skies:
 But languishes amidst the blaze
 Of sprightly Sol's meridian rays,—
 Or Silvia's brighter eyes.

Whene'er the nightingale complains,
 I like the melancholy strains,
 And praise the tuneful bird:
 But vainly might she strain her throat,
 Vainly exalt each swelling note,
 Should Silvia's voice be heard.

When, on the violet's purple bed,
 Supine I rest my weary head,
 The fragrant pillow charms:
 Yet soon such languid bliss I'd fly,
 Would Silvia but the loss supply,
 And take me to her arms.

The alabaster's wondrous white,
 The marble's polish strikes my sight,
 When Silvia is not seen:
 But ah! how faint that white is grown,
 How rough appears the polish'd stone,
 Compar'd with Silvia's mien!

The rose, that o'er the Cyprian plains,
 With flowers enamel'd, blooming reigns,
 With undisputed power,
 Plac'd near her cheeks celestial red,
 (its purple lost, its lustre fled,)
 Delights the sense no more.

ODE TO CYNTHIA.

On the approach of SPRING.

NOW in the cowslip's dewy cell
 The fairies make their bed,
 They hover round the crystal well,
 The turf in circles tread.
 The lovely linnet now her song
 Tunes sweetest in the wood;
 The twittering swallow skims along
 The azure liquid flood.
 The morning breeze wafts Flora's kiss
 In fragrance to the sense;
 The happy shepherd feels the bliss,
 And she takes no offence.
 But not the linnet's sweetest song
 That ever fill'd the wood;
 Or twittering swallow that along
 The azure liquid flood
 Skims swiftly, harbinger of spring,
 Or morning's sweetest breath,
 Or Flora's kiss, so me can bring
 A remedy for death.

For death—what do I say? Yes, death
Must surely end my days,
If cruel Cynthia flights my faith,
And will not hear my lays.
No more with festive garlands bound,
I at the wake shall be;
No more my feet shall press the ground
In dance with wonted glee;
No more my little flock I'll keep,
To some dark cave I'll fly;
I've nothing now to do but weep,
To mourn my fate, and sigh.
Ah! Cynthia, thy Damon's cries
Are heard at dead of night;
But they, alas! are doom'd to rise
Like smoke upon the fight.
They rise in vain, ah me! in vain
Are scatter'd in the wind;
Cynthia does not know the pain
That rankles in my mind.
If sleep perhaps my eye-lids close,
'Tis but to dream of you;
A while I cease to feel my woes,
Nay, think I'm happy too.
I think I press with kisses pure,
Your lovely rosy lips,
And you're my bride, I think I'm sure,
Till gold the mountain tips.
When wak'd, aghast I look around,
And find my charmer flown;
Then bleeds afresh my galling wound,
While I am left alone.
Take pity then, O gentlest maid!
On thy poor Damon's heart:
Remember what I've often said,
'Tis you can cure my smart.

JEMMY DAWSON,

A Ballad, written about the time of his
Execution, in the year 1745.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.
And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe;
And pity every plaint—but mine.
Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.
One tender maid, she lov'd him dear
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never seen that day!
Their colours and their fash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.
How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.
With faltering voice, she weeping said,
Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart;
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.
Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George, without a prayer for thee,
My orizons should never close.
The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to list the giver's name.
But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.
O then her mourning coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.
She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.
Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.
And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:
And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its King forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.
Amid these unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.
My death, my death alone can shew
The pure, the lasting love I bore;
Accept, O heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.
The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due :
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

A Pastoral BALLAD, in Four Parts.

1743.

"Arbusta humilesque myricæ." VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam ;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
None once was so watchful I ;
I have left my dear Phillis behind.
Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire ;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel ;
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.
Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine :
May I loose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
But now they are past, and I sigh ;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.
But why do I languish in vain ;
Why wander thus pensively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of the valley, is flown
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.
When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;
My path I could hardly discern ;
So sweetly she bid me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.
The Pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold ;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.
One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear ;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hastened and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay !
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.
From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow !
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow !
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.
I have found out a gift for my fair ;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove :
That it ever attended the bold ;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.
Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs !
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise ?
Dear regions of silence and shade !
Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.
But where does my Phyllida stray ?
And where are her grotto and her bower ?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.
O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.
For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind?
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.
‘Tis his with mock passion to glow,
‘Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
“How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.”
To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays
He throws it at Phyllis’s feet.
“O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine’s flower!
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a shower?
Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is depriv’d of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despoil,
And the wood-bines give up their perfume.”
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.
Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown’d,
So they shine not in Phyllis’s eyes.

The language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel’s tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil’d—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn’d with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure;
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What ope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear’d for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon’s theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight;
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow’d such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil’d, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

LEVITIES;
OR
PIECES OF HUMOUR.

FLIRT and PHIL;
A Decision for the Ladies.

A WIT, by learning well refin'd,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To Sylvia made pretences;
They both profess'd an equal love:
Yet hop'd by different means to move
Her judgment or her senses.

Young sprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the best minutes to be seen;
Went—when his glass advis'd him;
While meagre Phil of books enquir'd;
A wight, for wit and parts admir'd;
And witty ladies priz'd him.

Sylvia had wit, had spirits too:
To hear the one, the other view,
Suspended held the scales:
Her wit, her youth too, claim'd its share.
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS

To the memory of an agreeable Lady,
buried in marriage to a person unde-
serving her.

TWAS always held and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter,
T' anticipate a lesser ill,
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
And languishing conditions;
Who don't the lesser ill sustain
Of physic and—physicians?

Rather than lose his whole estate,
He that but little wife is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
For lost ships not requiting:
This bears our noble king to shun
The loss of blood—in fighting!
With numerous ills, in single life,
The bachelor's attended:
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
And much the case is mended!
VOL. VII.

Poor Gratia in her twentieth year,
Fore-seeing future woe,
Chose to attend a monkey here,
Before an ape below.

COLEMIRA.

A Culinary Eclogue.

"Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ."

NIGHT's fable clouds had half the world o'er-
spread,
And silence reign'd and folks were gone to bed:
When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground;
The little larks kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And pur around, and gently lick his face:

To all his plaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.
Such gloomy scenes with 'lovers' minds agree,
And solitude to them is best society.

Could I (he cried) express, how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning hands, and well-wash'd face;
Thou wouldst, Colemira, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

Ah! who can see, and seeing not admire,
Where'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands out-shine the fire, and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distills.

Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I see them thrum the frying-pan!

With her! I should not envy George his queen,
Though she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen:
While rags, just sever'd from my fair one's gown,
In rusted pomp and greasy pride hang down.

Ah! now it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village bell;
Would that but sing, "I like thee passing well!"

When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
How soft! how easy did her accents flow!
"Get out, she cry'd, when strangers come to sup,
"One ne'er can raise these snoring devils up."

Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy
brute,
Ah! I envy'd even that salute;
'Twas sure misplac'd—Shock said, or see a'd to
say,

He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command?
O may'st thou ne'er by Eolus be seen,
For he wou'd sure demand thee for his queen.

But should the flame this rougher aid refuse,
And only gentler medicines be of use;
With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful
strife,
Foment the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

Suck arts as these, exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:
I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er;
And swell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips, no more!

With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen,
When this proud damsel has more humble been,
When with nice airs she hoist the pan-cake round,
And dropt it, hapless fair, upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace, what win-
ning tricks!
The awful charmer robs the candlesticks!
So bright she makes the candlesticks, she handles
Of them I laid—there were no need of candles.

But thou my fair! who never wou'dst approve,
Or hear the tender story of my love;
Or mind how burns my raging breast,—a but-
ton—
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton.

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding swain,
Revealing to the fable wall his pain:
But nymphs are free with those they should de-
ny;
To those, they love, more exquisitely coy!

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling
voice
The lan-bent flames in languid fireams arise,
And smoke in azure folds evaporate and dies.

The RAPE of the TRAP.

A Ballad, 1737.

TWAS in a land of learning,
The Muses favourite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a College study,
Where books were in great plenty;
This rat would devour
More sense in an hour,
Than I cou'd write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir;
But this a rat of taste,
All other rats surpass'd;
And he prty'd on the food of the mind, Sir;

His breakfast half the morning,
He constantly attended;
And when the bell rung
For evening song,
His dinner scarce was ended!

He spar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us;
And wou'd make no more
Of king Arthur's *, by the score,
Than all the world beside does.

In books of geo-graphy,
He made the maps to flutter;
A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea;
And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if some markish potion
Might chance to over-dose him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logic—to compose him—

A trap, in haste and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't
And, such was the gin,
Where a lion once got in,
He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheese, not books, 'twas baited,
The fact I'll not belye it—
Since none—I'll tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat
Mind books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
Why should I sing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the flight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd them away together:
Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
Through a fracture in the flooring;
Which, though so trim
It now may seem,

Had then—a dozen or more in.
Then answer this, ye sages!
Nor deem a man to wrong ye,
Had the rat which thus did seize on
The trap, less claim to reason,
Than many a scull among ye?

Dan Prior's niece, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;
But this rat who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

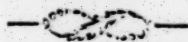
That England's stopfy-turvy,
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
Since traps we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin † take our traps, Sir.

Let

* By Blackmore.

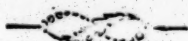
† Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

Let sophs, by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em;
Lest they grow as learn'd as we,
In our studies; where, d' ye see,
No mortal sits to watch 'em.
Good luck betide our captains;
Good luck betide our cats, Sir;
And grant that the one
May quell the Spanish Don,
And the other destroy our rats, Sir.



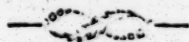
On certain PASTORALS.

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian swains that sing,
But 'tis his herds that low.



On Mr. C— of Kidderminster's Poetry.

THY verses, friend are Kidderminster * puff,
And I must own you've measured out enough.



To the VIRTUOSOS.

HAIL, curious wits! to whom so fair
The form of mortal flies is!
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morass, or mound,
You make your sport in filth;
Or that your prey in gardens found
Is urg'd through walks and alleys.

Yet, in the fury of the chase,
No scope could e'er retard you;
Elast in one fly repay the race,
Or painted wings reward you.

Fierce as Camilla o'er the plain
Pursued the glittering stranger;
Still ey'd the purple's pleasing train,
And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you dispense th' favourite meat
To nature's filmy people;
Know what conveys they chuse to eat,
And what liquors to tipple.

And if her brood of insects dies,
You sage assistance lend her;
Can stoop to pimp for amorous flies,
And help them to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour;
And when the birth 's at hand,
Exerting your o'resthetic power,
Prevent a mo'le's land.

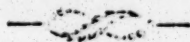
Yet oh! how'er your towering view
Above gross objects rises,
Whate'er refinements you pursue,
Hear, what a friend advises:

* Famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

A friend, who, weigh'd with your's, must prize
Dominion's idle passion;
That wrought the death of teasing flies,
But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your hearts determine,
To flight dame nature's fairest form
And sigh for nature's vernal.

And speak with some respect of beaux,
Nor more as trailers treat 'em;
'Tis better learn to live one's cloaths,
Than cherish moths, that eat 'em.



The Extent of COOKERY.

"Aliusque et idem."

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a squire no more.

See him to Lincoln's inn repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherish'd a length of hair,
And tuck'd it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Saikeld he regards,
But gets into the house
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His phant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bugs, give place!
Fash'otum come instead!
Good Lord! to see the various ways
Of dressing—a caive's head!



The Progress of ADVICE.

A common Case.

"Sualet non contumell."

SAYS Richard to Thomas (and seem'd half a
sane)

"I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid;
Now, because Mrs. Bury to me is well known,
I will do it if thou bid it me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jest out; 'tis no jest to me;
For 'twill be in earnest, o' my word, to see
I have no fault to find with one girl since I know
her,

But I'd have thy advice, ere I do myself to her."
Said Thomas to Richard, "to speak my opinion,
There is not such a bitch in King George's domin-
ion,

And I firmly believe, if thou know'st her as I do,
Thou wouldst come out a whipping post, and to
bury'd to.

She's peevish, she's ill-will, she's ugly, she's old,
And a fool, and a too good a nut, and a cold."
Next day Richard never more was seen, but
And ere long had inform'd her what Thomas
had said.

A 2

A DALLAND.

A BALLAD.

"Trahit sua quemque voluptas."

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,
To bring down a wife, whom the swains might admire;
But, in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
The goddesses objected the length of the way!
To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,
For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall;
To have neither China nor India to see!
Not a laceman to plague in a morning—not she!
To forsake the dear play-house, Quin, Garrick,
and Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the dull box for his lonesome abode,
O heavens! she should faint, she should die on the road;
To forego the gay fashions and gestures of France,
And leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance.
And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it;
And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.
She might yield to resign the sweet-fingers of Ruckholt,
Where the citizen-matron seduces her cuckold;
But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recal,
And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vauxhall.
To be sure she could breathe no where else but in town,
Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

SLENDER'S Ghost. Vide Shakespear.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve methought I spy'd
Poor slender's ghost, that whimpering cried,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!
Ye gentle bards! give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,
Come learn of me to weep your woes:
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!
Why should such labour'd strains
Your formal Muse engage?
I never dream'd of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breast or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!
And you! whose love-sick minds
No medicine can assuage!
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of slender to deplore;
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And ye! whose souls are held,
Like linnet in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend and imitate my strains?
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!
And you who boast or grieve,
What horrid wars we wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
Yet mean as I do, when I sigh,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!
Hence every fond conceit
Of shepherd or of sage;
'Tis slender's voice, 'tis slender's way
Expresses all you have to say,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

The INVIDIOUS. MART.

O Fortune! if my prayer of old
Was ne'er solicitous for gold,
With better grace thou may'st allow
My suppliant wish, that asks it now.
Yet think not, goddesses! I require it
For the same end your clowns desire it.
In a well made effectual string,
Fain would I see Lividio swing!
Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddesses! store of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himself.

The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

"Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,
"Et regem potes, Ole non habere." MART.

I Ask'd a friend, amidst the throng,
Whose coach it was that trail'd along:
"The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
That with the footmen stuck behind."
O Sir! says he, what! han't you seen it?
'Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
'Tis odds, methinks, you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
Your old acquaintance Damon!—"True;
But faith his equipage is new."
"Bless me, said I, where can it end?
What maner's has possess'd my friend?
Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest,
Their stomachs doubtless not the smallest!
Can Damon's revenue maintain
In lace and food, so large a train?
I know his land—each inch of ground—
'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
If Damon's whole estate can bear
To keep his lad and one-horse chair,
I own 'tis past my comprehension."
Yes, Sir, but Damon has a pension—

Thus

Thus does false ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;
To keep a race of flickering knaves,
He grows himself the worst of slaves.

HINT from VOITURE.

LET Sol his annual journeys run
And when the radiant task is done,
Confess, through all the Globes, 'twould pose him
To match the charms that Celia shews him.
And should he boast he once had seen
As just a form, as bright a mien,
Yet must it still for ever pose him,
To match—what Celia never shews him.

INSCRIPTION,

To the memory
Of A. L. Esquire,
Justice of the peace for this county;
Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage
Through a trifling ridiculous world,
Maintaining his proper dignity,
Notwithstanding the scoffs of ill-disposed persons,
And wits of the age,
That ridiculed his behaviour,
Or censured his breeding;
Following the dictates of nature,
Desiring to ease the afflicted,
Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,
Without having for his end
The noise, or report such things generally cause in
the world,
(As he was seen to perform them of none)
But the sole relief and happiness
Of the party in distress;
Himself resting easy
When he could render that so;
Not griping, or pinching himself,
To hoard up superfluities;
Not coveting to keep in his possession
What gives more d squierude, than pleasure;
But charitably diffusing it
To all round about him:
Making the most sorrowful countenance
To smile
In his presence;
A'ways bestowing more than he was asked,
Always imparting before he was desired;
Not proceeding in this manner
Upon every trivial suggestion,
But the most mature and solemn deliberation;
With an incredible presence and unaccountedness
of mind;
With an inimitable gravity and œconomy
of face;
Bidding loud defiance
To politeness and the fashion,
Dared let a f—t.

To a FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er seen, my gentle squire,
The humours of your kitchen fire?

Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a spade.
Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
Play something—any thing—but play—
' is but to pass the time away—
Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—
As though she play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us chicken?—
That card will do—'blood never doubt it,
It's not worth while to think about it."

Sal thought, and thought, and mis'd her aim,
And Ned, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wondrous true,
That verse is but a game at loo.
White many a bard, that shews so clearly
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret and toil;
And play for nothing, all the while:
Or praise at most; for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signify'd a farthing more:
Till, having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your flying pen obtain it.

Through fragrant scenes the triller roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves:
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
And mystic flames the God bestows.
You now none other flame require,
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verses—to defy the scornors,
In shirt-houses and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain—
The cards are cut—come deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins?—why, still the same—
For Sal has lost another game.

"I've done; (she mutter'd) I was saying,
It did not argue my playing.
Some folks will win, they cannot chuse,
But think or not think—some must lose.
I may have won a game or so—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a baby then—
Give me an ace of trumps and see,
Our Ned will beat me with a three.
'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
He'll suffer for it, when he's marry'd."

Thus Sal, with tears in either eye;
While victor Ned sat tittering by.

Thus I, long envying your success,
And bent to write and study less,
Sate down and scribbled in a trice,
Just what you see—and you despise.

You,

You, who can frame a tuneful song,
And hum it as you ride along;
And, trotting on the king's high-way,
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay;
Accept this verse, how'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green! so fair!
Which many wish, and few must wear?
Which some men's indolence can gain,
And some men's vigils ne'er obtain?
For what must Sal or poet sue,
Ere they engage with Ned or you?
For luck in verse, for luck at loo?

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
And Ned, through skill, secures the game.

The POET and the DUN. 1741.

"These are messengers

"That feelingly persuade me what I am."

SHAKES.

COMES a dun in the morning and raps at my door—

"I made bold to call—'tis a twelvemonth and more—

I'm sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, sir,
But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer."

My friend have but patience—"Ay these are your ways."

I have got but one shilling to serve me two days—
But sir—prythee take it, and tell your attorney,
If I han't paid your bill, I have paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone let me govern my passion,
And calmly consider—consider? vexation!
What whore that must paint, and must put on false locks,
And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!
What beggar's wife's nephew, now starv'd and now beaten,
Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!
What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!
Or what dun boast of patience that thinks of a bard!
Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,
Turn shoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf,
And can some poor cog or a poet myself.

One's credit, however, of course will grow better;

Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

"Dear sir! I received your obliging epistle.
Your fame is secure—but the critics go whistle.
I read over with wonder the poem you sent me;
And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent me,

The audience, believe me, cry'd out every line
Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine;
All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,

And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty.

I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted:
Sir Richard, for much a less genius was knighted.
Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye;

I could say much more, but you're modest, I spare ye."

Quite fir'd with the flattery, I call for my paper,
And waste that, and health, and my time and my taper.

I scribble till morn, when, with wrath no small store,

Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.

"Ah! friend, 'tis but idle to make such a potter,

Fate, fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

Written at an Inn at HENLEY.

TO thee, fair freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art they found in mansions higher
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falshood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuse my longings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my fordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his Rages may have been,
May wish to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

A SIMILE.

A SIMILE.

WHAT village but has sometime seen
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws, and shaggy hair,
Of that grim brute yclept a bear?
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Received the curious form you see;
Who, with her plastic tongue alone,
Produc'd a visage—like her own—
And thus they hint, in mytic fashion,
The powerful force of education * —
Perhaps yon crowd of swains is viewing
E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin;
Who plays his antics, roars aloud;
The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an awkward lad,
Whose birth has made a parish glad,
Ferbid, for fear of sense, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home;
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In sense the same, in stature higher,
He shines, 'ere long, a rural squire,
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares:
His tenants of superior sense
Carouze, and laugh, at his expence;
And deem the pastime I'm relating,
To be as pleasant, as bear-baiting.

The CHARMS of PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

"SIR, will you please to walk before?"
—No, pray Sir—you are not the door.
—"Upon mine honour, I'll not stir!"
Sir, I'm at home, consider, Sir—
"Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first."
Well, if I must be rude, I must—
But yet I wish I could evade it—
"Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—
Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!
Nor scruple each, what each admires.
Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding;
It flies, while you display your breeding:
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or some old dancing-master teaches,
O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly push you both down stairs!
But death's at hand—let me advise ye,
Go forward, friends! or he'll surprise ye.

Besides, how insincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lye, forswear,
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?

* Of a fond matron's education.

Such it my theme, which means to prove,
That though we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is most in fashion,
Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college-students take degrees,
And pay the beadle's endless fees,
What moves that scientific body,
But the first cutting at a gawdy?
And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
That starve and languish as physicians,
Content to trudge the streets, and stare at
The fat apothecary's chariot?
But that, in Charlot's chamber (see
Moliere's "Medecin malgré lui")
The leach, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before th' apothecary.

Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
And all that shines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For—Lady Mary ranks before her.

O Celia, gentle Celia! tell us,
You who are neither vain nor jealous!
The softest breast, the mildest mien!
Would you not feel some little spleen,
Nor bite your lip nor furl your brow,
If Florimel, your equal now,
Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?
First serv'd—though in a dish of coffee?
Plac'd first, although, where you are found,
You gain the eyes of all around?
Nam'd first, though not with half the fame,
That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inspire
Our fix'd esteem, and fond desire!
Barely where'er you go, to prove
The source of universal love!—
Yet be content, observing this,
Honour's the offspring of caprice:
And worth, howe'er you have pursued it,
Has now no power—but to exclude it.
You'll find your general reputation
A kind of supplemental station.

Poor Swift with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
So, to supply it, wrote for fame:
And well the wit secur'd his aim.
A common patriot has a drift,
Not quite so innocent as Swift:
In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;
"He's honest, faith"—have patience, neigh-
bours,

For patriots may sometime deceive,
May beg their friends' reluctant leave,
To serve them in a higher sphere;
And drop their virtue, to get there.—

As Lucian tells us, in his fashion,
How souls put off each earthly passion,
Ere on Elysium's flowery strand
Old Charon suffer'd them to land;
So ere we meet a court's caresses,
No doubt our souls must change their dresses:
And souls there be, who, bound that way,
Attire themselves ten times a day,

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
And faints alike and sinners love it ;
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick, that few can get along ;
For which such servile toils are seen,
Who 's happier than a king ?—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female passion :
Women, and beaux, beyond all measure
Are charm'd with rank's extatic pleasure

Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
You'd hint a beau was not a man :
Say, women then are fond of places ;
I wave all disputable cases,
A man perhaps would something linger,
Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger ;
Or were an ear or toe the price on 't,
He might deliberate once or twice on 't :
Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on 't,
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women with precedence ever ;
'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour :
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And strongly animates their age.
Perhaps they would not sell out-right,
Or maim a limb—that was in fight ;
Yet on worse terms they sometimes chuse it ;
Nor ev'n in punishments refuse it.

Pre-eminence in vain you cry !
All fierce and pregnant with reply.
But lend your patience, and your ear,
An argument shall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail,
Beside my title says, a tale.

Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
Avon, the Muses favourite theme !
Avon, that fills the farmers' purses,
And decks with flowers both farms and verses,
She visits many a fertile vale—
Such was the scene of this my tale.
For 'tis in Evesham's vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.

The soil with annual plenty blest
Was by young Corydon possess'd.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As most material to my story :
For strength and vigour too, he had them,
And 'twere not much amiss, to add them.

Thrice happy lout ! whose wide domain
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,
In russet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep ;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume ;
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
Might well with bright allusion store me ;
—But happier bards have been before me !

Amongst the various year's increase,
The stripling own'd a field of pease ;
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
Were haunted by some female neighbours.

Each morn discover'd to his sight,
The shameful havock of the night :
Traces of this they left behind them,
But no instructions where to find them.
The Devil's works are plain and evil,
But few or none have seen the Devil.
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
The words of Echard, who has said it,
Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us ;
And bargain'd face to face to rule us ;
But then old Noll was one in ten,
And fought him more than other men.
Our shepherd too, with like attention,
May meet the female fiends we mention.
He rose one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambush lay :
When lo ! a brace of girls appears,
The third, a matron much in years,
Smiling, amidst the pease, the sinners
Sate down to cu'l their future dinners ;
And, caring little who might own them,
Made free as though themselves had sown them.

'Tis worth a sage's observation,
How love can make a jest of passion.
Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid !
And love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now banish'd anger out of door ;
And claim'd the debt withheld before.
If anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a smile :
And knowing well 'twas all grimace,
To threaten with a smiling face,
He in few words express'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.

The amorous youth, for their offence,
Demanded instant recompence :
That recompence from each, which shame
Forbids a bashful Mule to name.
Yet, more this sentence to discover,
'Twas what Bet * * grants her lover,
When he, to make the strumpet willing,
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each stood a while, as 'twere suspended,
And loth to do, what—each intended.

At length, with soft pathetic sighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies :

'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know
And our ill stars, will have it so—
But let my tears your wrath assuage,
And shew some deference for age !
I from a distant village came,
Am old, God knows and something lame ;
And if we yield, as yield we must,
Dispatch my crazy body first.

Our shepherd, like the P'rygian swain,
When circled round on Ida's plain
With goddesses he stood suspended,
And Pallas's grave speech was ended,
Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty ;
But paid the compliment to beauty.

ODE to be performed by DR. BRETTF, and a Chorus of Hales-owen Citizens.

The Instrumental Part, a Viol d'Amour.

AIR by the Doctor.

A WAKE! I say, awake good people
And be for once alive and gay;
Come let's be merry; stir the tippie;
How can you sleep,
Whilst I do play? how can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS of CITIZENS.

Pardon. O! pardon, great musician!
On drowsy souls some pity take!
For wondrous hard it is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy strains to hear,
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO by the Doctor.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by Handel,
A wight of skill and judgment deep!
Zooners they're gone—ah, bring a candle—
No here is one, and he saile p.

DUETTE.

Dr.—How could they go *Soft music.*
Whilst I do play?
Sal.—How could they go! *Warlike music.*
How should they stay?

CUPID AND PLUTUS.

WHEN Celia, Love's eternal foe,
To rich old Gomez first was marry'd;
And angry Cupid came to know,
His shafts had err'd, his bow miscarry'd;
He sigh'd, he wept, he hung his head,
On the cold ground, full sad, he laid him;
When Plutus, there by fortune led,
In this desponding plight survey'd him.
And sure, he cry'd, you'll own at last
Your boasted power by mine exceeded:
Say, wretched boy, now all is past,
How little she your efforts heeded.
If with success you would assail,
Gild, Youngster, doubly gild your arrows:
Little the feather'd shafts avail,
Thou wing'd from Mamma's doves and sparrows.
What though each reed, each arrow grew,
Where Venus bath'd herself, depend on't.
'Twere more for use, for beauty too,
A diamond sparkled at the end on't.
Peace, Plutus, peace!—the boy reply'd;
Were not my arts by yours infected,
I could each other power deride,
And rule this circle, unmolested.

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See yonder pair! no worldly views
In Chloe's generous breast resided:
Love bade her the spruce valet chuse,
And she by potent love was guided.
For this! she quits her golden dreams,
In her gilt coach no more she ranges:
And her rich crimson, bright with gems,
For cheeks imperl'd with tears, she changes.
Though fordid Celia own'd your power,
Think not so monstrous my disgrace is:
You gain'd this nymph—that very hour
I gain'd a score in different places.

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of Cleone.

WELL, ladies—so much for the tragic stile—
And now the custom is to make you smile.
To make us smile—methinks I hear you say—
Why, who can help it, as to it urge a play?
The Captain gone three years—and then to blame
The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?
Out of my house!—this night, forsooth depart?
A modern wife had said—"With all my heart—
But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!
Order your coach—conduct me safe to town—
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
And pray take care my pin-money be paid."
Such is the language of each modish fair;
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been when modishy and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth:
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places,
Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dreamt of happiness abroad;
They lov'd their children, learn'd no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.
Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,
For marriage triumph'd in those golden days:
By chaste decorum they affection gain'd;
By faith and fondness what they won maintain'd.
'Tis yours, ye fair to bring those days again,
And form a new the hearts of thoughtless men;
Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
And give the soul, as well as sense, delight;
Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
The marriage chain with transport shall be worn;
Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

B B

MORAL

MORAL PIECES.

The JUDGMENT of HERCULES.

WHILE blooming spring descends from genial skies,
 By whose mild influence instant wonders rise;
 From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow;
 The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe;
 Will Lytleton the rural landkip range
 Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
 Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
 And learn a moral from the rising greens?
 There, warm'd alike by Sol's enlivening power,
 The weed, aspiring, emulates the flower:
 The drooping flower, its fairer charms display'd,
 Invites, from grateful hands, their generous aid:
 Soon, if none check th' invasive fo's designs,
 The lively lustre of these scenes declines!
 'Tis thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,
 Bears in our minds the rival seeds of strife.
 Then passion riots, reason then contends;
 And, on the conquest, every bliss depends:
 Life, from the nice decision, takes its hue;
 And blest these judges who decide like you!
 On worth like theirs shall every bliss attend!
 The world their favourite, and the world their friend.
 There are, who, blind to thought's fatiguing ray,
 As fortune gives examples, urge their way:
 Nor virtues foes though they her paths decline,
 And scarce her friends, though with her friends they join
 In her's, or vice's casual road advance
 Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of chance!
 Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice;
 With judgement fix, with zeal pursue their choice,
 When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
 Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
 While passion's lawless tides, at their command,
 Glide through more useful tracts, and bless the land.
 Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
 By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,
 In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest powers;
 Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with flowers.
 The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings:
 The fittest to adorn each art she brings:
 Lov'd by that prince whom every virtue fires;
 Prais'd by that bard whom every Muse inspires:
 Blest in tuneful art, the social flame;
 In all that wins, in all that merits fame:
 'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
 When great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
 Through the lone windings of a devious glade,
 Resign'd to thought, with lingering steps he stray'd;
 Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys:
 Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.

Dubious he stray'd, with wavering thoughts possesst

Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;
 The various arts which human cores divide,
 In deep attention all his mind employ'd:
 Anxious, if fame an equal bliss secur'd;
 Or silent ease with softer charms allur'd.
 The sylvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
 He fount that murmur'd, and the flowers that blow'd;
 The silver flood that in meanders led
 His glittering streams along th' enliven'd mead;
 The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
 Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind,
 In vain! while distant on a summit rais'd,
 Th' imperial towers of fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd through fancy's puzzling maze

The separate sweets of pleasure and of praise;
 Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
 And now a lustre gain'd upon the shade.
 At once, before his wonderin' eyes were seen
 Two female forms, of more than mortal mien.
 Various their charms; and in their dress and face,
 Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace,
 This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
 The simple sweets of innocence endear'd.
 Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
 Shew'd native merit, mix'd with modesty.
 Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
 Severely sweet, and innocently gay.
 Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
 In ardent folds of virgin white array'd!
 She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
 Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn.

Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful soils,
 Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles.
 She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less:
 She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;
 And while she chose in native charms to shine,
 Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd, divine.

One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,
 And, in her hand, th' imperial sword she bore.
 Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
 And march'd the awful honours of her face.
 The shrubs the flowers, that deck'd the verdant ground,
 Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.

Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;
 She pleas'd while distant; but, when near, she charm'd.

So strikes the gazer's eye, the silver gleam
 That glittering quivers o'er a distant stream:
 But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
 And, in its crystal bosom trace the skies.

With other charms the rival vision glow'd;
 And from her dress her tinted beauties flow'd.
 A fluttering robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,
 And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd,
 Its form, contriv'd her beauty size to grace,
 Its hue, to give fresh lustre to her face.

Her

Her plaited hair disguis'd with brilliant glar'd ;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring lustre shar'd ;
The gawdy topaz lent its gay supplies,
And every gem that strikes less curious eyes ;
Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets per-
fum'd ;

And round her brow, a roseate garland bloom'd.
Soft smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles ;
Yet, ah ! the blushes artful as the smiles.

Oit-gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair
Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care :
Her thoughts, to others charms malignly blind,
Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd.

And if on others eyes a glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.
Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
When for her warrior she refines her mien ;
Or when, to bless her belian favourite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms.
Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.

Such fane the vision, nor forbore to move
The fond contagious airs of lawless love.
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
And amorous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.
Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain,
She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain ;
Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd
the swain.

So glaring draughts, with tandy lustre bright,
Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight :
More slowly charms a Raphael's chattering air,
Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's
care.

Wrap'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth sug-
vey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid :
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flame inspir'd.
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure
ran,

When she, who first approach'd him first began,
" Hither, dear boy, direct thy wandering
eyes ;

'Tis here the love's vale of pleasure lies.
Debate no more, to me thy life resign ;
Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine,
For me the nymph diversifies her power,
Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flower ;
To please my ear, she tunes the linnet's strains ;
To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains ;
To form my couch, in mossy beds she grows ;
To gratify my smell, perfumes the rose ;
Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
And swells the vegetable world, for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few :
Where chance from courage claims the boasted
prize :
Where, though she give, your country oft de-
mes.

Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his soft campaign.
His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure !
Yet only suffer, to enjoy the cure.

Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise,
And fire thy breast and bless thy ravish'd eyes.
Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
A brighter lily on their necks appear ;
Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shalt rest,
Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest !
While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with melodious strains :
Whilst with each accent, sweetest odours flow ;
And spicy gums round every bosom glow.
Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.
At last let war's victorious sons exclaim ;
In vain ! for pleasure is my real name ;
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown ;
No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own :
For well each opening scene, that claims my
care,

Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

Let others prune the vine ; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy soul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
Indulgent Bacchus loads his labouring tree,
And, guarding, gives its clustering sweets to
me.

For my lov'd train, Apollo's piercing beam
Darts through the passive globe, and frames the
gem

See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
Nor fright those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd !
For thee the poplar shall its amber drain ;
For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane ;
Some costly tribute every clime shall pay ;
Some charming treasure every wind convey ;
Each object round some pleasing scene shall
yield ;

Art built thy dome, while nature decks thy field ;
Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise ;
The spiring turrets glitter through the skies ;
Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays ;
Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze ;
Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.

When melting flutes, and sweetly-sounding
lyres

Wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires ;
Or, in th' Ionian dance, some favourite maid
Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd ;
Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
To feed on virtue's visionary charms ;
Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,
For the faint honour of a frozen sage ?
To find dull envy ev'n th' hope deface,
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace ?

O ! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me.
She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities love ;

In whose endearments years, like moments, flew;
 For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
 She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
 And tread with her the flowery tract of time;
 Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
 On some cold lover, or insulting foe
 Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
 Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell;
 What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
 What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!

See nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
 Where breathing jacinth screens the sleeping maid:
 And such her charms, as to the vain may prove,
 Ambition seeks more humble joys than love!
 There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
 Nor sciences perplex thy labouring brain:
 Or none, but what with equal sweets invite;
 Nor other arts, but to prolong delight:
 Sometimes thy fan, prune her tender wing,
 To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;
 To fix the dress that suits each varying mien;
 To shew where best the clustering gems are seen;
 To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
 And tell the charms the sweet effects of love!
 Nor fear to find a coy disdainful Muse;
 Nor think the sifter will their aid refuse
 Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
 Soft scenes of leisure! suit th' harmonious maids;
 And all the wife, and all the grave decree
 Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,
 And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
 Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
 And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse:
 To thee all nature's curious stores I'll bring,
 Explain the beauties of an insect's wing;
 The plant, which nature, lets diffusely kind,
 Has to few climes with partial care confin'd:
 The shell she scatters with more careless air,
 And, in her frolics, seems supremely fair;
 The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,
 Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
 Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms;
 Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
 Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.
 The watery nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
 And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,
 For thy repose inform, with rival joy,
 Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
 Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly flowing day,
 Till lost in bliss thou breath'st thy soul away:
 Till the Elysian bowers of joy repair,
 Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd; and on a lily bank reclin'd,
 Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
 One tender hand her drooping head sustains;
 One points, expressive, to the flowery plains.
 Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll,
 Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul.
 As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
 And each fair fabric of the frost decays.
 Soon, to his breast, the soft harangue convey'd
 Resolves too partial to the specious maid.

He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame;
 Yet, sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame,
 And, oft as virtue caught his wandering eye,
 A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.

'Twas such the lingering Trojan's shame betray'd
 When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd:
 When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance
 prove,

For the soft reign of Dido, and of love.
 Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires;
 Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!

Some hovering doubt his anxious bosom mov'd,
 And virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.

"Fly, fly, fond youth the too indulgent
 maid,
 Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.
 Though in my path the rugged thorn be seen,
 And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;
 Though no gay rose or flowery product shew,
 The barren surface still conceals the mine.
 Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that
 grows

In virtue's path, superior sweets bestows—
 Yet should those boasted, specious toys allure,
 Whence could fond sloth the flattering gifts pro-
 cure?

The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,
 'Tis I alone her greatest foe, acquire.
 I from old ocean rob the treasure's store;
 I through each region, latent gems explore;
 'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,
 By numerous strata deep in earth conceal'd,
 'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show
 The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow.
 Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree
 Without the firm supports of industry.

But grant we stoth the scene herself has drawn,
 The mossy grotto, and the flowery lawn;
 Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
 And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
 Let gay Pomona flit the plains around,
 And chafe, for rich fruits, the favour'd ground;
 To bless the fertile vale should virtue cease,
 Nor mossy grots, nor flowery lawns could please;
 Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
 The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.

Seest thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
 Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
 Those fields whence Phœbus all their moisture
 drains,

And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
 When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
 Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.
 The form thou view'st, to every scene with ease
 Transfers its charms, and every scene can please.
 When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd;
 And the lone wanderer with my presence cheer'd;
 Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
 And call'd the desert blissful solitude!

Nor I alone to such extend my care.
 Fair-blooming health furveys her altars there.
 Brown exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
 And with reflected lustre gild the plains.

With

With her, in flower of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reside.
One ready offering suits each neighbouring shrine;
And all obey their laws, who praise life mine.

But health averse from sloth's smooth region
flies;

And, in her absence, pleasure droops and dies.
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repose,
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes.
A galaxy of powers! whose forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

Nor will soft sleep to sloth's request incline,
He from her couches flies untid to mine.

Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain!
Where she relentless reigns without control,
And checks each gay excursion of the food:
Unmov'd, though beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms:
Till joyless indolence suggests desires;
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires:
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay.
As artful heats, apply'd to thirly lands,
Produce no flowers, and but debase the sands.

But let fair health her cheering smiles impart,
How sweet is nature, how superfluous art!
'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,
And smooths the flinty couch which fortune lends,
And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,
And, while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame;
His sweetest music is the voice of fame;
Pleasures to sloth unknown! she never found
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

See fame's gay structure from yon summit
charms,

And fires the manly breast to arts or arms;
Nor dread the steep ascent, by which you rise
From groveling vales to towers which reach the
skies.

Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire;
The smiling offspring of a rigid fire!
To fix the friend, your service must be shown;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
That wondering Greece your portrait may ad-
mire,

That tuneful bards may sing for you their lyre,
That books may praise, or coins record your
name,

Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view
The conqueror's name, displays the conquest too.

'Twas slow experience, tedious mistress! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought.
'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,
In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.
Not the vain visions of inactive schools;
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rule,
E'er form'd the man whose generous warmth ex-
tends

T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.

On a live worth the laurel war bestows:

Peace rears her olive for industrious brows;
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies:
Nor heaven, its showers without a sacrifice.

See far below such groveling scenes of shame,
As lull to rest Ignavia's lumbering dame.

Her friends, from all the toils of fame secure,
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.

Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage
A youth enervate, and a painful age;

A sickly sapless mass, if reason flies;

And, if she linger, impotently wife!

A thoughtless train, who pamper'd, sleek, and
gay,

Invite old age, and revel youth away;

From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where they least can bear.

When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,

What kind reflection shall the mind supply?

When, with lost health, what should the loss al-
ly,

Peace, peace is lost: a comfort is decay!

But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure
flies,

A d earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
Through death's dark vista flowery tracks are
seen,

Elysian plains, and groves for ever green.

If e'er their lives a resurgent glance they cast,

Their's is the present who can praise the past.

Life has its bliss for these, when past its bloom,

As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,

How calm they glide into the port of age!

Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;

More pleas'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than dis-
eas'd.

For health on age, 'tis temperance must bestow;

And peace from pity alone can flow;

And all the incense hounteous Jove requires,

His sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires —

Sloth views the towers of fame with envious
eyes;

Desires still, still impatient to rise.

Oh, when he's led to gain those blissful towers,

The passive queen the discontent explores,

Comes onward, waded by the balmy trees,

Some Syrian music, or some scented breeze:

She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,

And all the short-lived resolution dies.

Thy source fond insect's faltering pinions wave,

Clasp'd in its favourite sweets, a lasting slave:

And thus in vain these charming visions please

The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease:

Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,

Doth her own senses, and languish after mine.

But from her fires, nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy
fame.

With early hope thine infant actions fir'd;

Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd.

Let generous toils reward with health thy days,

Prolong thy prime, and eternalize thy praise.

The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,

To latest times shall generous hearts engage;

And

And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were
bound :

Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians
join ;

Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine.
Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire ;
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.
Dulness perhaps, through want of light, may
blame,

And spleen, with odious industry, defame ;
And that, the honours given, with wonder view,
And this, in secret sadness, own them due :
Contempt and envy were by fate design'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind ;
Contempt, which none, but who deserve, can
bear ;

While envy's wounds the smiles of fame repair.
For know, the generous thine exploits shall fire,
Thine every friend it suits thee to require.
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I shew,
Lov'd by the good their images below."

Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies !
My guide ! my queen, th' extatic youth replies.
In thee I trace a form design'd for sway ;
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride
obey,

And, by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.
Lead me ! O lead me where whole hosts of foes
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose !
Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,
And crush the fetters of an injur'd land ;
To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind !
Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,
And none, but envy, riot unsubdued.
In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell !
And boast their lazy labyrinth of rules,
Far less the friends of virtue, than the fools :
Yet such in vain thy favouring smiles pretend ;
For he is thine, who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life well-spent the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to destroy ;
When, strongly lur'd by fame's contiguous shrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine ;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy favourite through the gates of fame !

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair.
But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
The-conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more :
Convinc'd, her spurious charms of dress and face
Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.
Fantastic Power ! whose transient charms allur'd,
While error's mist the reasoning mind obscur'd :
Not such the victress, virtue's constant queen,
Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen.
Her brightning form and features seem'd to own,
'Twas all her wish, her interest, to be known :

And when his longing view the fair declin'd
Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour
crown'd,
While glooms oppress us, and thick shades sur-
round.

But let the source of light its beams display,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the sickening splendor fades away. }

The PROGRESS of TASTE.

OR,

The FATE of DELICACY.

A POEM on the Temper and Studies of the Au-
THOR ; and how great a Misfortune it is, for a
Man of small Estate to have much TASTE.

PART the FIRST.

PERHAPS some cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay.
" The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean sail :
For happiness our course we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end !
Yet, ah ! the scenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms dispers'd in air,
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes ;
And weakest his, who best describes !
Yet let me not my birth-right barter,
(For wishing is the poet's charter ;
All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,
Though few e'er found their wishes granted ;
Extensive field ; where poets pride them
In singing all that is deny'd them.)

For humble ease, ye powers ! I pray ;
That plain warm suit for ev'ry day !
And pleasure, and brocade bestow ;
To flaunt it—once a month, or so.
The first for constant wear we want ;
The first, ye powers ! for ever grant ;
But constant wear the last bespatters,
And turns the tissue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend,
Let me secure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public scenes, request
A friend of wit and taste, well dress'd ;
And, if I must not hope such favour,
A friend of wit and taste, however.

Alas ! that wisdom ever shuns
To congregate her scatter'd sons ;
Whose nervous forces well combin'd
Would win the field, and sway mankind.
The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in sight ;
The note he strikes, the plume he shows,
Attract whole flights of fops and beaux ;
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the sight ; care, and own him ;

But ill-starr'd sense, nor gay nor loud,
Steals soft on tip-toe through the crowd :
Conveys his meagre form between ;
And slides, like pervious air, unseen :
Contracts his known tenuity,
As though 'twere ev'n a crime, to be :
Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,
And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air,
You scarce are conscious he is there,
Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
Occurs his face's thin profile,
Still seeming, from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly bath'd, to fly.
Yet, while reluctant he displays
His real gems before the blaze,
The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd
His tawdry stock of painted paste,
Disus'd to speak, he tries his skill ;
Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill ;
His pensive manner, dulness deem'd
His modesty, reserve esteem'd ;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train.
And those who mutually known,
In friendship's fairest list had shone,
Less prone, than pebbles, to unite,
Retire to shades from public sight ;
Grow savage, quit their social nature ;
And starve, to study mutual satire.

But friends, and favourites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, seas between them ;
Meet once a year, then part, and then
Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide,
Some human form to grace my side ;
At hand, where'er I shape my course ;
An useful, pliant, stalking-horse !

No gesture free from some grimace ;
No seam, without its share of lace ;
But, mark'd with gold or silver cipher,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What though Vandyck had other rules,
What had Vandyck to do with fools ?
Be nothing wanting, but his mind :
Before, a solitaire ; behind,
A twisted ribbon, like the track
Which nature gives an ass's back.
Silent as midnight ! pity 'twere
His wisdom's slender wealth to share !
And, whilst in flocks our fancies stray,
To wish the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting every eye,
I stroll all unregarded by :
This wards the jokes of every kind,
As an umbrella fun or wind ;
Or, like a sponge, absorbs the sallies,
And pestilential fumes of malice ;
Or, like a splendid shield, is fit
To screen the temp'ar's random wit ;
Or what some gentler cits let fall,
As wool-picks quath the lenden hall,

Allusions these of weaker force,
And apter still the stalking-horse !
O let me wander all unseen,
Beneath the sanction of his mien !
As lilies soft, as roses fair !
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air !
With steady eye and peace remark
The speckled flock that haunts the park * ;
Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies flocking there to feed :
And, as my satire bursts amain,
See, feather'd foppery strew the plain.

But when I seek my rural grove,
And share the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My sweet sequester'd paths profane,
Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend,
To the soft-winding vales descend ;
And love with me inglorious things,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings,
And check me, when my bosom burns
For statues, paintings, coins, and urns.
For I in Damon's prayer could join,
And Damon's wish might now be mine—
But all dispers'd ! the wish, the prayer,
Are driven to mix with common air.

PART THE SECOND.

HOW happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic schemes were not !
Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes,
To plan frail castles in the skies ;
Forfaking pleasures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, still sitting from one.

Ah happy Damon ! thrice and more,
Had taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore !

Oh ! days ! when to a girdle ty'd
The couples jingled at his side ;
And Damon swore he would not barter
The sportman's girdle, for a garter !

Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found easy Damon in their power ;
Pure social nature all his guide,
" Damon had not a grain of pride."

He wish'd not to elude the snares
Which knavery plans, and craft prepares ;
But rather wealth to crown their wiles :
And win their universal smiles :
For who are chearful, who at ease,
But they who cheat us as they please ?

He winked at many a gross design,
The new-fallen calf might countermine :
Thus every fool allow'd his merit ;

" Yes ! Damon had a generous spirit !"

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,
Was sure, at least, of Damon's smile :
That coxcomb ne'er denied him sense ;
For why, it prov'd his own pretence :
All own'd, were modesty away,
Damon could shine as much as they.

* St. James's.

When

When wine and folly came in season,
 Damon ne'er strove to save his reason;
 Obnoxious to the mad uproar:
 A spy upon a hostile shore!
 'Twas this his company endear'd:
 Mirth never came till he appear'd:
 His lodgings—every drawer could show them;
 The slave was kick'd, who did not know them,

Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
 And pleasing all, whom mirth could please;
 Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
 To shew a softer word than folly.

Since wisdom's gorgon-shield was known
 To stare the gazer into stone;
 He chose to trust in folly's charm,
 To keep his breast alive and warm,

At length grave learning's sober train
 Remark'd the trifler with disdain;
 The sons of taste condemn'd his ways,
 And rank'd him with the brutes that graze;
 While they to nobler heights aspir'd.
 And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
 His old companions lost their merit:
 And every kind well-natur'd sot
 Seem'd a dull play, without a plot;
 Where every yawning guest agrees,
 The willing creature strives to please:
 But temper never could amuse;
 It barely led us to excuse;

'Twas true, conversing they aver'd,
 All they had seen, or felt or heard:
 Talents of weight! for wights like these,
 The law might chuse for witnesses:
 But sure th' attesting dry narration
 Ill suits a judge of conversation,

* What were their freedoms? mere excuses
 To vent ill-manners, blows, and bruises.
 Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
 At form, at form, incessant railing,
 Would they examine each offence,
 Its latent cause, its known pretence,
 Punctilio ne'er was known to breed them,
 So sure as fond prolific freedom.
 Their courage! but a loaded gun;
 Machine the wife would wish to shun;
 Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
 Where accident might fire and kill one.

In short, disgusted out of measure,
 Through much contempt, and slender pleasure,
 His sense of dignity returns;
 His native pride his bosom burns;
 He seeks respect—but how to gain it?
 Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it;
 And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,
 Discards and dissipates respect.
 The man who bravely bows, enjoy it;
 But shaking hands, at once, destroys it.
 Precarious plant, which, fresh and gay,
 Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!

Come then, reserve! yet from thy train
 Banish contempt, and curst disdain.
 Teach me, he cry'd thy magic art,
 To act the decent distant part:

* Boisterous mirth.

To husband well my complaisance,
 Nor let ev'n wit too far advance;
 But chuse calm reason for my theme,
 In these her royal realms supreme;
 And o'er her charms, with caution shown,
 Be still a graceful umbrage thrown;
 And each abrupt period crown'd,
 With nods, and winks, and smiles profound,
 Till, rescued from the crowd beneath,
 No more with pain to move or breathe,
 I rise with head elate, to share
 Salubrious draughts of purer air.
 Respect is won by grave pretence
 And silence, surer ev'n than sense—

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs
 Of Eastern—and of other kings
 Or whence this awe to virtue due,
 While virtue's distant as Peru?
 The sheathless sword the guard displays,
 Which round enits its dazzling rays:
 The stately fort, the turrets tall,
 Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
 Less screens the body, than controls,
 And wards contempt from royal souls.

The crowns they wear but checks the eye,
 Before it fondly pierce too high;
 That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
 Around the surface of—the void.
 O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound
 To scatter his amusements round!
 To tempt us from the conscious breast,
 Where full-sledg'd crimes enjoy their nest.
 Nor awes us every worth reveal'd
 So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.

The lordly log, dispatch'd of jore,
 That the frog people might adore,
 With guards to keep them at a distance,
 Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's assistance:
 Nay—had addresses from his nation,
 In praise of log-administration.

PART THE THIRD.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
 And fame and finery pleas'd no more;
 Productive of that general stare,
 Which cool reflection ill can bear!
 And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
 Retirement sent its invitation.

Romantic scenes of pendant hills,
 And verdant vales, and falling rills,
 And mossy banks, the fields adorn,
 Where Damon, simple swain, was born,

The Dryads rear'd a shady grove;
 Where such as think, and such as love,
 May safely sigh their summer's day:
 Or muse their silent hours away.

The Oreads lik'd the climate well;
 And taught the level plain to swell.
 In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
 Might all their larger works descry.

The

The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.
They form'd their streams to please the view,
And bade them wind, as serpents do:
And having shewn them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.

Here Zephyr, all-sagacious nail,
Held at their several tasks survey'd:
She saw and smil'd: and oft would lead
Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;
There, with descriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place;
And when she all its charms had shewn,
Prescribe improvements of her own.

"See yonder hill, so green, so round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
'T would well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there:
Pleas'd would the nymph thy zeal survey;
And Venus, in their arms, repay,
'T was such a shade, and such a nook,
In such a vale, near such a brook;
From such a rocky fragment springing;
That fann'd Apollo chose, to sing in.
'Here let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tender patron's heart
How charming there to muse and warble
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vast desire.
Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
Where music's charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many an assignation.
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
Be plac'd Minerva's sacred seat;
There let her wulfsurrets rise,
(For wisdom flies from vulgar eyes:)
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
Distinctly strike thy listening ear:
And who would shun the pleasing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour?"

In short, to charm'd each wild suggestion,
Its truth was little call'd in question:
And Damon dreamt he saw the fawns,
And Nymphs, distinctly, skim the lawns;
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Lost in the circling shades again.
With leer oblique their lover viewing—
And Cupid—panting—and pursuing—
Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd,
Be thou my goddess! thou my guide!
For thy bright visions I despise
What foes may think, or friends advise,
The feign'd concern, when toils survey
Expense, time, study, cast away:
The real spleen, with which they see:
I please myself, and follow thee.

Thus glow'd his breast by fancy warm'd;
And thus the fairy landskip charm'd.
But most he hop'd his constant care
Might win the favour of the fair;
And, wandering late through yonder glade,
He thus the f. f. design betray'd.

Vol. V.I.

* The Muses.

"Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lays salute my love!
My Delia with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain!
Ye flowers! which early spring supplies,
Display at once your brightest dyes!
That sue your opening charms may see;
Or what were else your charms to me?
Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flower,
And shed its odours round my bower;
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!
Shall I, in thee refreshment find.
Ye streams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd.
May each soft murmur soothe my fair;
Or, oh, 'twill deepen my despair!
Be sure, ye willows, you be seen
Array'd in liveliest robes of green;
Or I will tear your flighted boughs,
And let them fade around my brows.
And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine furrounds!
May she admire the peaceful gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd;
Loud laugh'd the 'squires, the rabble star'd.

"See, neighbours, what our Damon's doing?
I think some folks are fond of ruin!

I saw his sheep at random stray—
But he has thrown his crook away—
And build such huts, as in foul weather,
Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

Whence came the sober swain mislead?
Why, Phoebus put it in his head.

Phoebus befriends him, we are told;
And Phoebus cins bright tons of gold.
'T were prudent not to be so vain on't,
I think he'll never touch a grain on't.
And if, from Phoebus, and his Muse,
Mere earthly laziness ensues;
'T is plain, for aught that I can say,
The Devil inspires, as well as they.
So they—while fools of grosser kind,
Lest weeping what our hard design'd,
Impute his schemes to real evil;
That in these haunts he met the Devil.

He own'd, though their advice was vain,
It suited wights who trod the plain:
For dulness—though he might abhor it—
In them he made allowance for it.
Nor wonder'd, if, beholding mottoes,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottoes,
Folks, little dreaming of the Muses,
Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the Muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counsels share?
The Delian God reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the structures shone complete;
Nor much convenient, wondrous neat;
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting;
Ah, me! 'twas Damon's own confession)
Came poverty and took possession.

C c

PART

PART THE FOURTH.

WHY droops my Damon, whilst he roves
Through ornamented meads and groves?
Near columns, obelisks, and spires,
Which every critic eye admires?
'Tis poverty, detested maid,
Sole tenant of their ample shade!
'Tis she, that robs him of his ease;
And bids their very charms displease.
But now, by fancy, long controul'd,
And with the sons of taste enroll'd,
He deem'd it shameful to commence
First minister to common sense:
Far more elated to pursue
The lowest task of dear vertu.

And now behold his lofty soul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on some elaborate flower;
And, like a bee, the sweets devour!
Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove
The wild solitudes of love!
Now, in a lily's cup enshrin'd,
Forego the commerce of mankind!
As in these toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day;
Conducting sun, and shade, and shower,
As most might glad the new-born flower,
So fate ordain'd before his eye—
Starts up the long-sought butterfly!
While, fluttering round, her plumes unfold
Celestial crimson, dropt with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flowrets fair!
The living beauty claims his care,
For this he strips—nor bolt, nor chain,
Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.
See him o'er hill, morass, or mound,
Where'er the speckled game is found,
Though bent with age, with zeal pursue;
And totter towards the prey in view.

Nor rock, nor stream, his steps retard,
Intent upon the blest reward!
One vassal fly repays the chase!
A wing, a film, reward the race!
Rewards him, though disease attend,
And in a fatal surfeit end.
So fierce Camilla skim'd the plain,
Smit with the purple's pleasing stain,
She ey'd intent the glittering stranger,
And knew, alas! nor fear, nor danger:
Till deep within her panting heart,
Malicious fate impell'd the dart!

How studious he what favourite food
Regale dame nature's tiny brood?
What junkets sat the filmy poeple!
And what liqueurs they chuse to tipple!

Behold him, at some crise, prescribe,
And raise with drugs the sickening tribe!
Or haply, when their spirits faulter,
Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.

When nature's brood of insects dies,
See how he pimps for amorous flies!
See him the timely succour lend her,
And helps the wanton to engender!

Or see him guard their pregnant hour;
Exert his soft obstetric power:

And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new-born grubs enrich the land!

* O Wilks! what poet's loftiest lays
Can match thy labours, and thy praise,
Immortal sage! by fate decreed
To guard the moth's illustrious breed;
Till fluttering swarms on swarms arise,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!

And must we praise this taste for toys?
Admire it then in girls and boys,
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,
Resign your moths—the season's o'er.
'Tis time more social joys to prove;
'Twere now your nobler task—to love.

Let * * * * 's eyes more deeply warm;
Nor flighting nature's fairest form,
The bias of your souls determine

Towards the mean love of nature's vernin,
But, ah! how wonderful few have known,
To give each stage of life its own!

'Tis the pretext's utmost bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,
To please the child; whose glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes,
And few, but with regret, assume

The plain wrought labours of the loom.
Ah! let not me by fancy steer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear;
Nor ev'n in learning's long delays
Consume my fairest, fruitless days;
Like him, who should in armour spend
The sums that armour should defend.

A while, in pleasure's myrtle-bower,
We share her smiles, and bless her power;
But find at last, we vainly strive
To fix the worst coquette alive.

O you! that with assiduous flame
Have long pursued the faithless dame;
Forfake her soft abodes a while,
And dare her frown, and slight her smile.
Ner scorn, whatever wits may say,
The foot-path road, the king's high-way.
No more the scrupulous charmer teize.
But seek the roofs of honest ease;
The rival fair, no more pursued,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;
Shall there her every art essay,
To win you to her slighted sway;
And grant your scorn a glance more fair
Than e'er she gave your fondest prayer.

But would you happiness pursue?
Partake both ease and pleasure too!
Would you, through all your days, dispense
The joys of reason, and of sense?
Or give to life the most you can,
Let social virtue shape the plan.
For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleasing sweets succeed?

Or,

* Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated by Benjamin Wilks. See his very expensive proposals.

Or, like the sweets of wild desire,
Did social pleasures ever tire?

Yet midst the groupe be some preferr'd,
Be some abhorr'd—for Damon err'd :
And such there are—of fair address—
As 't were unsocial to carfs.
O learn by reason's equal rule
To shun the praise of knave, or fool !
Then, though you deem it better still
To gain some rustic 'squires good will ;
And souls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a smile ;
Yet reason holds it for a crime,
The trivial breast should share thy time :
And virtue, with reluctant eyes,
Beholds this human sacrifice .

Through deep reserve, and air erect,
Mistaken Damon won respect ;
But could the specious homage pass,
With any creature, but an a's ?
If conscious, they who fear'd the skin,
Would scorn the sluggish brute within.
What awe-struck slaves the towers enclose,
Where Persian monarchs eat and doze !
What prostrate reverence all agree,
To pay a prince they never see !
Mere vassals of a royal throne !
The sophi's virtues must be shewn,
To make the reverence his own.

As for Thalia—wouldst thou make her
Thy bride without a portion ?—take her,
She will with duteous care attend,
And all thy duteous hours besfriend ;
Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain ;
With thee rejoice, with thee complain ;
Will smooth thy pillow, plead thy bowers ;
And bind thy aching head with flowers.
But be this previous maxim known,
If thou canst feed on love alone ;
If, blest with her, thou canst sustain
Contempt, and poverty, and pain :
If so—then rifle all her graces—
And fruitful be your fond embraces.

Too soon, by caustic spleen inspir'd,
Sage Damon to his grove retir'd .
The path disclaim'd by sober reason ;
Retirement claims a later season ;
Ere active youth and warm desires
Have quite withdrawn their lingering fires.
With the warm bosom, ill agree,
Or limpid stream, or shady tree.
Love lurks within the rosy bower,
And claims the speculative hour ;
Ambition finds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulse too fiercely beat !
Ev'n social friendship duns his ear,
And cites him to the public sphere,
Does he resist their genuine force ?
His temper takes some froward course ;
Till passion, misdirected, sighs
For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies !

Far happiest he, whose early days
Spent in the social paths of praise,
Leave, fairly printed on his mind,
A train of virtuous deeds behind :

From this rich fund, the memory draws
The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people their sequester'd shade.
Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fauns,
That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.
If, where his devious ramble strays,
He virtue's radiant form surveys ;
She seems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown severe * ;
To shew him her remote abode ;
To point the rocky arduous road :
But from each flower, his fields allow,
She twines a garland for his brow.

OECONOMY,

A Rhapsody, address'd to young Poets.

" Infans: omnes gelidis quæcunque lacernis
" Sunt tibi, Nafones, Virgiliisque vide." MART.

PART THE FIRST.

TO you, ye bards! whose lavish breast re-
quires

This monitory lay, the strains belong ;
Nor think some miser vents his sapient saw,
Or some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
That tempt profusion, sings; while friendly zeal,
To guard from fatal ill the tribe he loves,
Inspires the meanest of the Muses' train !
Like you I loath the groveling progeny,
Whose wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
Advance them high on power's tyrannic throne:
To lord it there in gorgeous uselessness,
And spurn successless worth that pines below !

See the rich churl, amid the social sons
Of wine and wit, regaling! hark he joins
In the free jest delighted, seems to shew
A meliorated heart! he laughs! he sings!
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems set agape the board.
Like Demetrius, in the pay, benign and mild.
And pouring forth benevolence of soul,
Till Micio wonders: or, in Shalotpear's line,
Obscure Silenus; drowning Shallow's voice,
And startling Falstaff and his mad companions.

He own's 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To smooth his careful brow! to let his purse
Ope to a sixpence's diameter!
He likes our ways; he own the ways of wit
Are ways of pleasure, and deserve regard.
True we are dainty good society,
But what are thou? alas! consider well,
Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself.
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp
Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian

caves,
Destroy the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we
It flamens boast to guard: we know not how
But at thy sight the fading flame assumes
A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.

C c 2

True,

* Alluding to—the allegory in '41 M' tablet.

True, thou seem'st chang'd; all fainted, all en-
sky'd

The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes
Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind,
But all is false! an intermitting sigh
Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to
smiles,

And deems these only lost, thou dost not lose.
Ev'n for a demi groat, this open'd soul,
This boon companion, this elastic breast
Re vibrates quick; and sends the tuneful tongue
To lavish music on the rugged walls
Of some dark dungeon Hence thou castiff, fly!
Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,
Monster ingrate! beneath one common sky
Why shouldst thou breathe? beneath one common
roof

'Thou ne'er shalt harbour; nor my little boat
Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.
Go to thy bars, thou recreant! hourly go
And, gazing there bid them be wit, be mirth,
Be conversation. Not a face that smiles
Admit thy presence! not a soul that glows
With social purport, bid or ev'n or morn
Invest thee happy! but when life declines,
May thy sure heirs stand tittering round thy bed,
And, ushering in their favourites, burst thy locks.
And fill their lamps with gold; till want and
care

With joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."

Ah never never may th' harmonious wind
Endure the worldly! poets ever void
Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,
And spurn the miser, spurn his deity
Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye
The rival scale of interest kicks the beam,
Than lightning swifter From his cavern'd store
The sordid soul, with self-applause, remarks
The kind propensity, remarks and smiles
And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.
Him we deride, and in our comic scenes
Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn.
We loath with justice; but alas the pain
To bow the knee before this calf of gold;
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!

But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis no he whose heart
Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind
Is senseless as his gold, the flighted Muse
Intensely loaths 'Tis sure no equal task
To pardon him, who lavishes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk or spaniel, all
But human merit; who with gold essays
All, but the nobl'st pleasure, to remove
The want of genius, and its smiles enj'y.

But you, ye titled youths, whose nobler zeal
Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame;
Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay;
Permit him not, in distant solitudes,
To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours
Of active youth! then virtue pants for praise
That station unadorn'd, the careless bard
Quits your worn threshold, and like honest Gay
Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.
Your favours then, like trophies given the tomb,
Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,

Or scorns perceiv'd; and execrates the smile
Which bade his vigorous bloom, to treacherous
hopes

And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!—
Two lawless powers, engag'd by mutual hate
In endless war, beneath their flags enroll
The vassal world. This av'ice is nam'd,
That luxury; 'tis true their partial friends
Affign them softer names; usurpers both:
That share by dint of arms the legal throne
Of just economy; yet both betray'd
By fraudulent ministers The niggard chief,
Listening to want all faithless, and prepar'd
To join each moment in his rival's train,
His conduct models by the needless fears
The slave inspires; while luxury a chief
Of amplest faith, to plenty's rule resigns
His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flattering
sounds

Engross his ear; 'tis plenty's smiling form
Moves still before his eyes. Discretion strives,
But strives in vain, to b'rust from the throne
The perjur'd minion. He secures of trust,
With latent malice to the hostile camp
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth con-
veys.

Ye towering minds, ye sublimated souls!
Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
Set, let, contract acquit, with easier mien
Than sops take snuff whose economic care
Your green silk purse engrosses easily pleas'd,
To see gold sparkle through the subtle folds;
Lovely, as when th' Etesian frutage smil'd
Amid the verdurous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!
Who scatter wealth, as though the radiant crop
Glitter'd on every bough; and every bough
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avus'd
Were by a splendid successor supply'd
Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays
For 'tis not fools, whatever proverbial phrase
Have long decreed, that quit with great ease
The treasur'd gold. Of words instead profuse,
Of gold tenacious, their torp'scent soul
Clenches their coin, and what electrical fire
Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow?
'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence
Of health! of treasure! stimulates the soul:
These, with officious care, and fatal art,
Improve the vinous flavour; these the smile
Of Cloe soften; these the glare of dress
Blame; the glittering chariot gild anew,
And add strange wisdom to the furs of power.

Alas that he, amid the race of men,
Should with unriated appetite demand,
And vainly court the pleasure it procures!
When fancy's vivid spark impels the soul
To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose
Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale
Of balmy medicine's various field, aspires
The blest refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope
Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroll'd!
Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind

Requires;

Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill
 A soul with gold, the sprightly breast demands
 Effort, rapture; life, a tedious load
 Forbid its continuity of joy.
 But science obtain? philosophy requires
 Not with gold; crown its utmost prayer
 Solitude, a cell, the simple fleece,
 The quiet mind, and the chrysalis dream.
 But gold and luxury rewards her train
 With cheap contentment. Folly alone requires
 In its protection! Days and nights, and hours,
 Thy voice, thy pomp, thy y! calls aloud
 For costly draughts, immoderate bowls of joy,
 Rivers of rich regalement! seas of bliss!
 Sea without shore! infinity of sweets!
 And yet, unless sage reason join her hand
 In pleasure's pursuit, pleasure is unsure:
 And yet, unless economy's consent
 In vain we expence, form graceless mark,
 Some yearning to be call'd, shall, soon or late,
 Back like a pump, from the vicious tide
 Of a world's prodigious want's disease,
 Amidst the bloom of show. The scanty stream
 Shew'd in its channel, forms to vie
 With Vaga's depth, but should the sedge power
 Vain, voracious empty his penurious urn
 O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams
 Divide the tricklings of the boastive rill!
 I not able to mark the dubious path
 That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!
 But, ere self flattery loath the vivid breast
 With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,
 Reflect how few, who charm'd the listening ear
 Of satrap or of king, her smiles enjoy'd!
 Consider well, what meagre dues repay'd
 The great Mæonian fire of tuneful song,
 And prototype of all that fear'd sublime,
 And let dull cares below; what griefs impell'd
 The model bard of learn'd Enza's reign,
 To dwell with tears his Mother's parent stream,
 And mourn aloud the pang "to ride, to run,
 "To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."
 Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive muse
 Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!
 Which of your boasted race might none reward
 Like loyal Butler, when the lib was Charles,
 The judge of wit, perused the sprightly page,
 Triumphant o'er his foes? believe not hope,
 The poet's paradise; but learn alone
 To pare the scanty boon the fates decree.
 Poet and rich 'tis false-ism extreme!
 'Tis heighten'd contradi in his frame,
 In every nerve and fibre of his soul
 The latent seeds and principles of want,
 Has nature wove, and fate confirm'd the clue.
 Nor yet despair to shun the ruin's gripe
 Of penury; with nice precision learn
 A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
 That marks th' expence of each revolving year,
 Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
 Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
 To flight, frug'dry, assure thine heart
 That a gem's near. This veritable coin
 Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
 It fetters misers, but it must alone
 Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit like world,

Bids thee beware: thy list' craft essay:
 Nor, piddling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
 See with soup-ladles d'vile gormandize.
 Economy! thou good old aunt! whose mien
 Furrow'd with age and care the wife adore,
 The wits condemn! serving still thy stores
 To cheer thy friends at last! why with the cit,
 Or bookish churl, with each ignoble name,
 Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside?
 And, shunning all who by thy favours crown'd
 Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind
 Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?
 Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
 And childless, love to dwell: yet leave the breast
 Of youth unwar'd, unguided, uninform'd?
 Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
 Are doubly kind? for sure to youthful eyes
 (How short for'er it prove) the road of life
 Appears protracted: fair on either side
 The Loves, the Graces play, on Fortune's child
 Profusely smiling; well might you essay
 The frugal plan, the lucrative employ.
 Source of their favour all the live-long day,
 But fate assents not. Age alone contracts
 His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
 Of all his peace, the glittering seeds of care!
 O that the Muse's voice might pierce the ear
 Of generous youth! for youth deserves her song,
 Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then
 Requires the pruner's hand; the frequent stage
 Is barely vegetates: nor long the space
 Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk display
 Fall winter's total reign. O lovely source
 Of generous fables, youth! when opening minds
 Are rose as the light, lucid as air
 As fostering breezes kind, as liments gay,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!
 Yet hapless state of man! his earliest youth
 Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind
 Nor deem it strange, that rolling years abrade
 The social bias. Life's extensive page
 What does it but unfold repeated proofs
 Of gold's omnipotence? in patriots, friends,
 Sinking beneath its ray, enervate some,
 And others dead, whose patril name exhales
 A noisome fume, the bulky volume reams,
 With kinmen, brothers, sons, moulting the
 shroud,
 Or honouring the grave with specious grief.
 Of short duration; soon in fortune's beams
 Alent, and wondering at the tears they shed.
 But who shall live by tame profane strain
 That glowing breast, where wit with youth con-
 spires
 To sweeten luxury? The fearful Muse
 Shall yet proceed, though by the faintest gleam
 Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

PART THE SECOND.

IN some dark season, when the misty shower
 O'erspreads the sun, and folds us all the sky;
 When sinners drop the wing, and grove nor stream
 Invites thee forth to sport thy drooping Mute;
 Seize the dull hour, nor with regret align
 To worldly prudence. She nor nice nor cov-

Accepts the tribute of a joyless day;
She smiles well pleas'd, when wit and mirth re-
cede,

And not a Grace, and not a Muse will hear.
Then, from majestic Maro's awful strain,
Or towering Homer, let thine eye descend
To trace, with patient industry, the page
Of income and expence. And oh! beware
Thy breast self-flattery, place no courtly smile,
No golden promise of your faithless Muse,
Nor latent mine which fortune's hand may shew,
Amid thy solid store. The siren's song
Wrecks not the listening sailor, half so sure.
See by what avenues, what devious paths,
The foot of want detested, steals along,
And bars each fatal pass. Some few short hours
Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year
On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the Muse
To sing intrepid many a cheerful day.

But if too soon before the tepid gales
Thy resolution melt; and ardent vows,
In wary hours prefer'd, or dye forgot,
Or seem'd the forc'd effect of hazy skies;
Then, ere surprize, by whose impetuous rage
The mazy fort, with which thy gentler breast
I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too by nature's undiminish'd law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all!
Attract and are attracted: nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; soul alike with 'oul
Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone,
In each idea it inhabits, is found
The kind propensity. And when they meet,
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith:
That, should the world's disjointed frame once
more

To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd
Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix; on this perennial base
Erect thy safety, and defy thy storm.
Let soft profusion's fair idea join
Her hand with poverty: nor here desist.
Till, o'er the group that forms their various train
Thou sing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
Of outward shew in lasting leagues combine
With shame thread-bare; the gay vermillion face
Of rash intemperance, be discreetly pair'd
With fallow hunger; the licentious joy,
With mean dependance; ev'n the dear delight
Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,
Thy breast, sagacious prudence! shall connect
With filth and beggary; nor disdain to link
With black insolvency. Thy soul alarm'd
Shall shun the siren's voice; nor boldly dare
To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,
With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye sordid race! ye groveling
minds;

I frame the song for you! for you, the Muse
Could other rules impart; the friendly strain,
For gentler blossoms plann'd, to yours would prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed

Whatever Colchos bore; and in your breast
Compassion, love, and friendship, all destroy!

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores
Increase apace, by periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon.
The lean reward of gross unbounded praise!
It much avails, to seize the present hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage
When once appeas'd, the small remaining store
shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,
As gold improv'd by many a fierce essay.

'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs
His narrow stream, if, o'er its wonted banks
By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell;
His timely hand through better tracts conveys
The quick decreasing tide; ere borne along
Or through the wild morasses, or cultur'd field,
Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands,
It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!
But happiest he who sanctifies expence
By present pay! who subjects not his fame
To tradesmen's varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of base mechanic, sordid, unsincere!
There haply, while thy Muse sublimely soars
Beyond this earthly sphere, in heaven's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,
Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
The punctual record; till nor Phœbus self,
Nor sage Minerva's art, can aught avail
To soothe the ruthless dun's detested rage.
Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane
He leads the gentle Muse; then hurls thee down
To want, remorse, captivity, and shame.

Each public place, the glittering haunts of men,
With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
Why fondly linger on a hostile shore,
Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread
The precipice? or why alas to breathe
A moment's space, where every breeze is death?
Death to thy future peace? Away, collect
Thy dissipated mind; contract thy train
Of wild ideas o'er the flowery fields
Of shew diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.
Oeconomy presents her glass, accept
The faithful mirror; powerful disclose
A thousand forms, unseen by careless eyes,
That plot thy fate. Temptation, in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with every sweet perfum'd,
Besets thy sense; extortion follows close
Her wanton step, and ruin brings the rear.
These and the rest shall her mysterious glass
Embody to thy view; like Venus kind,
When to her labouring son, the vengeful powers
That urg'd the fall of Ithum, she display'd,
He not imprudent, at the sight declin'd
Th' unequal conflict, and decreed to raise
The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.
For here to drain thy swelling purse await
A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend,
"The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff-
boxes,

"The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwec,
"With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste,

"Its

" Its melting stores, and in the dreary void
 " Leave not a doir behind." Ere yet exhaust
 Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,
 Away ! embosom'd deep in distant shades,
 Nor seen nor seeing, thou mayst vent thy scorn
 Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold !
 There of the farded fop, and effenc'd beau,
 Ferocious with a stoic's frown disclose
 Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp ;
 And fluent thine harangue. But can thy soul
 Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress,
 Where dress is merit ! where thy graver friend
 Shall wish thee burnish'd ! where the sprightly
 fair

Demand embellishment ! ev'n Delia's eye,
 As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
 Inquiring, curious ? Fly the curst domain ;
 These are the realms of luxury and shew ;
 No classic soil : away ! the bloomy spring
 Attracts thee hence ; the waning autumn warns ;
 Fly to thy native shades, and dread ev'n there,
 Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state
 Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelia's mien.
 Why treads my friend with melancholy step
 That beauteous lawn ? why pensive strays his eye
 O'er statues, grottos, urns, by critic art
 Proportion'd fair ? or from his lofty dome,
 Bright glittering through the grove, returns his
 eye

Unpleas'd, disconsolate ? And is it love,
 Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes
 Of all their beauty ? centering all in her
 His soul adores ? or from a blacker cause
 Springs this remorseful gloom ? is conscious guilt
 The latent source of more than love's despair ?
 It cannot be within that polish'd breast
 Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour
 there ;

No ! 'tis the sad survey of present want,
 And past profusion ! Lost to him the sweets
 Of yon pavillion, fraught with every charm
 For other eyes ; or, if remaining, proofs
 Of criminal expence ! sweet interchange
 Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains !
 How glad some once he rang'd your native turf,
 Your simple scenes, how raptur'd ! ere expence
 Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
 Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
 Pomp to deject, and beauty to displease.

Oh ! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,
 To fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
 Nobly superior ! but let caution guide
 The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
 And prudence be our almoner ! Alas !
 The pilgrim wandering o'er some distant clime,
 Sworn foe of avarice ! not disdains to learn
 Its coin's imputed worth ; the destin'd means
 To smooth his passage to the favour'd shrine.
 Ah ! let not us, who tread this stranger-world,
 Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,
 Forget the land is mercenary, nor waste
 His fare, ere landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard consult Palladio's rules ;
 Let never bard, O Burlington ! survey
 Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd ;

Dangerous incentive ! nor with lingering eye
 Survey the window Venice calls her own.
 Better for him, with no ingrateful Muse,
 To sing a requiem to that gentle soul
 Who plann'd the sky-light ; which to lavish bards
 Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray.
 For garrets him, and squalid walls await,
 Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain,
 He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

PART THE THIRD.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
 The trembling Muse consigns thee. Ere
 contempt,

Or want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
 Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold !
 The poet's rooks, the careless poet's, his
 Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.

When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
 The play-thing of comparison, arriv'd
 Where learned bosoms their aerial schemes
 Projected, studious of the public weal,
 'Mid these, one subtler artist he descri'd,
 Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement
 The spider's web, injurious to supplant
 Fair Albion's fleeces ! Never, never may
 Our monarchs on such fatal purpose smile,
 And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons
 The Melksham weavers ! Here in every nook
 Their webs they spun : here revel'd uncontroul'd,
 And, like the flags from Westminster's high roof
 Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav'd.
 Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing !
 Cell ever squalid ! where the sincere maid
 Will not fatigue her hand ! broom never comes,
 That comes to all ! o'er whose quiescent walls
 Arachne's unmolested care has drawn
 Curtains subtile, and save th' expence of art.

Survey those walls, in sady texture clad,
 Where wandering snails in many a slimy path,
 Free, unrestrain'd, their various journeys crawl ;
 Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths
 Confus'd, inextricable ! such the clue
 Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd !
 Hooks ! angles ! crooks ! and involutions wild !
 Mean time, thus silver'd with meanders gay,
 In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,
 Perchance of tabby, or of harateen,
 Not ill expressive ! such the power of snails.

Behold the chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm
 An aged cushion hides : replete with dust
 The soiling'd velvet ; pleasing to the eye
 Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare
 Of weary guest that on the specious bed
 Sits down confiding. Ah ! disastrous wight !
 In evil hour and rashly dost thou truit
 The fraudulent couch ! for, though in velvet cas'd,
 Thy fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.
 The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
 Hath shap'd his way ; on beds profuse of flowers,
 Cowslip, or primrose, or the circular eye
 Of daisie fair, decrees to bask supine.

And

And see! delighted, down he drops, secure
Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,
Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah! much deceiv'd,
Much suffering pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap,
Nor sweet repose shall find; the false morals
In quivering undulations yields beneath
Thy burden, in the miry gulph enclosed!
And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye
Where 'mid machines of heterogeneous form
His coat depends; alas! his only coat,
Eldest of things! and nameless, as an heath
Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.
Not different have I seen in dreary vault
Display'd, a coffin; on each side
The texture unmolested seems entire.
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away!
And leaves the wondering swain to gape, or
stare,

And with expressive shrug, and piteous sigh,
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality
This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux,
And formal cits, (themselves too naptly scorn'd)
Both on its sleeve and on its skirt, retains
Full many a pin wide sparkling: for, if e'er
Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,
Though rapt in thought, commercing with the
sky,

He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,
And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,
Indenting fix them; nor when arm'd with these,
The cure of rents and separations dire,
And chafms enormous, did he view dismay'd
Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush portending fate
To breeches, coat, and hose! had any wight
Of vulgar skill, the tender texture own'd;
But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint
Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Chloe's tan,
Or sweetly fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.
Alas! by frequent use decays the force
Of mortal art! the refractory robe
Eludes the taylor's art, eludes his own;
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!

See near his bed his bed too falsely call'd
The place of rest, while it a Bard sustains;
Pale, meagre, Muse-rid wight! who reads in
vain

Narcotic volumes o'er his candlestick,
Radiant machine, when from the plastic hand
Of Mulciber, the mayor of Birmingham,
The engine issued; now alas disguis'd
By many a muncious tide, that wandering down
Its sides congeal. what he perhaps, essays
With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk
When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree.
Or suits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,
When from each branch, anneal'd the works of
frost

Pervasive, radiant ices depend?

How shall I sing the various ill that waits
The careful sonneteer? or who can paint
The shifts enormous, that in vain he forms
To patch his paneless window; to cement
His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase?

o war with ruin? anxious to conceal
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen
Invades his chattels; ruin will invade;
Will claim his whole invention to repair,
Nor, of the gift, for tuncful ends design'd,
Allow one part to decorate his song.
While ridicule, with ever pointing hand
Conscious of every shift, of every shift
Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,
Points to the nook, which he his study calls
Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem
His chest, a wardrobe; purse a treasury:
And shews, to crown her full display, himself.
One whom the powers above, in place of health,
And wonted vigour; of paternal cot,
Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff,
Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,
A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
And with the cobbler's loftiest site his own;
Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the fates,
Who to the humbler mechan'ist, join'd
Goods so superior, such exalted bliss!

See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace,
He, hapless hypocrite! refines his nail,
His chief amusement! then how feign'd, how
forc'd

That care-defying sonnet, which implies
His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown
In full possession, uncontested right
And property! Yet ah! who'er this wight
Admiring view, if such there be, distrust
The vain pretence; the smiles that harbour grief
As lurks the serpent deep in flowers unwreath'd.
Forewarn'd, be frugal; or with prudent rage
Thy pen demolish; chuse the trustier stall,
And bless those labours which the choice in-
spir'd.

But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight
Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,
Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,
Precient of future dignities, salute
Sheriff, or mayor in comfortable furs
Enwrapt, secure: nor yet the Laureat's crown
In thought exclude him! He perchance shall rise
To nobler heights than foresight can decree

When, fir'd with wrath, for his in rigues dis-
play'd,

In many an idle song Saturnian Jove
Vow'd sure destruction to the tuncful race;
Appeas'd by suppliant Phœbus, "Bards, he said,
Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debar'd.
But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.

The RUINED ABBEY; OR, The EFFECTS of SUPERSTITION.

A T long h fair peace with olive crown'd re-
gains
Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frightened Muse returns.

Happy

Happy the Bard, who, from his native hills,
Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys
His azure stream, with penile woods enclos'd!
Or o'er the glassy surface, with his friend,
Or faithful fair, through bordering willows green
Waits his small frigates. Fearless he of shouts,
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the watery crew
Tha' aye confusion from the realms they rule!
Fearless of these; who share the gentler voice
Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And cheer the forest; birds of brighter plume
With busy pinion skim the glittering wave,
And tempt the sun; ambitious to display
Their several merit, while the vocal flute,
Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.

If solitude his wandering steps invite
To some more deep recess (for hours there are,
When gay, when social minds to friendship's
voice,

Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer);
How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,
Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks
Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul!
If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals
Of bigot minds, religion dwells not here,
Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires:
Yet here may wisdom, as she walks the maze,
Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,
And serious truths of mightier weight than gold!
I ask not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
A few fix'd principles; in early life,
Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd.
Then, like old Latimer, when age impairs
My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools at-
tack

My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
And this mine answer: "Thus, 'twas thus I
thought;

"My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire;
"Thus will I think averse to listen more
"To intricate discussion, prone to stray.
"Perhaps my reason may but ill defend
"My settled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,
"Too sure its own infirmities declare.
"But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
"And early foresight; now the winds may rise,
"The tempest whistle, and the billows roar;
"My pinnacle rides in port, despoil'd and worn,
"Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns
"Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
"Sees the strong vessel fluctuate less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes
Suggest instruction, and instructing please.
And see betwixt the grove's extended arms
An abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
Gilt by the mid-day sun: with lingering step
Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy
Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast
Vol. VII.

Too long deliberate) with timorous hand
Remove th' obstructive bough; nor yet refuse,
Though sighing, to destroy that favourite pine,
Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.
Aggriev'd but constant as the Roman fire,
The rigid Manlius, when his conquering son
Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed
Of virtuous ardour, timelessly display'd;
Nor cease till through the gloomy road, the pile
Gleam unobstructed: thither oft thine eye
Shall sweetly wander; thence returning, soothe,
With penive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
O superstition! hence the dire disease,
(Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest
Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain
Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale
Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
Of tyrant Rome; but futile ail, till she,
Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their power,
And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth to sanctify the page
Of British annals? if a foe expir'd,
The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks,
And fiends to snatch at the departing soul
With hellish emulation. If a friend,
High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
Their golden lyres, and wait him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted
faith?

The sovereign's just, the subject's loyal pact,
To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain
By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll
Ere the frail sanction of the wax was told.

With thee, * Plantagenet from civil broils
The land a while respir'd, and all was peace.
Then Becket rose, and, impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave;
Bid murderous priests the sovereign frown con-
temn,

And with unhallow'd crozier bruise'd the crown.

Yet yielded not supremely tame a prince
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul
Firm and erect the peevish priest exil'd,
And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.
In vain! let one faint malady diffuse
The pensive gloom which superstition loves,
And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom.
Rein the proud palfrey whilst the priest ascends!

Was † Cœur-de-lion blest with whiter days?
Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
Urg'd the crusade; and see, of half his stores
Despoil'd the wretch, whose wiser bosom chose
To bless his friends, his race, his native land.

Of ten fair suns that roll'd their annual race,
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;
While haughty † Longchamp, 'mid his livery
files

* Henry II. † Richard I.
‡ Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

Dd

Of.

Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,
 Battling in foreign fields, collecting wide
 A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.

Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince de-
 serts

His drooping realm, to pluck the barren sprays!

When faithless John usurp'd the fully'd crown,
 What ample tyranny! the groaning land
 Deem'd earth, deem'd heaven its foe: six tedious
 years

Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd
 The papal interdict; and who obey'd,
 The sovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
 When the French tyrant, by the futile grant
 Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
 And durst invade; he such inglorious days
 Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!

Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard
 Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead
 To every purpose, men nor wish'd to live,
 Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
 Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling
 hand

Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain.
 Thence journeying home, in every cloud he sees
 A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll
 He reads damnation; sees its sable train
 Of grim attendants, pencil'd by despair!

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
 By painful steps arriv'd: his home, his friends,
 His offspring left to lavish on the shrine
 Of some far-honour'd saint his costly stores,
 Inverts his footstep; sickens at the sight
 Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The wretch whose hope by stern oppression chas'd
 From every earthly bliss, still as it saw
 Triumphant wrong, took wing, and flew to hea-
 ven,

And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost
 And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,
 And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
 To supplicate remission, smok'd no more;
 While the green weed luxuriant round uprose.
 Some from the death-bed, whose delirious faith
 Through every stage of life to Rome's decrees
 Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
 Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt
 In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard
 The last loud clarion sound, and heaven's decree
 With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.
 Nor light the grief by superstition weigh'd,
 That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge
 Of hallow'd earth or tutelary fane,
 Must sleep with brutes their vassals, on the field;
 Unneath some path, in marble unexorcis'd!
 No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
 No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure!
 Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest! alas, so boundless was the ill!
 He, like the flock he pillaged, pin'd forlorn;
 The vivid vermeil fled his sady cheek,
 And his big paunch, distended with the spoils
 Of half his flock; emaciate, groan'd beneath
 Superior pride, and mightier lust of power!
 'Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre
 hand

Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads
 With nice precision, felt the deeper wound
 As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for
 power,

Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
 Sunk helpless in the dreary gulph involv'd;
 And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings secure? in towering stations born,
 In flattery nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,
 Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;
 As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow
 Of some proud cliff, surveys his lessening flock
 In snowy groups diffusive round the vale.

A while the furious menace John return'd,
 And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too soon
 Allegiance sickening saw its sovereign yield,
 An angry prey to scruples not his own.
 The loyal soldier girt around with strength,
 Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming
 years,

And seiz'd the falchion, resolute to guard
 His sovereign's right, impalpy'd at the news;
 Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd
 For soul desertion; drops the lifted steel,
 And quits fame's no less harvest, to expire
 The death of Monks, of surfeit, and of sloth!

At length fatigued with wrongs, the servile
 king

Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores
 To buy remission. But could these obtain?
 No! resolute in wrongs the priests obdurd;
 Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave,
 His fame, his people and his crown, he gave.
 Mean monarch: flighted, brav'd, abhorr'd be-
 fore!

And now, pleas'd by delegated sway,
 The wily pontiff scorns not to recall
 His interdictions. Now the sacred doors
 Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
 To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes
 Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine
 Of faintest villainy! the pompous tomb
 Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
 Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land
 That sigh'd for bread! 'tis thus the Indian clove
 Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flower,
 And sheds its odours; while the flocks around
 Hungry and faint the barren sands explore
 In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil;
 Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores
 And furnish luxury.—Yet in vain
 Britannia strove; and whether artful Rome
 Caref'd or curs'd her, superstition rag'd
 And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.

At length some murderous monk, with poiso-
 nous art

Expell'd the life his brethern robb'd of peace.
 Nor yet surceas'd with John's disastrous reign
 Pontific fury! English wealth exhaust,
 The sequent reign * beheld the beggar'd shore
 Grim with Italian usurers; prepar'd
 To lend, for riping unexampled hire,
 To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontrol'd.

For

* Henry III. who cancelled the Magna Charta.

For now with more extensive havoc rag'd
Relentless Gregory, with a thousand arts,
And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
Nor shall the Muse repeat, how oft he blew
The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold
Annul'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
Swell the gross hoards of Henry, or his own.
Nor shall she tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeat
The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tie
Of British kings by legal oath restrain'd.
Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold
From Albion's realm to fertile shores convey'd,
Wrung from her sons, and spited by her kings!
Oh irksome day! when wicked thrones combine
With papal craft, to gull their native land!

Such was our fate while Rome's director taught
Of subjects, born to be their monarch's prey,
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil
For vacant gluttony; extortion, raud,
For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!
O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
From inmost Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!
Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful sword by John ere while
Forc'd from his scabbard; and with burnish'd
lance

Essay the savage cure, domestic war!

And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist
Of general darkness. Gossard* now adorned
The mitred wreath he wore, with reason's sword
Staggering delusion's frauds; at length beneath
Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd
No vulgar soul, that dar'd to heaven appeal!
But ah! this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
Had well nigh ceded, to the slothful hands
Of monks & bidious; ere Edward's care
The lavish hand of death-bed fear restrain'd.
Yet was he clear of superstition's taint?
He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,
Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasure'd gold
To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!

Yes, the third Edward's breast, to papal sway
So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,
Could superstition quell! before the towers
Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

But still the night by Romish art diffus'd
Conceals her clouds, and with slow peace recedes,
When by soft Bourdeaux's braver queen approv'd,
Bold Wickliff rose: and while the bigot power
Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,
The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.
So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
Secure a while his recreant life sustain'd;
Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail honour'd Wickliff! enterprising sage!
An Epicurus in the cause of truth!
For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours
Of youthful spring, an æther all serene,
Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,
Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,
The light, the radiance that pervades the soul,

* Bishop of Lincoln, called Mallzeus Romanorum.

And sheds its beams on heav'n's mysterious sway!
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd
Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,
And seek affection by the dreadful boon
Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,
The most extens'd breast, the royal Hal!
All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry
Burst from the centre of remorseless flames;
Their shrieks endur'd Oh slain to martial praise!
When Cobham, generous as the noble peer
That wears his honours, pay'd the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!

'Twas thus alternate, truth's precarious flame
Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye
The pontiff saw Britannia's golden fleece,
Once all his own, invest his worthier sons!
Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway!
Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.

So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye
The first fair pattern of the female frame,
All nature's beauties in one form display'd,
And centering there, in wild amaze he stood;
Then only envying heaven's creative hand:
With'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled every snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,
Till power accede: till Tudor's wild caprice
Smile on their cause: Tudor, whose tyrant reign
With mental freedom crown'd the best of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
Then Wolsey rose, by nature form'd to seek
Ambition's trophies, by address to win,
By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth
Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its towering height with horrid
sound

Rush'd the proud abbey. Then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene
Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet! muttering low
An intellectual curse. The pervious nooks
That, ages past, convey'd the guiltful priest
To play some image on the gaping crowd,
Imbibe the novel day-light; and expose
Obvious the fraudulent enginery of Rome.
As though this opening earth to nether realms
Should flash meridian day, the hooded race
Shudder abash'd to find their cheats display'd:
And, conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The pest gigantic; whose revengeful stroke
Ring'd the red annals of Maria's reign.
When from the tenderest breast each wayward
priest

Could banish mercy and implant a fiend!
When cruelty the funeral pyre uprear'd,
And bound religion there, and fir'd the base!
When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd
limb

Fed with luxuriant rage, in every face

D d 2 .

Triumphant

Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.
 O blest Eliza! from thy piercing beam
 Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;
 Driven to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
 Then with her James receding, cast behind
 One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.
 Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued task
 Of righteous havock, covering distant fields
 With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile.
 While through the land the musing pilgrim sees
 A tract of brighter green, and in the midst
 Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd;
 Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
 Now but of use to grace a rural scene;
 To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons
 Of George's reign, reserv'd for fairer times!

LOVE and HONOUR.

- "Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra
 "Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæ-
 mus,
 "Laudibus Angligenum certent: non Bactra,
 nec Indi.
 "Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis,"

LET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
 Her tawny citron and her orange-groves,
 These let Iberia boast; but if in vain,
 To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile,
 The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
 Our constant bosoms, these, the dazzled world
 May view with envy; these, Iberian dames
 Survey with fixt esteem and fond desire.

Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
 May well this truth explain; nor ill adorn
 The British lyre: then chiefly, if the Muse,
 Nor vain, nor partial, from the simple guise
 Of antient record catch the pensive lay;
 And in less groveling accents give to fame.
 Elvira! loveliest maid! th' Iberian realm
 Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,
 No race more splendid, and no form so fair.
 Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid
 In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil
 Of British victors, victory's noblest pride!
 She, she alone, amid the wailful train
 Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care;
 Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame;
 He, generous youth, with no penurious hand,
 The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
 Where freedom's chearful radiance shines no more,
 Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang
 That beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
 In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,
 Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day!

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
 Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
 Himself had worn: the frowns of angry seas,
 Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
 Than storm or foe: if haply she might find
 Her cares diminish'd; fruitless fond essay!
 Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe

The tender lute he gave: she not averse
 Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
 Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt
 Of gratitude, she paid; whose just commands
 Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
 Her vocal art; harmonious, as the strain
 Of some impri on'd lark, who, daily chear'd
 By guardian cares, repays them with a song,
 Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, not artless, had the fram'd to paint
 Disastrous passion; how, by tyrant laws
 Of idiot custom sway'd, some lost-ey'd fair
 Lov'd only one: nor dar'd that love reveal!
 How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
 The damask rose full-blown; a fever came;
 And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale.
 Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn
 maid,

But vain y sought her; torn by swifter fate
 To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,

Love's mournful victims on the plains below,
 Sometimes as fancy ipoke the pleasing talk,
 She taught her artful needle to display
 The various pride of spring: then swift upsprung
 Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:
 There might you see, on gentle toils intent,
 A train of busy loves; some pluck the flower,
 Some twine the garland, some with grave gri-
 mace

Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.
 'Twas paint, 'twas life! and sure to piercing eyes
 The warriors's face depictur'd Henry's mien.

Now had the generous chief with joy perus'd
 The royal scroll, which to their native home
 Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
 Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste
 To glad his fair Elvira's ear, he sprung;
 Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;
 But fir'd in vain: ah! what was his amaze,
 His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face
 Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
 Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flower!
 Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,
 "Well may my native shore, she said, resound
 "Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove
 "Of thine forgetful, flowers shall cease to feel
 "The fostering breeze, and nature change her
 laws."

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
 The British host. Around the smiling youths
 Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
 Their fleet unmoor, impatient of the love
 That weds each bosom to its native soil.
 The patriot passion strong in every clime,
 How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets
 To dissipate their loves, or match their own.

Not so Elvira! she, disastrous maid,
 Was doubly captive! power nor chance could
 loose

The subtle bands; she lov'd her generous foe.
 She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smil'd,
 Could term her native shore; her native shore
 By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
 Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.

The

The fleet career'd, the wind propitious fill'd
The swelling sails, the glittering transports wav'd
Their pennants gay, and halcyon's azure wing
With flight auspicious skimm'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,
And wish'd a storm as mercilefs, as tore
Her labouring bosom. Fondly now she strove
To banish passion; now the vassal days,
The captive moments, that so smoothly past
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling fingers call'd the favourite sounds
Which Henry deign'd to praise and now essay'd
With mimic chains of silken fillets wove
To paint her captive state; if any fraud
Might to her love the scenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief returned: prepared to launch
On ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
To his fair prisoner. She, soon as she heard
His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame; but, with a spreading blush
And rising sigh, the latent pang disclos'd.

"Yes, generous youth! I see thy bosom glow
With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
To solve my chains, and to my weeping friends,
And every longing relative, restore
A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey!
But know, my soldier, never youthful mind,
Torn from the lavish joys of wild expence
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
To languish out his bloom, could catch the pains
This ill-star'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

What call I freedom? is it that these limbs,
From rigid bolts secure, may wander far
From him I love? Alas! ere I may boast
That sacred blessing, some superior power
To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,
Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul.
Ev'n that I loath; all liberty I loath!
But most the joyless privilege to gaze
With cold indifference, where desert is love.

True, I was born an alien to those eyes
I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime!
And ah! this flatter'd form by dress endear'd
To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,
Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive
With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
To vanquish me; his form, how'er disguis'd,
To me were fatal! no fantastic robe
That e'er caprice invented, custom wore,
Or folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.

Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd
Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea
Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires;
My tenderest glances, but the specious flowers
That shade the viper while she plots her wound.
And can the trembling candidate of love
Awake thy fears? and can a female breast
By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare?
Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile
For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
Heaven search my soul, and if through all its cells
Lurk the pernicious drop of poisonous guile;

Full on my 'fenceless head its phial'd wrath
May fate exhaust; and for my happiest hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!

Ah me! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe,
On thee I gaz'd, and reason soon dispell'd
Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle
Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!

'Twas there my fancy saw the Virtues dwell,
The Loves, the Graces play; and blest the soil
That nurtur'd thee! for sure the Virtues form'd
Thy generous breast; the Loves, the Graces,
plann'd

Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth, essay'd
Their partial power in vain: again I gaz'd,
And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a tract
Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!
And thou by nature form'd, by fate assign'd,
To paint the genius of thy native shore.

'Tis true, with flowers, with many a dazzling
scene

Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
Iberia glows: but ah! the genial sun,
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flower,
On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast!
Beats forth ungentle influences. There
Sits jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
Exultant lights his slow consuming fires.
Not such thy charming region; long before
My sweet experience taught me to decide
Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine
ear.

Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn,
Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms
The kindest friends; the most tremendous foe;
First, best supports of liberty and love!
No, let subjected India, while she throws
O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
Long as I heard, or ere in story read
Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast
With'd them success, and, happiest she, I cry'd,
Of woman happiest she, who shares the love,
The fame, the virtues, of an English lord!
And now what shall I say? blest be the hour
Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shore;
Blest did I say the time? if I may bless
That lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare.
Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight
The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil?
And yet Iberia's sons, with every vow
Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,
And love her just desert, who sues for love;
But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.

Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
Dissent from his) it spreads a hateful stain
On honest fame, amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
Not love himself, with all the pointed pains
That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies,
When elements discordant vex the sky,
Still blushing from the form she loves retire.

Yet

Yet if the specious wif, the vulgar voice
Has titled prudence, sways a soul like thine,
In gems or gold, what proud Iberian dame
Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms
Or hair-breadth 'scapes that haunt the boundless
deep,

And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
When memory to the pensive maid suggests,
In full contrast, the safe domestic scene
For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conquering heroes brave, the female mind,
When steel'd by love, in love's most horrid way
Beholds not danger, or beholding scorns.
Heaven take my life, but let it crown my love."

She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient watch'd the language of his eye:
There pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.

"Forgive me, generous maid, the youth re-
turn'd,

If, by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of solid bliss, or happiest love, bestow.
But ere from native shore I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glittering treasure, and the laurel wreath;
Enjoying conquest then, and fame, and spoil,
If fortune frown'd adverse, and death forbade
The blissful union, with my latest breath
To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul
No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd
To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.
Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,
Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her
love?

Her shall I leave, who now perchance alone
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow re-
turn?

And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails
Shall swell her breast with extacies, convey
Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?
No! may the deep my villain-corse devour,
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,
If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all?
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast
Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies."

"Oh! happy she, rejoin'd the pensive maid,
Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!
And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
Farewell my luckless hopes, my flattering dreams
Of rapturous days! my guilty suit, farewell!
Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
That waits my fame, let not the random shaft
Of censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames:
They love with caution, and with happier stars.
And oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts
Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;

By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd;
By hope confirm'd; with artless truth reveal'd;
Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid
Of happier birth, with mutual ardor crown'd.

These radiant gems, which burnish happiness,
But mock misfortune, to thy favourite's hand
With care convey. And well may such adorn
Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
The source of every transport; but disgrace
My pensive breast, which doom'd to lasting woe,
In thee the source of every bliss resigns.

And now farewell, thou darling youth! the
gem

Of English merit! peace, content, and joy,
And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell!
Attend, ye smiling train, this gallant mind
Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth
His evening pillow; dance around his groves;
And, where he treads, with violets paint his way.
But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
Your frail companion! in the sacred cells
Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame;
There, to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
My constant orisons. The wanton Loves,
And gay Desires, shall spy the glimmering tow-
ers,

And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirmed,
That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude
Her shortest prayer, ere Henry's dear success
The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless
mind

Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem
By native customs; dress, and face, and air,
And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
Given and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu
Esteem could warrant, weary'd heaven with
prayers

To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloister's pensive scene
Elvira shap'd'd her solitary way.

The SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In imitation of SPENSER.

"Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
"Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo."
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most
proper for the Author's imitation on *this occa-
sion*, are his *language* his *simplicity*, his *manner*
of *description*, and a *peculiar tenderness* of *sentiment*
remarkable throughout his works.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected
lies;
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds

Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to
fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely
shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow:
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse
beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horror
grew,

And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.
So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look
aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
No superstition clog his dance of joy,
No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Left weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel
around.

Her cap, far wither than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hair-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear en-
twin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pour-
tray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare our earth, or sky or main,

Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not the rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the
cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order
dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
No pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right
dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title
love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her pait department claim:
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she did collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could
speak
That in her garden sip'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gawdy streak
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tasted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and mary-gold of chearful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdain'g here to
rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infants tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's
wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie
found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-whie, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare
perfume.

And

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom
crown'd

The daintiest garden of the proudest peer ;
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here :
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts ap-
pear.

Oh wassel days ! O customs meet and well !
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere :
Simplicity then fought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling
dwell.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,
Hymn'd such psalms as Sternhold forth did
mete,

If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat :
Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they
to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;
And, in these citizens' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did
bleed ;

And tortious death was true devotion's meed ;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed ;
And lawny fairs in smouldering flames did
burn :

Ah ! dearest lord, forefend, think days should e'er
return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefeft liege is plac'd,
The matron fate ; and some with rank she
grac'd,

(The source of children's and of courtiers
pride !)

Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd ;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;
To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise ;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
And other some with baleful sprig she frays :
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she
sways ;

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene un-
fold.

Lo now with state she utters the command !
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are ;
To save from fingers wet the letters fair :
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare ;

On which thilk-wight, that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I
ween !

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !
As erst the * hard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late de-
light !

And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see :

All playful as the fate, she grows demure ;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
She mediates a prayer to let him free :
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wings her so that all for pity she could dye.

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.

On thee she calls on thee her parent dear !
(Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;
And gives a loofe at last to unavailing woe.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
Or what device his loud laments explain ?
The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks again ?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek dis-
stain ?

When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth ought of sweet reprieve to gain ;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling
stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care :
By turns, aston'd, every twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, be-
ware ;

Knowing, I twist, how each the same may
sue ;

Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair ;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them
greet

And ginger-bread y-rare ; now certes, doubly
sweet !

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in befeemly order sitten there ;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he,
Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm and
chair ;

(Thia

* Spenser.

(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair:)

And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,

Convulsions intermitting! does declare

His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;

And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be care's'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,

His blooming face that seems a purple flower,

Which low to earth its drooping head declines,

All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal shower.

O the hard bosoms of depotic power!

All, all but she, the author of his shame,

All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:

Yet, hence the youth, and hence the flower, shall claim,

If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,

Mindless of food, he, dreary coitiff! pines;

Ne for his fellows' joyaunce care's aught,

But to the wind all merriment resigns;

And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines:

And many a fullen look afance is sent,

Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;

And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,

The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!

But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,

Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,

Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:

Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,

All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;

The firm fixt breast which fit and right acquies,

Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great

Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!

Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show

A little bench of heedless bishops here,

And there a chancellor in embryo,

Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,

As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall dye!

Though now he crawl along the ground so low,

Ner weeting how the Muse should soar on high,

Wistheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,

Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,

Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline,

And many an epic to his rage shall yield;

And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;

And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,

As he who now with 'dcausful fury thrill'd

Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,

And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,

And liberty unbars her prison-door:

Vol. V.I.

And like a rushing torrent out they fly.

And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er

With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;

A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.

Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!

For well may freedom erst so dearly won,

Appear to British elf more gladsome than the fun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,

And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;

For when my bones in graf-green sods are laid;

For never may ye taste more careless hours

In knightly castle or in ladies bower.

O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!

But most in courts where proud ambition towers:

Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring;

Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!

These rudely carol most incondite lay;

Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer

Salute the stranger passing on his way:

Some bulden fragile tenements of clay;

Some to the standing lake their courses bend,

With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;

Think to the huxter's savory cottage tend,

In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,

Each season's stores in order ranged been;

Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er

Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;

And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green;

And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,

Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:

O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,

Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,

With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,

Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,

With pimper'd look draw little eyes aside;

And must be bought, though penury betide,

The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,

And here each season do those cakes abide,

Whose honour'd names * th' inventive city own,

Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride

Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,

Fam'd for her loyal eares in perils try'd,

Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:

Ah!

* Shrewsbury cakes.

E c

Ah! 'midst the rest may flowers adorn his grave,
 Whose art did first these dulcet notes display!
 A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
 Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their
 way.

EPITAPH. *

HERE, here she lies, a budding rose,
 Blasted before its bloom,
 Whose innocence did sweets disclose
 Beyond that flower's perfume,
 To those who for her death are griev'd,
 This consolation's given;
 She's from the storms of life reliev'd
 To them more bright in Heaven.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I. On a Tablet against a Root-House.

HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
 We rural fays and faeries dwell;
 Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
 When the pale moon, ascending high,
 Darts through yon lines her quivering beams,
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.
 Her beams, reflected from the wave,
 Afford the light our revel crave;
 The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 But listen to the water's fall.
 Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
 Be sure your bosoms be serene;
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
 Devoid of all that poisonous life:
 And much it 'vails you in their place,
 To graft the love of human race.
 And tread with awe these favour'd bowers;
 Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;
 So may your path with sweets abound;
 So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
 But harm betide the wayward swain,
 Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!

II. On an Urn.

INGENIO ET AMICITIAE
 GUILIEMI SOMERVILE.

And on the opposite side,

G. S. POSUIT,
 Debita spargens lacrymæ favillam
 Vatis amici.

* In Halesowen church-yard, on Miss Anne
 Powell.

III. To Mr. DODSLEY.

COME then, my friend, thy sylvan taste dis-
 play,
 Come hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay;
 Ah, rather come, and in these dells disown
 The care of other strains, and tune thine own.

IV. On the back of a Gothic Seat.

SHEPHERD, would'st thou here obtain
 Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?
 Joy that suits the rural sphere?
 Gentle Shepherd, lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
 Verdant vales and fountains bright;
 Trees that nod on sloping hills,
 Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose
 In the simplest bud that blows;
 Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
 Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
 Banish each tumultuous joy:
 All but love—for love inspires
 Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
 Yet, ere thou the reins resign,
 Hear what Reason seems to say,
 Hear attentive, and obey.

"Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
 "But beneath them lurks a thorn;
 "Fair and flowery is the brake,
 "Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

"Think not she, whose empty pride
 "Dares the fleecy garb deride.
 "Think not she, who, light and vain,
 "Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

"Artless deed and simple dress,
 "Mark the chosen shepherds;
 "Thoughts by decency control'd,
 "Well conceiv'd, and freely told.

"Sense, that shuns each conscious air,
 "Wit, that fails ere well aware;
 "Generous pity, prone to sigh
 "If her kid or lambskin die.

"Let not lucre, let not pride,
 "Draw thee, from such charms aside.
 "Have not those their proper sphere?
 "Gentler passions triumph here.

"See, to sweeten thy repose,
 "The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
 "Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
 "All that milk and fruits afford.

"Seek no more—the rest is vain;
 "Pleasure ending soon in pain:
 "Anguish lightly, gilded o'er:
 "Close thy wish, and seek no more."

V. On

V. On the back of a Gothic Alcove.

O You that bathe in courtly blyſſe,
Or toyle in fortune's giddy ſpheare;
Do not too raſhly deem anyſſe
Of him that bydes contented here.
Nor yet diſſeigne the ruſſet ſtoale,
Which o'er each careleſſe lymbe he flyngs:
Nor yet deryde the breechen bowle,
In whyche he quaffs the lympid ſprings.
Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
Devoid of wor dlye cark he ſlray:
Or all beſide ſome flowerye lawne,
He waſte his inoffenſive daye.
So may he pardonne fraud and ſtriſe,
If ſuch in courtlye haunt he ſee;
For faults there beene in buſye life,
From whyche theſe peaceful glennes are free.

VI. On a ſeat, under a ſpredding Beech.

HOC erat in votis: modus agi non ita mag-
nus,
Hortus ubi, et teſſo vicinus jugis aquæ ſons,
Et paulum ſylvæ ſuper his foret. Audius atque
Dii melius fecere. —

VII. On a Seat.

IOSEPHO SCIENCE,
EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;
CVI DICARI VELLE
MYſARVM OMNIVM ET GRATIARVM CHORVS,
DICAT AMICITIA,
MDCCCLXIII.

VIII. On the Aſſignation Seat.

NERINE Gaudeat thymo mihi dulcior Hy-
blæ,
Candidior cygnis, hedera formoſior alba!
Cum primum paſſi reparent præſepia tauri,
Si quæ tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito

IX. On an ornamented URN, inſcribed to Miſs
DOLMAN, a beautiful and amiable relation of
Mr. SHENSTONE's, who died of the ſmall-pox,
about twenty-one years of age.

PERAMABILI SVA CONSOBRINAE
M. D.
On the other ſide:
AN MARIA
PYELLARVM ELEGANTISSIMA,
AN FLORE VENUSTATIS ABREPIA,
VALE!
HEV QUANTO MINVS EST
CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,
QVAM TVI
MEMINISSE!

X. On a Seat.

CELEBRERIMO POETAE
IACOBO THOMSON
TROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS
G. S.
SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis ſibilus auſtri,
Nec percuffa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxofas inter decurrunt ſumina valles.

XI. On a Seat at the Bottom of a large
Root, on the Side of a Slope.

O Let me haunt this peaceful ſhade;
Nor let Ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower
That ſhun her paths, and ſlight her power!

Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies
From ſocial meads and open ſkies;
Pleas'd by the rill her courſe to ſteer,
And hide her ſapphire plumage here.

He trout, bedropt with crimſon ſtains,
Forſakes the river's proud domains;
Forſakes the ſun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble ſtream.

And ſure I hear the Naiad ſay,
Flow, flow, my ſtream, this devious way,
Though lovely be thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

Flow gentle ſtream, nor let the vain
Thy ſmall unſully'd ſhores diſdain:
Nor let the penſive ſage retire,
Whoſe latent courſe reſembles thine.

XII. On a ſmall Obeliſc in Virgil's
Grove.

P. VIRGILIO MARONI
LATIS ISTE CVM LVCO SACER ESTO.

XIII. On a Stone, by a Chalybeat Spring.

CONSTERVGINEVS.
DIVAE QUAE SECEſſIVISIO FVVI CONCEDIT.

XIV. On a Stone Seat, making part of
a Cave.

INTVS AQVÆ DVICIS, VIVQVE SEDILIA SAXO;
NYMPHARVM DOMVS.

XV. On two Seats, to two of his moſt
particular Friends. The firſt thus,

AMICITIAE ET MERITIS
RICHARDI GRAVES:
IPſAE TE, TITYRE, PINVS,
IPſI TE FONTES, IPſA HAEC AREVSTA VOCABAN
The other,
AMICITIAE ET MERITIS
RICHARDI IAGO.

E =

XVI

XVI. On a Statue of Venus de Medicis.

—"Semi-educata Venus."

"TO Venus, Venus here retir'd,
 " My sober vows I pay :
 " Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
 " The bold, the pert, the gay.
 " Not her whose amorous leer prevail'd
 " To bribe the Phrygian boy ;
 " Not her who clad in armour, fail'd
 " To save disastrous Troy.
 " Fresh rising from the foamy tide,
 " She every bosom warms ;
 " While half withdrawn she seems to hide,
 " And half reveals, her charms.
 " Learn hence, ye boastful sons of taste,
 " Who plan the rural shade ;
 " Learn hence to shun the vicious waste
 " Of pomp, at large display'd.
 " Let sweet concealment's magic art
 " Your mazy bounds invest ;
 " And while the sight unveils a part,
 " Let fancy paint the rest.
 " Let coy reserve with cost unite
 " To grace your wood or field ;
 " No ray obtrusive pall the sight,
 " In aught you paint, or build.
 " And far be driven the sumptuous glare
 " Of gold, from British groves ;
 " And far the meretricious air
 " Of China's vain alcoves.
 " 'Tis bashful beauty ever twines
 " The most coercive chain ;
 " 'Tis she, that sovereign rule declines
 " Who best deserves to reign."

XVII. Intended to be written at the Beginning of a Collection of Flowers, which Mr. SHENSTONE coloured for Mrs. JACO.

ELEGANTISSIMAE PUELLAE
 DOROTHEAE FANCOURT
 QUAE PERDILECTI SUI CONDISCIPULI
 RICHARDI IACO
 AMORES MERVII,
 D. D.
 GVLIELMVS SHENSTONE:
 DEBITAE NYMPHIS OPIFEX CORONAE.

XVIII. Proposed to Mr. Graves by Mr. Shenstone, as a proper Inscription for himself.

AMICITIAE G. S.
 QVI,
 NAIADAS PARITER AC MYSAE
 EXCOLENDO,
 SIMUL ET VILLAM EIVS ELEGANTISSIMAM
 NOMEN QVE SVVM
 ILLUSTRAVIT.

"(FORTVNATVS ET ILLE DEOS QVI NOVIT
 " AGRESTES)

" PANAEVE, SYLVANVMQVE, SENEM, NYM-
 " PHASQVE SORORES." VIRG.

VERSES TO MR. SHENSTONE.

Written on a Ferme Ornee, near Birmingham, by the late Lady Luxborough.

'TIS Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise.
 And wisely gives them Cynthia to revise :
 To veil each blemish, brighten every grace ;
 Yet still preserve the lovely parent's face
 How well the bard obeys, each valley tells ;
 These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells
 Where modest Art in silence lurks conceal'd,
 While Nature shines so gracefully reveal'd,
 That she triumphant claims the total plan,
 And, with fresh pride, adopts the work of man.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

AT THE LEASOWES.

By Mr. GRAVES.

"Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus !" HOR.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial Fate's decree,
 So affluence born, and from restraint set free.
 Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,
 The mall, the rout, the play-house, and the court :

Soon for some varnish'd nymph of dubious fame,
 Or powder'd peers, counterfeit a flame.
 Behold him now, enraptur'd, swear and sigh,
 Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why :
 Till, by kind fate restor'd to country air,
 He marks the robes of some rural fair :
 Smil'd with her unaffected native charms,
 A real passion soon his bosom warms :
 And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
 And tastes the genuine happiness of life.

Thus, in the vacant season of the year,
 Some Templar gay begins his wild career.
 From seat to seat o'er pompous scenes he flies,
 Views all with equal wonder and surprize ;
 Till sick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
 He hies fatigued, not satisfied, to town.
 Yet if some kinder genius point his way
 To where the Muses o'er thy Leasowes stray,
 Charm'd with the sylvan beauties of the place,
 Where Art assumes the sweets of Nature's face,
 Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,
 Each lake, and falling stream, his rapture move.
 Like the sage captive in Calypso's grott,
 The cares, the pleasures, of the world forgot,
 Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,
 And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.

VERSES

VERSES received by the poet, from a
LADY unknown, 1761.

HEALTH to the Bard in Leafowes' happy
groves;
Health and sweet converse with the Muse he
loves!

The humblest votary of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand attempts her artless line,
In numbers such as untaught nature brings;
As flow, spontaneous, like thy native springs.

But ah! what airy forms around me rise?
The russet mountain glows with richer dyes;
In circling dance a pigmy croud appear,
And hark! an infant voice salutes my ear:
"Mortal, thy aim we know, thy task approve;
"His merit honour, and his genius love;
"For us what verdant carpets has he spread,
"Where nightly we our mystic mazes tread!
"For us, each shady grove and rural seat,
"His falling streams and flowing numbers sweet!
"Didst thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
"What tuneful verse adorns the mossy cell?
"There every fairy of our sprightly train
"Resort, to bless the woodland and the plain,
"There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
"The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;
"And there with thoughts sublime we bless the
swain,
"Nor we inspire, nor he attends, in vain.

"Go, simple rhymers! bear this message true:
"The truths that fairies dictate none shall rue,
"Say to the Bard in Leafowes' happy grove,

Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies
love—

"Content thyself no longer that thy lays,
"By others foster'd, lend to others praise;
"No longer to the favouring world refuse
"The welcome treasures of thy polish'd Muse;
"The scatter'd blooms, that boast thy valued
name,
"Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame:
"Ne'er can thy virtues, or thy verse, engage
"More solid praise than in this happiest age,
"When sense and merit's cherish'd by the
throne,
"And each illustrious privilege their own.
"Though modest be thy gentle Muse, I ween,
"Oh, lead her blushing from the daisy'd green,
"A fit attendant on Britannia's Queen."

Ye sportive elves, as faithful I relate
Th' intrusted mandates of your fairy state,
Visit these wilds again with nightly care;
So shall my kine, of all the herd, repair
In healthful plight to fill the copious pail!
My sheep lie pent with safety in the dale:
My poultry fear no robber in the roost,
My linen more than common whiteness boast:
Let order, peace, and housewifery be mine:
Shenstone, be fancy, fame, and fortune thine.

COTSWOLDIA.

On the discovery of an Echo at Edgbaston.

By ———

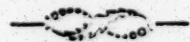
HAl! what art thou, whose voice unknown
Pours on these plains its tender moan?
Art thou the nymph in Shenstone's dale,
Who dost with plaintive note bewail
That he forsakes th' Aonian maids,
To court incessant rills and shades?
Mourn not, sweet nymph—alas, in vain
Do they invite, and thou complain—
Yet, while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting song,
The listening herd around him stray'd,
In wanton trill the lambskins play'd,
And every Naiad cease'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave.
The Graces danc'd; the rosy band
Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand;
And purple Pleasures threw'd the way
With sweetest flowers: and every ray
Of each fond Muse, with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thought his breast inspir'd.
The hills rejoic'd, the valleys rung,
All nature smil'd, while Shenstone sung.

So charm'd his lay; but now no more—
Ah! why dost thou repeat—"no more?"
E'en now he hies to deck the grove,
To deck the scene the Muses love;
And soon again will own their sway,
And thou resound the peerless lay,
And with immortal numbers fill
Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

VERSES by Mr. Doddsley, on his first ar-
rival at the LEASOWES, 1754.

HOW shall I fix my wandering eye? Where
find
"The source of this enchantment? Dwells it in
"The woods? or waves there not a magic wind
"O'er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,
"Some favouring power directs the happy lines
"That sketch these beauties; swells the rising
hills,
"And scoops the dales, to Nature's finest forms,
"Vague, undetermin'd, infinite; untaught
"By line or compass, yet supremely fair."
So spake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm. From distant plains
He sought his friend's abode: nor had the fame
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.
And thus the swain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Through lawn or thicket he pursued his way:
"What is it gilds the verdure of these meads
"With hues more bright than fancy paints the
flowers
"Of Paradise? What Naiad's guiding hand
"Leads, through the broader'd vale, the lucid
rills,
"That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
"Along their banks; and through the vocal
shades,
"Improve the music of the woodland choir?
"What

"What pensive Dryad rais'd yon solemn grove,
 "Where minds contemplative, at close of day
 "Retiring, muse o'er Nature's various works,
 "Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy—
 "What room for doubt? Some rural deity,
 "Presiding, scatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
 "In beauteous wildness, yon fair-spreading trees;
 "And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
 "And herds and bleating flocks, domestic fowl,
 "And those that swim the lake, fees rising round
 "More pleasing landscapes than in Tempe's vale
 "Peneus water'd. Yes, some sylvan god
 "Spreads wide the varied prospect; waves the
 woods,
 "Kists the proud hills, and clears the shining
 lakes;
 "While, from the congregated waters pour'd,
 "The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep
 "In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
 "Wild, interrupted, crois'd with rocks and roots
 "And interwoven trees; till, soon absorb'd,
 "An opening cavern all its rage entombs.
 "So vanish human glories! Such the pomp
 "Of swelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
 "Who frer and strut their hour upon the stage
 "Of busy life, and then are heard no more!
 "Yes, 'tis enchantment all!—And see, the spells
 "The powerful incantations, magic verse,
 "Inscrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn—
 "Spells!—incantations!—ah, my tuneful friend!
 "Thine are the numbers! thine the wondrous
 work!—
 "Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,
 "And lightly weigh all sorcery but thine.
 "No Naisid's leading step conducts the rill;
 "Nor sylvan god presiding skirts the lawn
 "In beauteous wildness, with fair-spreading
 trees;
 "Nor magic wand has circumscrib'd the scene.
 "Tis thine own taste, thy genius that presides,
 "Nor needs there other deity, nor needs
 "More potent spells than they."—No more the
 swain,
 For lo, his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
 Advancing, leads him to the social dome.



To Mr. R. D.

On the Death of Mr. SHENSTONE.

"Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert
 caves,
 "With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er-
 grown,
 "And all their echoes mourn."
TIS past! my friend; the transient scene is
 clos'd!
 The fairy pile, th' enchanted vision rais'd
 By Damon's magic skill, is lost in air!
 What though the lawns and pendant woods re-
 main,
 Each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract,

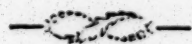
With lapse incessant echoes through the dale?
 Yet what avails the lifeless landscape now?
 The charm's dissolv'd; the genius of the wood,
 Alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.

As when from fair Lyceum crown'd with
 pines,
 Or Mænalis with leaves autumnal strew'd,
 The tuneful Pan retires; the vocal hills
 Resound no more, and all Arcadia mourns
 Yet here we fondly dreamt of lasting joys:
 Here we had hop'd from noisy throngs retir'd,
 To drink large draughts of friendship's cordial
 stream;
 In sweet oblivion wrapt by Damon's verse
 And social converse, many a summer's day.

Romantic wish! In vain frail mortals trace
 Th' imperfect sketch of human bliss—whilst yet
 Th' enraptur'd fire his well-plann'd structure
 views,
 Majestic rising 'midst his infant groves:
 Sees the dark laurel spread its glossy shade,
 Its languid bloom the purple lilach bend,
 Or pale laburnum drop its pensile chain:
 Death spreads the fatal shaft, and bids his heir
 Transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.
 Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend to
 raise

To moral truths my groveling song; for ah!
 Too long by lawless fancy led astray,
 Of nymphs and groves I've dreamt, and dancing
 fawns,
 Or Naisid leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
 Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains
 With hymns, like those by tuneful Mevrick sung
 Or rather catch the melancholy sounds
 From Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre—to paint
 The sudden gloom that damps my soul—But feel
 Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe,
 With which sad Lyttleton his Lucia mourn'd;
 And plaintive cries, My Shenstone is no more!

R. GRAVES.



VERSES written at the gardens of Wil-
 liam Shenstone, Esquire, near Bir-
 mingham, 1756.

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
 "Angulus ridet."

WOULD you these lov'd recesses trace,
 And view fair Nature's modest face?
 See her in every field-flower bloom?
 Or every thicket shed perfume?
 By verdant groves, and vocal hills,
 By mossy grotts, near purling rills,
 Where'er you turn your wandering eyes,
 Behold her win without disguise
 What though no pageant trifles here,
 As in the glare of courts, appear;
 Though rarely here be heard the name
 Of rank, or title, power or fame;

Yet,

Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,
A bliss more pure and unconfin'd
Your step attends—Draw freely nigh,
And meet the Bard's benignant eye;
On him no pedant forms await,
No proud reserve shuts up thy gate;
No spleen, no party views control
That warm benevolence of soul,
Which prompts the friendly generous part,
Regardless of each venal art;
Regardless of the world's acclaim;
And courteous with no selfish aim.
Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,
If not the costly, yet the kind.
Oh, he will lead you to the cells
Where every Muse and Virtue dwells,
Where the green Dryads guard his woods,
Where the blue Nymphs guide his floods;
Where all the Sister-Graces gay,
That shap'd his walk's meandering way,
Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,
Lie slumbering soft beneath his bowers.

Wak'd by the stock-dove's melting strain,
Behold them rise! and, with the train
Of nymphs that haunt the stream or grove,
Or o'er the flowery champion rove,
Join hand in hand—attentive gaze—
And mark the dance's mystic maze.

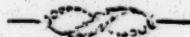
"Such is the waving line," they cry,
"For ever dear to Fancy's eye!"
"Yon stream that wanders down the dale,
"The spiring wood, the winding vale,
"The path which, wrought with hidden skill,
"Slow twining scales yon distant hill
"With fir invest'd—all combine
"To recommend the waving line.
"The wreathed rod of Bæchus fair,
"The ringlets of Apollo's hair,
"The wand by Maia's offspring borne,
"The smoothe velvets of Ammon's horn,
"The structure of the Cyprian dame,
"And each fair female's beauteous frame,
"Shew, to the pupils of design,
"The triumphs of the waving line."

Then gaze and mark that union sweet,
Where fair convex and concave meet;
And while, quick flitting as you stray,
The vivid scene of fancy play;
The lawn, of aspect smooth and mild;
The forest-ground grotesque and wild;
The shrub that scents the mounting gale;
The stream rough dashing down the dale,
From rock to rock, in eddies tost;
The distant lake in which 'tis lost;
Blue hills gay beaming through the glade;
Lone urns that solemnize the shade;
Sweet interchange of all that charms
In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms!
If aught the fair confusion please,
With lasting health, and lasting ease,
To him who form'd the blissful bower,
And gave thy life one tranquil hour;
With peace and freedom—these possess,
His temperate mind secures the rest.

But if thy soul such bliss despise,
Avert thy dull incurious eyes;

Go fix them there, where gems and gold,
Improv'd by art, their power unfold;
Go try in courtly scenes to trace
A fairer form of Nature's face:
Go scorn Simplicity—but know,
That all our heart-felt joys below,
That all which virtue loves to name,
Which art consigns to lasting fame,
Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,
Derives its source from Her alone.

ARCADIO.



To William Shenstone, Esq. in his
Sickness.

By Mr. Woodhouse.

YE flowery plains, ye breezy woods,
Ye bowers and gay alcoves,
Ye falling streams, ye silver floods,
Ye grottoes, and ye groves!

Alas! my heart feels no delight,
Though I your charms survey;
While he consumes in pain the night,
In languid sighs the day.

The flowers disclose a thousand blooms,
A thousand scents diffuse;
Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,
In vain display their hues.

Restrain, ye flowers, your thoughtless pride,
Recline your gaudy heads;
And sadly drooping, side by side,
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland shade,
Your lofty summits rear!
Ah, why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expand your leaves so fair!

For lo, the flowers as gayly smile,
As wanton waves the tree;
And though I sadly plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah, should the Fates an arrow send,
And strike the fatal wound,
Who who shall then your sweets defend,
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark, perhaps, the plume throng
Have learnt my plaintive tale,
And some sad dirge, or mournful song,
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah, no! they chaunt a sprightly strain
To soothe an amorous maid;
Unmindful of my anxious pain
And his uncertain fate.

But see, these little murmuring rills
With fond repinings rove,
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh, mock not if, beside your stream,
Ye hear me too repine;
Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye

Ye envious winds, the cause display,
 In whispers as ye blow,
 Why did your treacherous gales convey
 The poison'd shafts of woe?
 Did he not plant the shady bower,
 Where you so blithely meet?
 The scented shrub, and fragrant flower,
 To make your breezes sweet?
 And must he leave the wood, the field,
 The dear Arcadian reign?
 Can neither verse nor virtue shield
 The guardian of the plain?
 Must he his tuneful breath resign,
 Whom all the Muses love?
 That round his brow their laurels twine,
 And all his songs approve.
 Preserve him, mild Omnipotence!
 Our Father, King, and God,
 Who clear'st the paths of life and sense,
 Or stop'st them at thy nod.
 Blest power, who calm'st the raging deep,
 His valued health restore,
 Nor let the sons of Genius weep,
 Nor let the good deplore.
 But if thy boundless Wisdom knows
 His longer date an ill,
 Let not my soul a wish disclose
 To contradict thy will.
 For happy, happy were the change,
 For such a God-like mind,
 To go where kindred spirits range,
 Nor leave a wish behind.
 And though, to share his pleasures here,
 Kings might their state forego:
 Yet must he feel such raptures there,
 As none can taste below.

VERSES LEFT ON A SEAT,

THE HAND UNKNOWN.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,
 Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee!
 Who crown'd thy barren hills with  ful shade,
 And cheer'd with tinkling rill each silent glade;
 Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
 And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom,
 Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,
 And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread?

CORYDON, A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
 Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain;
 In sooth, he was gentle and kind;
 He mark'd in his elegant strain,
 The Graces that glow'd in his mind.
 On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
 But never would rattle their cell.
 Ye lambskins, that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.
 No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.
 No birds, in our hedges shall sing
 (Our hedges so vocal before,)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.
 His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng;
 They listen'd and envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equal'd his song?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain;
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

J CUNNINGHAM.

M. S. GULIELMI SHENSTONE!

Ah! Gulielme,
 Hominum dignissime,
 Amicorum integerrime,
 Indole optima,
 Moribus gratissimis,
 Eruditione diffusâ,
 Ac corde quam maxime benigno
 Præste,
 Morte, cheu! prematurâ obrepte,
 Ah! Gulielme,
 Vale!
 “Quanto minus est,
 “Cum aliis versari,
 “Quam tui meminisse!”

T. H.

Extract from Mr. Mason's 'English Garden,' Book I.

— Nor, Shenstone, thou
 Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
 Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy
 shades,
 Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
 Not rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
 To pastoral plains, or tale of flighted love.

THE
P O E M S
OF
DAVID MALLET Esq.

OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

AMONG the numerous fools, by fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The Reading Coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a Poet, and a Judge by rote:
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,

Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.
O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel;
Whose life, severely scan'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise:
'Tis thine, O Pope, who chuse the better part,
To tell how false, how vain, the Scholiast's art,
Which nor to taste, nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and straws to write:
Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
With venerable toys, from Rome and Greece;
How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair;
If Aristotle's cap were round or square;
If in the cave, where Dido first was sped,
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.

Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That store a Bently's and a Burman's brain:
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Saggiante,
To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white:
Hence much hard study, without sense or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakespeare says, the no w-day sun is bright,
His Scholiast will remark, it then was light;
Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.

Thus, nicely trilling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool!

But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakespear's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays,
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Would-be pays?

VOL. VII.

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created, and yet rules, the stage,
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
Shakespear each passion drew in every dress:
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own.
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward night he
takes;

The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes:
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.

Such was the Poet: next the Scholiast view;
Faint through the colouring, yet the features true.
Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low industry, goes gleaming on
From good, from bad, from mean; neglecting
none:

His brother book-worm so, in shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on Woolston and on Paul.
By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He pettles a scrap from authors dead:

See him on Shakespear pore, intent to steal
Poor scraps, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,
Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound.
Where'er the king of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore;
With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind;
With whole choice eates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale.

Blest genius! who bestows his oil and pains
On each dull passage, each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful, as the task more low:
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
There, most exact the reading to restore;
By dint of plodding, and by sweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace:
Whatever is refuse critically gleaming,
And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.
For this dread Dennis (and who can forbear,
Dunce or not Dunce, relating it, to stare?)

FF

His head though jealous, and his years fourscore,
 Ev'n Dennis praises, who ne'er prais'd before !
 For this, the Scholiast claims his share of fame,
 And, modest, prints his own with Shakespeare's
 name :

How justly, Pope, in this short story view ; 95
 Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.

A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
 Who sense with sound, and truth with rhetoric
 mixt,

Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
 Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd. 100
 The sermon o'er, the croud remain'd behind,
 And freely, man or woman, spoke their mind :
 All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
 And each, remembering something, prais'd the
 whole.

At last an honest sexton join'd the throng 105
 (For as the theme was large, their talk was long) ;
 Neighbours, he cry'd, my conscience bids me tell,
 Tho' 'twas the Doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell.

In this the Critic's folly most is shown ;
 Is there a Genius, all-unlike his own, 110
 With learning elegant, with wit well bred,
 And, as in books, in men and manners read ;
 Himself with poring erudition blind,
 Unknowing, as unknown of human kind ?

That writer he selects, with aukward aim 115
 His sense, at once, to mimic and to maim.
 So Florio is a fop, with half a nose :
 So fat West Indian Planters dress as Beaux.
 Thus, gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
 And Horace, strange to say, tun'd Bentley's
 voice. 120

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
 Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease ;
 His genius social, as his judgement clear ;
 When frolic, prudent ; smiling when severe ;
 Secure, each temper, and each taste to hit, 125
 His was the curious happiness of wit.
 Skill'd in that noblest Science, How to live ;
 Which Learning may direct, but Heaven must
 give ;

Grave with Agrippa, with Mæcenas gay ;
 Among the Fair, but just as wise as they : 130
 First in the friendships of the Great enroll'd,
 The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lyttletons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools con-
 fin'd,

And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
 Dares, in the fulness of the pedant's pride, 135
 Rhyme, tho' no genius ; tho' no judge, decide.
 Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
 Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part :
 Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's
 head ; 140

Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead.
 To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
 He makes them write what never Poet writ :
 The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen ;
 And Paradise, by him, is lost again. 145
 Such was his doom impos'd by Heaven's decree,
 With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see,
 The low to swell, to level the sublime,
 To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.

Great eldest-born of Dullness, blind and bold !
 Tyrant ! more cruel than Procrustes old ; 150
 Who, to his iron-bed, by torture, fits,
 Their nobler part, the souls of suffering Wits.

Such is the Man, who heaps his head with bays,
 And calls on human kind to sound his praise,
 For points transplac'd with curious want of skill,
 For fatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill. 156
 So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
 His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,
 Swore he had rifled ocean's rich spoils,
 And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils. 160

Yet be his merits, with his faults contest :
 Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.
 Long lay the Critic's work, with trifles stor'd,
 Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
 Men, so well read, who confidently wrote, 165
 Their readers could have sworn, were men of
 note :

To pass upon the croud for great or rare,
 Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
 For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
 Writ English notes—and mankind was deceiv'd :
 In such clear light the serious folly plac'd, 171
 Ev'n thou, Browne Willis, thou may'st see the
 jest.

But what can cure our vanity of mind,
 Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind ?
 Let Crooke, a Brother-Scholiast Shakespeare call,
 Tibbald, to Hesiod—Crooke returns the hail. 176
 So runs the circle still : in this, we see
 The lackies of the Great and learn'd agree.
 If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
 Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate ; 180
 In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
 Reduce an army, or equip a fleet ;
 And, rivaling the critic's lofty stile,
 Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhops and Argyll.

Yet those, whom pride and dulness join to blind,
 To narrow cares and narrow pace confin'd, 186
 Though with big titles each his fellow greet,
 Are but to wits, as scavengers to street :
 The humble black-guard of a Pope or Gay,
 To brush on dust, and wipe their spots away. 190
 Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art ;
 Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.
 Where ancient Authors hint at things obscene,
 The Scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean,
 Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame, 195
 And adding fuel to redundant flame,
 He, seker pimp to lechery, explains,
 What Capric's Isle, or V's Alcove contains :
 Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,
 Was lavish, to his father's wife alone : 200
 Why those fond female visits duly paid
 To tuneful Incuba ; and what her trade :
 How modern love has made for many martyrs,
 And which keeps ostense, Lady C, or Chartres.

But who their various follies can explain ? 205
 The tale is infinite, the task were vain.
 'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought ;
 To sum the liberal Pryn or Withers wrote ;
 To guess, ere one epistle saw the light,
 How many dunces met, and club'd their mite ; 210
 To vouch for truth what Welford prints of Pope,
 Or from the brother-boobies steal a trope.

That be the part of persevering Wasse,
With pen of lead; or, Arnall, thin of brass;
A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne, 215
Who loves to teach, what no man cares to learn.

How little, knowledge reaps from toils like
these!

Too doubtful to direct, to poor to please.
Yet, Critic's, would your tribe deserve a name,
And fairly useful, rise to honest fame; 220
First, from the head, a load of lumber move,
And, from the volume, all yourselves approve:
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense,
Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,
Where moral meaning, or where taste presides,
And wit enlivens but what reason guides: 226
Great without swelling, without meanness plan,
Serious, not silly; sportive, but not vain,
On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

V E R S E S

PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,
ON HIS VISITING OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR M,DCC,XXXIV.

RECEIVE, lov'd prince, the tribute of our
praise,
This hasty welcome, in unfinish'd lays.
At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art,
Display the genius, but not speak the heart;
And o't, as ornament must truth supply,
Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.
These need not here; for to a soul like thine,
Truth, plain and simple, will more lovely shine.
The truly good but with the verse sincere:
They court no flattery, who no censure fear.

Such Nassau is, the fairest, gentlest mind,
In blooming youth the Fetus of mankind,
Crouds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
Forgot the prince, to praise and love the man.
Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with
ease!

Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please:
Thy bright example 'all our world adorn,
And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,
That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
Here candor dwells; here honest truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.
See these enlighten'd Sages, who provide
O'er learning's empire; see the youth they guide:
Behold, all faces are in transport dress'd!
But those most wonder, who discern thee best.
At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives
A joy, the sight of princes rarely gives;
From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd,
By Fate, the future Neros of their kind:
For though thy blood, we know, transmitted
springs

From laurel'd heroes, and from warrior-kings,
Through that high series, we, delighted, trace
The friends of liberty, and human race!

Ch, born to glad and animate our Isle!
For thee, our heavens look pleas'd, our seasons
smile:

For thee, late object of our tender fears,
When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,
All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy-fair,
Attended by soft suns, and vernal air,
Sought those * fam'd springs, where, each afflictive
hour,

Disease, and age, and pain, invoke her power:
She came; and, while to thee the current flows,
Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose.
Hence, to thy cheek, that instant bloom deriv'd:
Hence, with thy health, the weeping world re-
viv'd!

Proceed to emulate thy race divine:
A life of action, and of praise, be thine.
Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,
By Nature, daring; but by reason, good.
So great, so glorious thy forefathers shone,
No son of theirs must hope to live unknown:
Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight;
Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.
If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
Think what the world may claim, and thou must
do:

The honours, that already grace thy name,
Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee unto fame.
Ev'n she, bright Anna, whom thy worth has won,
Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun:
Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair
Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.
O, be your nuptials crown'd with glad encrease
Of sons, in war renown'd, and great in peace;
Of daughters, fair and faithful, to supply
The patriot-race, till Nature's self shall die!

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY DR. FRASER'S REBUILDING
PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

IN times long past, ere Wealth was Learning's
foe,

And dar'd despise the worth he would not know;
Ere mitred pride, which arts alone had rais'd,
Those very arts, in others saw, unprais'd;
Friend to mankind, † a prelate, good and great,
The Muses courted to this fair retreat:
Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
With learned leisure, and with peace to dwell.
The fabric finish'd, to the ‡ sovereign's fame.
His own neglecting, he transferr'd his claim.
Here, by successive worthies, well was taught
Whate'er enlightens, or exalts the thought.
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair:
Soft and serene the kindly seasons roll'd,
And Science long enjoy'd her age of gold.

Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,
A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.

* *Edin.*

† *Bishop Elphinstone.*

‡ *Calling it King's College, in compliment to
James II.*

F f 2

O'er her grey roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round:
Silent, and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders every pile!
Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place:
And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.

Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
Beheld the total desolation near:
Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly;
And fix'd on heaven his sorrow-streaming eye!

From heaven, in that dark hour, commission'd
came

Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremost name.
Swift Pity flew before her, softly bright;
At whose felt influence, Nature smil'd with light.

"Hear, and rejoice!—the gracious Power
"begun—

"Already, fir'd by me thy favourite son,
"This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes;
"And, from its fall, bids fairer fabrics rise.
"Ev'n now, behold! where crumbling frag-
"ments grey,

"In dust deep-bury'd, lost to memory lay,
"The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,
"The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend!

"Ner ends the bounty thus: by him bestow'd,
"Here, Science shall her richest stores unload.

"Whate'er, long-hid, Philosophy has found;
"Or the Muse sung, with living laurel crown'd;

"Or History describ'd, far-looking sage,
"In the dark doubtfulness of distant age;

"These, thy best wealth, with curious choice
"combin'd,

"Now treasur'd here, shall form the studious
"mind:

"To wits unborn the wanted succours give,
"And fire the Bard, whom Genius means to
"live.

"But, teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace;
"Let low Self-love and pedant-Dissord cease:

"Their object Truth, Utility their aim,
"One social spirit reign, in all the same.

"Thus aided arts shall with fresh vigour shoot;
"Their cultur'd blossoms ripen into fruit;

"Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,
"And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay,"

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SEIGE OF DAMASCUS

SPOKEN BY LORD SANDWICH.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy
isle;

A golden reign, uncurs'd with party rage,
That foe to taste, and tyrant of our rage;

Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk, in politics, or play:

The statesman oft would soothe his toils with wit,
What Spenser sung, and Nature's Shakespeare
writ;

Or to the laurel'd grove, at times, retire,
There, woo the Muse, and wake the moving
lyre.

As fair examples, like ascending morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorn;
From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightening o'er the land, with swift en-
crease:

Rough nature soften'd into grace and ease;
Sense grew polite, and science sought to please.

Reliev'd from yon rude scene of party-din,
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin,
And safe embower'd in Woburn's airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taste approves;
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muse;
Through every bosom tender thought infuse;
Melt angry Faction into moral sense,
And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.

And now, while Spring extends her smiling
reign,

Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial Nature breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale;
The various softness, stealing through the heart,
Impressions sweetly social, will impart.

When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe,
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!

When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,
Holds up himself, a mirror for mankind;

An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn:

And, conscious, Nature is in all the same,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BROTHERS,

A TRAGEDY, BY DR. YOUNG.

TO woman, sure, the most severe affliction
Is, from these fellows, point-blank con-
tradiction.

Our Party without—I wish he would appear—
Ud! I would give it him—but you shall hear—

Good Sir! quoth I—and curtsy'd as I spoke—
Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—

'Twere fit to humour them: for, right or wrong,
True Britons never like the same thing long.

To-day is fair—they strut, huff, swear, harangue;
To-morrow's foul—they sneak aside, and hang.

Is there a war—peace! peace! is all their cry:
The peace is made—then, blood! they'll fight
and die.

Gallants, in talking thus, I meant no treason:
I would have brought, you see, the man to rea-
son.

But with some folks, 'tis labour lost to strive:
A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive,

He hum'd, and haw'd; then, waking from his
dream,

Cry'd, I must preach to you his moral scheme.

A scheme, forsooth! to benefit the nation!
Some queer, odd whim of pious propagation!
Lord! talk so, here—the man must be a wide-
geon—

Drury may propagate—but not Religion.

Yet, after all, to give the Devil his due,
Our Author's scheme, though strange, is wholly
new:

Well, shall the novelty then recommend it?
If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
For drums and routs, make him a while your
passion,

A little while let Virtue be the fashion:
And, spite of real or imagin'd blunders,
Ev'n let him live, nine days, like other wonders.

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

WHEN this decisive night, at length, ap-
pears,

The night of every author's hopes and fears,
What shifts to bribe applause, poor poets try!
In all the forms of wit they court and lye:
These meanly beg it, as an alms; and those,
By boastful bluster dazzle and impose.

Nor poorly fearful, nor securely vain,
Ours would, by honest ways, that grace obtain;
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd:
And then—let candor, fairly too, decide.
He courts no friend, who blindly comes to
praise;

He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.

Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own,
He aims to please, by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inspiring nature, and directing art;
By scenes, so wrought, as may applause com-
mand

More from the judging head, than thundering
hand.

Important is the moral we would teach—
Oh may this island practise what we preach—
Vice in its first approach with care to shun;
The wretch, who once engages, is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,
What first was accident, at last is fate:
Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave;
And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.

“As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
“Our judges,—here at least—from influence
free:

“One place,—unbias'd yet by party-rage,—

“Where only honour votes—the British stage.

“We ask for justice, for indulgence sue:

“Our last best licence must proceed from you.”

IMPROMPTU,

ON A LADY, WHO HAD PASSED SOME

TIME IN PLAYING WITH A VERY

YOUNG CHILD.

WHY, on this least of little Misses,
Did Celia waste so many kisses?
Quoth Love, who stood behind and smil'd,
She kiss'd the father in the child.

EPIGRAM,

ON SEEING TWO PERSONS PASS BY IN

VERY DIFFERENT EQUIPAGES.

IN modern, as in ancient days,
See what the Muses have to brag on:
The Player in his own post-chaise;
The Poet in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM,

ON A CERTAIN LORD'S PASSION FOR A

SINGER.

NERINA's angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights:
How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be she cruel, be she kind,
Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see—
'Tis but by way of simile—
A squirrel spend its little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with this little Peer,
So busy and so bustling here;
For ever stirring up and down,
And frisking round his cage, the town.

A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who said this, and who did that :
With families, that never hit ;
Vivacity, that has no wit ;
Schemes laid this hour, the next forsaken ;
Advice oft ask'd, but never taken :
Still whirl'd, by every rising whim,
From that to this, from her to him ;
And when he hath his circle run,
He ends—just where he first begun.

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hovering round the fair at sixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er ;
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting ;
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can ;
The teasing ghost of the departed man.

ON I. H. Esq.

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Though scandal was his joy, he would not swear :
An oath had made the ladies stare,
At them he duly dress'd, but without passion :
His only mistress was the fashion.
Her verse with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint ;
His prose, with sense, correctly quaint.
Trifles he lov'd ; he tasted arts :
At once a fribble, and a man of parts.

A F R A G M E N T.

* * *

FAIR morn ascends: soft zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the spring :
Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
Of balmy finell, of healing power,
Their souls in fragrant dew exhale,
And breathe fresh life in every gale.
Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly pensive, Silence reigns ;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky :
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep,
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with Nature here !

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health !
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth ;
The seasoning of all good below !
The sovereign friend in joy or woe !
O thou, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd !

Power of the soft and rosy face !
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine !
O sun of life ! whose heavenly ray
Lights up, and cheers, our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature, with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night :
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate ;
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight-shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid ;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell ;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn :
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye,
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day ;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train ;
All nature sickening in the blaze :
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing coolness has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down ;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood :
The bee in yonder flowery nook ;
The chidings of the headlong brook ;
The green leaf shivering in the gale ;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale ;
The distant woodman's echoing stroke ;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led ;
He holds high converse with the dead
Sages, or Poets. See they rise !
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark ! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That softens savages to men :
Lo ! Socrates, the sent of heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd ;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid :
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb silence grew upon the hour ;
A browner night involv'd the bower :
When, issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
O Freedom ! sovereign boon of heaven ;
Great charter, with our being given ;

For which the patriot, and the sage,
Have plann'd, have bled through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * *

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE rising morn, serenely still,
Had brightening spread o'er vale and hill,
Not those loose beams that wanton play,
To light the mirth of giddy May;
Nor such red heats as burn the plain,
In ardent Summer's feverish reign:
But rays, all equal, soft and sober,
To suit the second of October;
To suit the pair, whose wedding-day
This sun now gilds with annual ray.
Just then, where our good-natur'd Thames is
Some four short miles above St. James's,
And de gas, with silver-streaming wave,
Th' abodes of earth-born pride to lave,
About in air two gods were soaring;
While Putney-cits beneath lay snoring,
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten per cent,
C. fums to their dear country lent:
Two gods of no inferior fame,
Whom ancient wits with reverence name;
Though wiser moderns much disparage—
I mean the Gods of Love and Marriage.
But Cupid first, his wit to shew,
Assuming a mere modern beau,
Whose utmost aim is idle mirth,
Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth:
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place chit-chat;
Hew! on the wing, by break of dawn!
Dear brother—there he forc'd a yawn—
To tell men, sunk in sleep profound,
They must, ere night, be gag'd and bound!
Who, having once put on thy chain,
Th' odds, may ne'er sleep sound again.
So say the wits: but wiser folks
Still marry, and condemn their jokes:
They know, each better bliss is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails, nor ever fours;
Well, be it so: yet there are fools,
Who dare demur to former rules;
Who laugh profanely at their betters,
And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
But, well or ill, jog on through life
Without that sovereign bliss, a wife.
Leave these at least, these sad dogs free,
To stroll with Bacchus and with me;

And sup, in Middlesex, or Surrey,
On coarse cold beef, and Fanny Murray. 50
Thus Cupid—and with such a leer,
You would have sworn 'twas Ligonier.
While Hymen soberly reply'd
Yet with an air of conscious pride:
Just come from yonder wretched scene, 55
Where all is venal, false, and mean,
(Looking on London as he spoke)
I marvel not at thy dull joke;
Nor, in such cant, to hear thee vapour,
Thy quiver lin'd with South-sea paper; 60
Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,
With India-bonds, for hearts on sale;
Their other ends too, as is meet,
Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-street.
But could'st thou for a moment quit 65
These airs of fashionable wit,
And re-assume thy nobler name—
Look that way, where I turn my flame—
He said, and held his torch inclin'd,
Which, pointed so, still brighter shin'd— 70
Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
Whom I, eight years, have known to charm;
And, while they wear my willing chains,
A god dares swear that neither feigns.
This morn that bound their mutual vow, 75
That blest them first, and blesses now,
They grateful hail! and from the fowl,
With thousands o'er both heads may roll;
Till, from life's banquet, either guest,
Embracing, may retire to rest. 80
Come then, all raillery laid aside,
Let this their day serenely glide:
With mine thy serious aim unite,
And both some proper guests invite;
That not one minute's running sand 85
May end their pleasures at a stand.
At this severe and sad rebuke,
Enough to make a coxcomb puke;
Poor Cupid, blushing, shrug'd and winc'd,
Not yet consenting, though convinc'd: 90
For 'tis your witting's greatest terror,
Ev'n when he feels, to own, his error.
Yet, with a look of arch grimace,
He took his penitential face:
Said, 'twas, perhaps, the surer play, 95
To give your grave good souls their way:
That, as true humour was grown scarce,
He chose to see a sober farce;
For, of all cattle and all fowl,
Your solemn-looking ass and owl 100
Rais'd much more mirth, he durst aver it,
Than those jack-puddings, pug and parrot.
He said, and eastward spread his wing,
From London some few friends to bring.
His brother too, with sober cheer, 105
For the same end d d westward steer:
But first, a pensive love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch-revers'd, and all around,
Where once it flam'd, with cypress bound, 110
Sent off, to call a neighbouring friend,
On whom the mournful train attend:
And bid him, this one day, at least,
For such a pair, at such a feast,

Stript off the fable veil, and wear
His once-gay look and happier air.

But Hymen, speeding forward still,
Observ'd a man on Richmond-hill,
Who now first tries a country life;
Perhaps, to fit him for a wife.
But, though not much on this he reckon'd,
The passing god look'd in and beckon'd :
He knows him rich in social merit,
With independent taste and spirit ;
Though he will laugh with men of whim,
For fear such men should laugh at him.

But lo, already on his way,
In due observance of the day,
A friend and favourite of the Nine,
Who can, but seldom cares to shine,
And one sole virtue would arrive at—
*To keep his many virtues private.
Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by stealth,
His lov'd companions ease and health :
Or in his garden, barring out
The noise of every neighbouring rout,
At penfive hour of eve and prime,
Marks how the various hand of time
Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,
His vegetable sons and daughters.

While these are on their way, behold !
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold,
First seeks and sends his new Lord Warden
Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden :
Brave as the sword he wears in fight ;
Sincere, and briefly in the right ;
Whom never minister or king
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.

A second fee ! of special note,
Plump Comus in a colonel's coat ;
Whom we, this day, expect from far,
A jolly first-rate man of war ;
On whom we boldly dare repose.
To meet our friends, or meet our foes.

Or comes a brother in his stead ?
Strong-body'd too, and strong of head :
Who, in whatever path he goes,
Still looks right on before his nose ;
And holds it little less than treason,
To balk his stomach or his reason.
True to his mistress and his meat,
He eats to love, and loves to eat.

Last comes a virgin—pray admire her !
Cupid himself attends, to squire her :
A welcome guest ! we much had midst her ;
For 'tis our Kitty, or his sister.

But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
Snap up this lamb, to shear her wool ;
No Teague of that unblushing band,
Just landed, or about to land ;
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse,
To steal an heiress or a purse.
No scraping, saving, fancy cit,
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit ;
No half-form'd insect of a Peer,
With neither land nor conscience clear ;
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
Just spell the motto on his landau.
From all, from each of these defend her ;
But thou and Hymen both befriend her,

115 With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,
And much good sense, and some estate.
But now, suppose th' assembly met,
And round the table cordial set ;
While in fair order, to their wish, 195
Plain neatness sends up every dish,
And Pleasure at the side-board stands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
To pour libations, in due measure,
As Reason wills when join'd with Pleasure— 190
Let these white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim allay :
In every face let joy be seen,
As truth sincere, as hope serene :
Let Friendship, Love, and Wit combine, 195
To flavour both the meat and wine,
With that rich relish to each sense,
Which they, and they alone, dispense ;
Let Music too their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and festive song : 200
Then, when at eve, the star of love
Glow with soft radiance from above,
And each companionable guest
Withdraws, replenish'd, not oppress'd,
Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting say— 205
My life be such a wedding-day !

EPIGRAM:

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, M,DCC,LX.

150 WHEN Churchill led his legions on,
Success still follow'd where he shone.
And are those triumphs, with the dead,
All from his house, for ever fled ?
Not so : by softer surer arms,
They yet survive in beauty's charms ;
155 For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Even now he triumphs in his race.

AN ODE

IN THE
MASQUE OF ALFRED :

SUNG BY A SHEPHERDESS WHO HAS LOST
HER LOVER IN THE WARS.

170 A Youth, adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possess.
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straightest grows,
His face and shape express.
175 In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale,
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature taught to please,
180 Whom Honour made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed:
Tears that must ever, ever fall;
For ah! no sighs the past recall,
No cries awake the dead!

THE
EXCURSION.

CANTO I.

INVOCATION, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed; a short excursive survey of the Earth and Heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sun-rise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased.

With the return of morning Fancy continues her excursion, first northward—A view of the arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary—From thence southward: a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the mid-land part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative power,
Imagination! at whose great command
Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring: thou, who can'st at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood,
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts: Oh come, invok'd,
To wait me on thy many-tintur'd wing,
O'er Earth's extended space: and thence, on high,
Spread to superior Worlds thy bolder flight,
Excursive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man—

To yon expanse of plains, where truth delights,
Simple of heart; and, hand in hand with her,
Where blameless virtue walks. Now parting
Spring,

Parent of beauty and of song, has left
His mantle, flower-embroider'd, on the ground.
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the
Months

Crown his prime season with their choicest stores;
Fresh roses opening to the solar ray,
And fruits flow-swell on the loaded bough.

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,
Heard from the distant village in the vale,
Crows cheerly out, far-sounding thro' the gloom.
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-
sky,

She rules the sable hour: and calls her train
Of visionary fears; the shrouded ghoul,
The dream distressful, and th' encumbent hag,
That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While Reason slumbering lies. At once they fly,
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As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of
heaven,

From east to north in doubtful twilight seen,
A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam;
While shade and silence yet involve the ball.
Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene
A dewy radiance, brightning o'er the world.
Gay daughter of the air, for ever young,
For ever plating! lo, she onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
Sun-tintur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
The western grey of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame: the rising mists,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling spires; and open all his woods,
High waving in the sky: th' uncolour'd stream,
Beneath her glowing ray, translucent shines.
Glad Nature feels her through her boundless
realms

Of life and sense: and calls forth all her sweets,
Fragrance and song. From each unfolding flower
Transpires the balm of life, that Zephyr wafts,
Delicious on his rosy wing: each bird,
Or high in air, or secret in the shade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his morn hymn.
While beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and plunging into night,
In brake, or cavern, slumber out the day.

Invited by the chearful morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof, the good Man comes,
To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
In holy musing. Rapture in his eye,
And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul,
With gratitude overflowing, and with praise!

Now Industry is up. The village pours
Her useful sons abroad to various toil:

The labourer here, with every instrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the swain,
A rural king amid his subject-flocks,
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
The traveller, too, pursues his early road,
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls:
And all the living landscape moves around.

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense,
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds
assume

Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold:
And speak their sovereign's state. He comes, be-
hold!

Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The King of Day! round his head divine,
Distinctive showers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the Indian wave up-rising fair
He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
Where'er his universal eye surveys,
Her ample bottom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.

From this hour hill, that climbs above the plain,
Half-way up heaven ambitious, brown with woods
Of broadest shade, and terrass'd round with walks,
Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,
Maze above maze, thro' all its shelter'd height:

From hence, th' aerial concave without cloud,
Translucent, and in purest azure drest ;
The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain :
The precipice abrupt ; the distant deep,
Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge ;
The nearest forest in wide circuit spread,
Solemn recess, whose solitary walks,
Fair Truth and Wisdom love ; the bordering

lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd ; the daisy'd vale ;
The river's crystal, and the meadows green—
Grateful diversity ! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every Virtue, every Muse
Delighted range, serene the soul, and lift,
Borne on devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To highest heaven her thought ; to Nature's God,
First source of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite ! before whose throne
Sits sovereign Bounty, and through heaven and

earth
Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss,
Him all things own : he speaks, and it is day.
Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obscures the world. The seasons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.

While reason thus and rapture fill the heart ;
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend ;
And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath
When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her

powers
Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celestial intercourse ! superior bliss,
Which vice ne'er knew ! health of th' enliven'd

soul,
And heaven on earth begun ! Thus ever fix'd
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along,
As slides the foot of time, unmark'd, unknown !

Exalted to his noon the fervent sun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now the embowering

maze
Of vale sequester'd, or the fir-crown'd side
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step
Of musing Poet, and secures repose
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,
Sick Nature pants : and from the cleaving earth,
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire disease,
Red plague, and fever ; or, in fogs aloft
Condensing, show a rushing tempest nigh.

And see, exhaling from th' Atlantic surge,
Wild world of waters, distant clouds ascend
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud :
Then rolling dusk along to east and north,
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon !
Lo, bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand
In homeward warnings through each feeling

nerve,
Haste from the hour of terror and of storm.

The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the servants of his nod,
First, in deaf murmurs, sounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb sadness fills this nether world : the gloom
With double blackness lours ; the tempest swells,
And expectation shakes the heart of man.

Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
Broad o'er the south ; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous soil : and lo, at once,
Forth darted in fant stream, the ruddy flash,
Quick glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expansive ; sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all sides burning ; now the face of things
Disclosing, swallowed now in tenfold night.

Again the thunder's voice, with pealing roar,
From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing bursts ! Air, sea, and shore resound.
Horror sits shuddering in the felon-breast,
And feels the deathful flash before it flies :
Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view ;
And all is storm within. The Murderer, pale
With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,
Hears and flies wild, pursued by all his fears :
And sees the bleeding shadow of the Slain
Rise hideous, glaring on him through the gloom !
Hark ! through th' aerial vault, the storm in-

flam'd
Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst :
Torn from its base, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind-wing, in red diffusion flash'd.
Destruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in smouldering fies : surpriz'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to heaven ;
And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
All-horrible, had sped their steps, behold !
The parent breathless lies ; her orphan-babes
Shuddering and speechless round—O Power divine !
Whose will, overruling, points the bolt of fate !
Thy hand, though terrible, shall man decide
If punishment, or mercy, dealt the blow ?

Appear'd at last, the tumult of the skies
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd :
At once the clouds fly scattering, and the sun
Breaks out with boundless splendor o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy ! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists
Fast-rising to his ray ; till every flower
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles reviv'd.

At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger ; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to heaven : on either hand,
The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So pass the songful hours : and now the sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red
The space of many seas beneath his eye,

Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore,
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams : part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure : part below
In level lines shoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light, and half in pleasing shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. You evening
clouds,

Lucid or dark, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique towers
With shadowy domes and pinacles adorn'd ;
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
As sportful Fancy lists : till late, the sun
From human eye, behind earth's shading orb
Total withdrawn, th' aerial landscape fades.

Distinction fails : and in the darkening west,
The last light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now th' illusive flame, oft seen at eve,
Up-borne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's ap-
proach :

Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,
Onward she comes with silent step and slow,
In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on heaven.

Musing, in sober mood, of Time and Life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
Eternity ! through desert ways I walk :
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shun'd
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs
low,

And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With fancy all-arous'd—Far on the left,
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
The raven's haunt : and down its woody steep
A dashing flood in headlong torrent huris
His sounding waters ; white on every cliff
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles through the
gloom.

Behind me rises huge a reverend pile
Sole on his blasted heath, a place of tombs,
Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells.
Brooding o'er sightless skulls, and crumbling
bones,

Ghastral he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare.
(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-shock arch, the column grey with moss,
The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,
Whose monumental battery, mix'd with dust,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.
All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd,
Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
Screams solitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her western ray through yonder ile,
Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail, midnight-shades ! hail, venerable dome
By age more venerable ; sacred shore,
Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,
Where never wind of passion, or of guilt,

Of suffering or of sorrow, shall invade
The calm sound night of those who rest below.
The weary are at peace : the small and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
Here sleeps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears th' oppressor's voice. The poor and
old,

With all the sons of mourning, fearless now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.
Proud greatness, too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name and place, are here—for ever lost !

But, at near distance, on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
And fair inscription : where with head declin'd,
And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who lies below.
Thyrsis—'tis he ! the wisest and the best !
Lamented shade ! whom every gift of heaven
Profusely blest : all learning was his own.
Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,
Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear.

His manners greatly plain ; a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
Adorn'd him : his calm temper winning mild ;
Nor Pity softer, nor was Truth more bright.
Constant in doing well, he neither sought
Nor shunn'd applause. No bahtful merit sigh'd
Near him neglected ; sympathizing he
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.

'Tis morning : and the sun, his welcome light,
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,
Casts through the air, renewing Nature's face
With heaven-born beauty. O'er her ample breast,
O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along,
Quick as the darted beam, from pole to pole,
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmost realm,
Region of horrors ! Here, amid the roar
Of winds and wave, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides th' ungenial Power,
For ever silent, sivering, and forlorn !
From Zembla's cliffs on to the straits formiz'd
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,
One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo, hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and Alp on Alp, ascend,
Fill'd up from eldest age, and to the sun
Impenetrable ; rising from afar
In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
Yet here, even here, in this disastrous clime,
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
Through floating lines of ice and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves, in search of doubtful
shores,

By West or East ; a path yet unexplor'd.

Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue sky leans her breast, distrustful immense
In solitary length the Desert lies,
Where Desolation keeps his empty court.

No bloom of spring, o'er all the thrifty vast,
Nor spiry grass is found; but sands instead
In sterile hills, and rough rocks rising grey.

A land of fears! where visionary forms,
Of grieved spectres from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm: and before them speechless horror stalks!
Here, night, by night, beneath the starless dusk,
The secret hag and forcerer unblest
Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late, at the hour that levers night from morn,
When sleep has silenced every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heavens with haggard gaze;
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs thro' the lowering sky.

From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of
death,

With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I stray; where Caucasus in view,
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal snows to heaven.
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest
shades

Scarce climb to darken, rough with mumuring
woods,

Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles;
Her mighty continents out-stretch'd immense,
Where Europe, Asia, Africa, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend: and where
To farthest point of west, Columbus late,
Thro' untry'd oceans borne to shores unknown,
Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile world arise!
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muse's walk, on which the sun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidit,
Lavish of flowers and fragrance; where soft
Spring,

Lord of the year, indulges to each field
The smiling breeze, live spring, and sheltering
grove.

In these blest plains, a spacious city spreads
Its round extent magnificent, and seems
The seat of empire. Dazzling in the sky,
With far-seen blaze her tower'd structures shine,
Elaborate works of art, each opening gate
Sends forth its thousands: Peace and plenty
round

Environ her. In each frequented school
Learning exalts his head: and Commerce pours
Into her arms a thousand foreign riches.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of lasting bliss secure! Yet all is lost,
O'erturn'd and lost—her walls are all found.

A sudden calm unusual, dark and dead,
Arises inauspicious o'er the heavens.

The beamless sun looks wan; a fighting cold
Winters the shadow'd air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the bosom of the globe,
Where sulphur stor'd, and nitre peaceful slept,
For ages, in their subterranean bed,
Ferments th' approaching tempest. Vapoury
streams,

Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd,
Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled mass,
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,
With horror uncorceiv'd, displaced bursts
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore,
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes:
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
Deaf distant rearings, thro' the wide profound,
Rueful are heard, as when Despair complains.

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud Capital,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful skies around;
A moment's dreadful silence! Then loud screams
And eager supplications rend the skies.
Lo, crowds on crowds, in hurry'd stream along,
From street to street, from gate to gate roll'd on,
This, that way burst in waves, by horror wing'd
To distant hill or cave: while half the globe,
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
In surges, her next surface rolls a sea.
Ruin ensues: towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations roof on roof
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total!—In that universal groan,
Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thousand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck!

Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flashing pale flames—down through the gulphs
profound,

Screaming, whole crowds of every age and rank,
With hands to heaven rais'd high imploring aid,
Prone to th' abyss descend; and o'er their heads
Earth fruts her ponderous jaws. Part left in
night

Return no more: part on the waiving wave,
Boat through the darkness of th' infernal world,
Far distant rise, emerging with the flood;
Pale as ascending ghosts call back to day,
A shuddering band! Distraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionless: they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from late,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent
With final dissolution, the huge mass
Falls undermin'd—down, down th' extensive seat
Of this fair city, down her buildings sink!
Such the full pride her ample walls enclosed,

In one wild havoc crash'd, with burst beyond
Heaven's loudest thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of Nature's general frame destroy'd!

Now greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purposes of heaven! At once o'erthrown,
White age and youth, the guilty and the just,
O, seemingly severe! promiscuous fall.
Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd subdued
To silence and amazement, with due praise
Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!

The country mourns around with alter'd look.
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sat gaily dress'd, amid the vernal breath
Of roses, and the song of nightingales,
Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die.
Rivers engulph'd their ample channels leave
A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
With rough incumbrance; or through depths of
earth

Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.

Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
Steam'd from th' abyss, fly secret over-head,
Wounding the healthful air; whence foul disease,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
In man fore sickness, and the lamp of life
Dimm'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd.
Here into madness work'd, and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
Foaming out mud and filth: here downward
funk

To folly, and in idle musing wrapt;
Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud;
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.

A while the fiery Spirit in its cell
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collusion down
Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides
pass'd,

The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeasurable source, whence ocean fills
His numerous seas, and pours them round the
globe.

The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse,
In dire commotion boils; and bursting way
Up through th' unfounded bottoms of the main.
Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,
With raving violence. And now, their shores
Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
Crispelling mound and cliff: now swift and
strange,

With reduent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waste of sands—Meantime, behold!

Yon neighbouring Mountain rising bleak and
bare,

Its double top in sterile ashes hid,
But green around its base with oil and wine,
Gives sign of storm and desolation near:
Storehouse of fate! from whose internal womb

With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, ascends eternal smoke:
Now wavering loose in air; now borne on high,
A dusky column heightening to the sun!
Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
The steep gulph, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd
To sevenfold fury. First discordant sounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,
The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds
Through wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth where uproar reigns.
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws,
A night of smoke, thick driving, wave on wave,
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Reils surging forth, extinguishing the day;
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air.
Instant, in one broad burst, a stream of fire,
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause, nor rest; again the mountain groans.
Amazing, from its inmost cavern shock:
Again, with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.

But see, in second pangs, the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own base direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder seen! ten thousand lightnings play
In flash'd vibrations; and from height to height
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by the explosive breath below,
At once the shadowy summit breaks away
To all sides round, in billows broad and black,
As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,
A vapoury deluge hiding earth and heaven.

Thus all day long: and now the beamless sun
Sets as in blood. A dreadful pause ensues;
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,
Falls back and boundless o'er the scene. Suspense
And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
Imploring heaven with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled City stands; each sadden'd face
Turn'd toward the hill of fears: and hark! once
more

The rising tempest shakes its founding vaults,
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and seas; or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murderous hand of War
To shake the round of some proud capital,
At once dislodged, in one bursting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
From east to south, a ruddy bill of smoke
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd.
Meanwhile, the cold lake that works below,
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The labouring mom
Is torn with agonising throes—at once,

Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night, to yonder plain.
Divided there, a hundred torrent-streams,
Each ploughing up its bed, rolls dreadful on,
Resistless. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
Where myrtle walks and groves of golden fruit
Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From scene to scene excursive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The sovereign Maker, first, supreme, and best,
Who actuates the whole : at whose command,
Obedient fire and flood tremendous rise,
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove,
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfined.

THE EXCURSION.

CANTO II.

*Contains, on the plan of the former, a survey of the
solar system, and of the fixed stars.*

ENDLESS the wonders of creating power,
On earth, but chief on high through hea-
ven display'd.

There shines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of Majesty divine : resplendent there
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
To those bright climes, awakening all her powers,
And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse,
Ascending soars, on through the fluid space,
The buoyant atmosphere ; whose vivid breath,
Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now still,
From pole to pole the aerial ocean sleeps,
One limpid vacancy ; now rous'd to rage
By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
And shake the mother orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd,
Nor foot of eagle trod, the ethereal sphere
Receding flies approach ; its circling arch
Alike remote, translucent, and serene.
Glorious expansion ! by th' Almighty spread,
Whole limits who hath seen ! or who with him
Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And visit'd the host of heaven around !

Glimming a borrow'd light, whence how small
The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd !

Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change.
But here, unruffled calm her even reign
Maintains external : here the lord of day.
The neighbouring sun, shines out in all his
strength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source
Where morning springs ; whence her innume-
rous streams
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain-
orb,

Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that, which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame ! in rapid whirls
Confiscating, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world !
Motion incredible ? to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure, on the sun
Pour'd out transcendent ! those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy !
Such Virtue He, the Majesty of Heaven,
Brightness original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent : in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise
In shady circles, like the moon beheld
From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face
Turns thitherward opaque : a space they brood
In congregated clouds ; then breaking float
To all sides round. Dilated some and dense,
Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
On to its adverse coast ; till there they set,
Or vanish scatter'd : measuring thus the time,
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.

Fairest of beings ! first-created light !
Prime cause of beauty ! for from thee alone,
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their
charms,
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing source of splendor draw !
In thy pure shine, with transport I survey
This Firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes, and motions : those how vast !
How rapid these ! with swiftnefs unconceiv'd,
From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undisturb'd ; the sun's bright train,
Progressive through the sky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the first,
Near bordering on the day, with speedy wheel
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
With sevenfold splendor, all his azure road,

Next Venus to the westward of the sun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning-star!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees,
The sun arise; as through the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path oblique the winds
Her annual orb: and by her side the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her dark en'd globe supply
A softer day-light; whose attractive power
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.

Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly state, the rival of the sun.
About him round, four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendant, dance.
These, in th' horizon, slow ascending climb
The steep of heaven, and, mingling in soft flow
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre; till they sink involv'd
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.
By this, the Sage, who, studious of the skies,
Heedful explores these late discover'd worlds,
By this observ'd, the rapid progress finds
Of light itself: how swift the headlong ray
Shoots from the sun's height through unbounded
space.

At once lightning air, and earth, and heaven.
Last, utmost Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds; with his pale moons,
Faint-glimmering through the darkness night has
thrown.

Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er his chill globe forlorn:
A endless desert, where extreme of cold
Eternal sits, as in his native flat,
Of wintry hills or never-thawing-ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet what here the sight,
Amid these desolate scenes, new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a gaily ring,
On each side rising from the horizon's verge,
Self-poised in air, with its bright circle round
Incompasseth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
Climbs slowly to its height: and at th' approach
Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
Draws westward on; till through the lucid round,
In distant view th' illumin'd skies are seen.

Beauteous appearance! by th' Almighty's Land
Peculiar fasten'd.—Thine these noble works,
Great, universal Ruler! earth and heaven
Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,
Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime,
That lifts the soul to thee! a holy joy,
By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!
Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates; as at first thine hand

Diffus'd through endless space this limpid sky,
Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each;
Observant all of one unchanging law.
Simplicity divine! by this sole rule,
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central sun
All gravitating: now with quicken'd pace
Descending tow'rd the primal orb, and now
Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Through universal nature, first was known
To thee, great Newton! Britain's justest pride,
Thou boast of human race; whose towering
thought,

In her amazing progress unconfin'd,
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
Of science, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality set free,
A pure intelligence he wings his way
Through wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the
world

Invisible, amid the general quire
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the soul!
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
For God himself shines forth immediate there,
Through those eternal climes, the frame of things,
In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.—

But how shall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of heaven,
Unfathomable, endless of extent!
Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
Whose numbers who shall tell? stupendous host!
Inclining millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought!
Awful their order; each the central fire
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,
Soleme and silent, through the pathless void,
Nor change, nor error knows. But, who their
ways,

Py reason, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Instructed can declare! What search shall find
Their times and seasons! their appointed laws.
Peculiar! their inhabitants of life,
And of intelligence, from scale to scale
Harmonious rising and in fix'd degree;
Numberless orders, each resembling each,
Yet all diverse!—Tremendous depth and height
Of wisdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,
An infinite of wonders!—Thou, supreme,
First, Independent cause, whose presence fills
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves,
Father of human kind! the Muse's wing
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of heaven,
Roaming th' interminable vast of space,
She rises, tracing thy almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The seat of mankind, earth? where her great
scenes

Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,

Assyrian, Roman? or of later name,
 Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
 Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd?
 Where is their place?—Let proud ambition pause,
 And sicken at the vanity that prompts
 His little deeds—With earth, those nearer orbs,
 Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
 And each a world, are now for sight too small;
 Are almost lost to thought. The sun himself,
 Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
 A glimmering star amid the train of night!
 While in these deep abysses of the sky,
 Spaces incomprehensible, new fons,
 Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious
 shine;

Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
 Amid the northern host: nor with less state,
 At sumless distance, huge Orion's orbs,
 Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon
 Of Sirius, burning through the south of heaven.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
 The Milky Way, whose stream of vivid light,
 Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
 Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,
 And whitens the long path to heaven's extreme:
 Distinguish'd tract! But as with upward flight,
 Soaring, I gain th' immensurable steep,
 Contiguous stars, in bright profusion frown
 Through these wide fields, all broaden into fons,
 Amazing, fever'd each by gulphs of air,
 In circuit ample as the solar heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
 Day without cloud abides, alone and fill'd
 With holy horror, trembling I survey
 Now downward through the universal sphere
 Already past; now up to the heights untry'd,
 And of th' enlarging prospect find no bound!
 About me on each hand new wonders rise
 In long succession; here pure scenes of light,
 Dazzling the view; here nameless worlds afar,
 Yet undiscover'd: there a dying sun,
 Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
 Incredible to tell! thick, vapoury mists,
 From every shore exhaling, mix obscure
 Innumerable clouds, disspreading slow,
 And deepening shade on shade; till the faint
 globe,

Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams.
 Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
 With horror see, from distant spheres around,
 The source of day expire, and all his worlds
 At once involv'd in everlasting night!

Such this dread revolution: heaven itself,
 Subject to change, so feels the waste of years.
 So this cerulean round, the work divine
 Of God's own hand, shall fade; and empty night
 Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
 From west to east their periods: where the train
 Of comets wander their eccentric ways
 With infinite excursion, through th' immense
 Of ether, traversing from sky to sky
 Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
 Whose length to trace imagination fails!
 Various their paths; without resistance all
 Through these free spaces borne: a various face;
 Endued this with beams of angry light,

Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers
 That, through the shade of night, projecting
 huge,

In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
 Embod'd mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass
 Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air.
 While distant orbs, with wonder and amaze,
 Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
 Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
 Whose march is ever fatal; in whose train
 Famine, and war, and desolating plague,
 Each on his pale horse rides; the ministers
 Of angry heaven, to scourge offending worlds!

But lo, where one, from some far world
 return'd,

Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,
 Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,
 Deep overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies.
 By some hid power attracted from his path,
 Fearful commotion! into that dusk tract,
 The devious comet, steep descending, falls
 With all his flames, rekindling into life
 Th' exhausted orb: and swift a flood of light
 Breaks forth diffusive through the gloom, and
 spreads

In orient streams to his fair train afar
 Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
 And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.

In still amazement lost, th' awaken'd mind
 Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd
 With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
 Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne
 Far through æthereal ground, the boundless
 walk

Of spirits, daily travellers from heaven:
 Who pass the mystic gulph to journey here,
 Searching th' Almighty Maker in his works
 From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
 Of voice and harp, extolling his high praise.

Immortal natures! cloath'd with brightness
 round,

Empyrean, from the source of light effus'd,
 More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam.
 Their will unerring; their affections pure,
 And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
 Whose object God alone: for all things else,
 Created beauty, and created good,
 Illusive all, can charm the soul no more.
 Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
 Enlarg'd to draw Truth's endless prospect in,
 Ineffable, eternity and time;

The train of beings, all by gradual scale
 Descending, sumless orders and degrees;
 Th' unfounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
 Of God's perfections; how these heavens first
 sprung

From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
 In number, weight, and measure; what hid laws,
 Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
 The will of heaven fulfil: some his fierce wrath
 Bear through the nations, pestilence and war:
 His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,
 To thousands. Some the fate of empires rule,
 Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian wings
 The pious monarch, and the legal throne.

Nor is the sovereign, nor th' illustrious great,
Alone their care. To every bustling rank
Of worth propitious, these blest minds embrace
With universal love the just and good,
Whom ever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Depress'd by fortune, and with hate pursued,
Or insult from the proud oppressor's brow.
Yet dear to heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels' o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sin-born vanities, and low pursuits,
That busy human kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekness and charity. Or, rais'd aloft,
Field with ethereal ardour, to survey
The circuit of creation, all these fairs
With all their worlds: and still from height to
height,

By things created rising, last ascend
To that First Cause, who made, who governs all,
Fountain of being, self-existent power,
All-wise, all-good, who from eternal age
Endures, and fills th' immensity of space;
That infinite diffusion, where the mind
Conceives no limits; undisturb'd void,
Invariable, where no land-marks are,
No paths to guide Imagination's flight.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:

OR

THE HERMIT.

(ADDRESSED TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.)

CANTO I.

FAR in the watery waste, where his broad
wave
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls,
On from the piny shores of Labrador
To frozen Thule east, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remotest Kilda lifts;
Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent-coast.
O'rice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic skies; yet, blameless still of arts
That polish to deprave, each softer clime,
With simple nature, simple virtue blest!
Beyond Ambition's walk: where never War
Uprear'd his sanguine standard; nor unheath'd,
For wealth or power, the desolating sword.
Where Luxury, soft syren, who around
To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane, that soothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm content
That lives to reason; ancient Faith that binds
The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union; Innocence of ill
Their guardian genius: these, the powers that
rule

Vol. VII.

This little world, to all its sons secure
Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
From passion's rage, the body from disease. 25
Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
Firm in each sinew Vigor's pliant spring,
By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
Of upright rock their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime. There light up their morn,
And close their eye in slumbers sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of ocean's raging found. But hat and best,
What Avarice, what Ambition shall not know,
True liberty is theirs, the heaven-sent guest, 36
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With Independence dwells; and Peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their fun that never sets.

Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muse! O whether from the depth
Of evening forest, brown with broadest shade;
Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
Through bowery groves, where Inspiration sits
And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd
shore,

Thy wing high-hovering spread; and to the gale,
The boreal spirit breathing liberal round 50
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With answering cadence free, as best befits
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here, good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
The world around, or deeper solitude, 55
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him blest, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out to slow remains of setting life 60
In bitterness of thought: and with the surge,
And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd
moan,

Would often mix—Oft as remembrance sad
Th' unhappy past recal'd; a faithful wife,
Whom Love first chose, whom Reason long en-
dura'd, 65
His soul's companion and his foster friend;
With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,
By civil madness, by intemperate zeal 70
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless!—Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blast with sighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour: for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart, 75
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish; stretch'd along
The naked beach; or shivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm, 80
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his
head.

H h

Such were his hours ; till Time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each full of spectre chace, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infus'd, A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd: as, after winds
Of ruffling wing, the sea subsiding flow 90
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first,
Her throne resum'd, bid Devotion raise
To heaven his eye ; and through the turbid mist,
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause supreme,
All-just, all-wise, who bids what still is best, 95
In cloud or sun-shine ; whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus, in his bosom, every weak excess,
The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge, 100
To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand ; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as sea-born fogs
Before th' ascending sun ; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore ; and sees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell ; where one fair
morn

Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring,
That fears no storm, and all no winter know,
Th' immortal year emburples. If a sigh
Yet murmur'd from his breast ; 'tis for the pangs
Those dearest names, a wife, a child must feel,
Still suffering in his fate : 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of heaven
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse 120
The rosy year ; and in each pleasing hue,
That greens the leaf, or through the blossom
glows

With verd light, his fairest month array'd :
While Zephyre, while the liver-footed dews,
Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove 25
Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhal'd the rise
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild thyme flowering, betony, and balm,
Blue lavender and carmel's spicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.

But, high above, the season full exerts
Its ver' a force in yonder peopled rocks, 135
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of passage transigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's summons their aerial state
Annual to found ; and in bold voyage steer, 140

*Line 132. The root of this plant, otherwise named
"arg. this sylvestris," is aromatic; and by the
natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See Martin's
Western Isles of Scotland, p. 180.*

O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore :
By heaven's directive spirit, here to raise
Their temporary realm ; and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rocks, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step, 150
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this annal scene in air,
With wonder mar'd ; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves, 155
From pole to pole through boundless space dif-
fus'd,

Magnificently dreadful where, at large,
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of sea-born kind, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport, 160
Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere ;
With every wind to wait large commerce on, 165
Join pole to pole, confociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family. Now rose

Sweet evening's solemn hour. The sun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament : 170
Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
With splendor undiminish'd ; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aerial landscape. Here, alone 175

On earth' remotest verge, Aurelius breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he sung
In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath.
When lo ! a storm, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Dea-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern : as the breath of winds,
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Through wintry pines, high-waving o'er the
step

Of sky-crown'd Appennine. The Sea-pye ceas'd
At once to warble. Screaming, from his nest
The Fulmar roar'd, and shot a westward flight
From shore to sea. On came, before her hour,
Invading night, and hung the troubled sky
With fearful blackness round*. Sad ocean's face
A curling undulation shivery swept 191
From wave to wave : and now impetuous rose,
Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast. 195
Aloft, and fast beneath a sheltering clin,
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd :
His stunn'd ear smote with all the thundering
main !

His eye with mountains furling to the stars ! 200
Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the
clouds :

Yet distant seen and dim, till, onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands, 205
Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
Bound on his eye distinct. With sharpen'd ken
Its course he watches, and in awful thought
That power invokes, whose voice the wild winds
hear,

Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heaven,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
But O, ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death bestrides the billow, nor your own, 215
Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
Of instant fate. And, lo! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes : 220
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl : her guiding helm
Breaks short ; her masts in crashing ruin fall ;
And each rent sail flies loose in distant air. 230
Now, fearful moment ! o'er the foundering hull,
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
Steep from the clouds with horrid shade im-
pend—

Ah ! save them, heaven ! it bursts in deluge down
With boundless undulation. Shore and sky 235
Rebellow to the roar. At once engulf'd,
Vessel and crew beneath its torrent sweep
Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept :
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
He turn'd his step ; he fled the fatal scene, 240
And brooding, in sad silence, o'er the sight
To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heaven in sighs : Thy will be done,
Not mine, supreme Disposer of Events !
But death demands a tear, and man must feel 245
For human woes : the rest submission checks.

Not distant far, where this receding bay *
Look northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its self-pois'd concave ; as the gate,
Ample, and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof, 250
Of some unfolding temple. On its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant
food

Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in pensive thought Aurelius past, 255
Struck with sad echoes from the founding vault
Remurmur'd shrill, he stopt, he rais'd his head ;
And saw th' assembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A shipwreck'd man. All-motionless on earth 260

He lay. The living lustre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguisht from his cheek :
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon, 265
So faintly wan, through hovering mists at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Fast from his hairs dis-
till'd

The briny wave : and close within his grasp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had stem'd the flood with agonizing breast, 270
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful
prime

He seem'd, a d built by Nature's noblest hand ;
Where bold proportion, and where softening
grace,

Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

Aurelius, from the breathless clay, his eye 275

To heaven imploring rais'd : then, for he knew

That life, within her central cell retir'd,

May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,

He bid transport it speedy through the vale,

To his poor cell that lonely stood and low, 280

Safe from the north beneath a sloping hill :

An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd

On columns rude ; its roof with reverend moss

Light-shaded o'er ; its front in ivy hid,

That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand 285

They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and
fum'd

The vapoury air with aromatic smells :

I then, drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn

From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.

Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from
dreams 290

Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes :

While life, to scarcefelt motion, faintly lifts

His fluttering pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek

The rosy current wins its wonted way.

Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd 295

Severe on heaven, on the surrounding hills

With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown

Disolv'd in tear around : then clos'd again,

As loathing light and life. At length, in sounds

Broken and eager, from his heaving breast 300

Distraction spoke—Down, down with every sail.

Mercy, sweet heaven !—Ha ! now whole ocean
sweeps

In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope !

We will not part—He ! p. help ! yon wave, be-
hold !

That swells betwixt, has borne her from my
sight. 305

O, for a sun to light this black abyss !

Gone—lost—for ever lost ! He ceas'd. Amaze

And trembling on the pale assistants fell :

Whom now, with greeting and the words of
peace,

Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensued, 310

Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's
face

Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard :

Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,

Attentive seiz'd ; now eager to begin

Consoling speech ; now doubtful to invade 315

H h 2

* See *Martin's voyage to St. Kilda*, p. 20.

The sacred silence due to grief supreme,
 Then thus at last. O from devouring seas,
 By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
 Thy sense return'd, can yet discern the Hand
 All-wonderful, that though yon raging sea, 320
 Yon whirling west of tempest, led thee safe;
 That Hand divine with grateful awe confess,
 With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
 Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
 Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was
 fled, 325
 And human help in vain—th' Almighty Voice,
 Then bade destruction spare, and bade the deep
 Yield up its prey: that, by his mercy sav'd,
 That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
 A monument of wonder as of love, 330
 May justify; to all the sons of men,
 Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
 Such praise d lights him most—

He hears me not.

Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe, 335
 Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
 Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter
 stream!

Yet, speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
 For knew, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
 Myself most wretched and in sorrow's ways 340
 Severely train'd, to share in every pang
 The wretched feel; to soothe the sad of heart;
 To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
 With every son and daughter of distress.
 Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent:
 My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine;
 To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
 Through reason's paths, to happiness and heaven.

The hermit thus; and, after some sad pause
 Of musing wonder, thus the Man unknown. 350

What have I heard?—On this untravel'd shore,
 Nature's last limit, hemm'd with oceans round
 Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
 A comforter to find! whose language wears
 The garb of civil life; a friend, whose breast
 The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!
 Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
 Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown,
 If woes, for ever wedded to despair,
 That with no cure, are thine, behold in me 360
 A meet companion; one whom earth and
 heaven

Combine to curse; whom never future morn
 Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
 Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!
 From social converse though for ever barr'd, 365
 Though chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
 Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
 Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
 By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;
 O say, did, e'er thy breast, in youthful life, 370
 Touch'd by a beam from Beauty all-divine,
 Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
 In pleasing tumult pour'd through every vein,
 And panting at the heart, when first our eye
 Receives impression! Then, as passion grew, 375
 Did heaven consenting to thy with indulge
 That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,

That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
 Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
 Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
 If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
 My joys conceiving, in age my despair,
 How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
 Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
 Lies lost and bury'd there—O, awful heaven!
 Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
 Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
 Can'st tell what I have lost—O, ill-star'd maid!
 O, most undone Amyntor!—Sighs and tears,
 And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice sup-
 press'd:

The rest was agony and dumb despair.

Now o'er their heads damp night her stormy
 gloom

Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was ex-
 pir'd,

With huge and heavy horror closing round
 In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful
 scene, 395

The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
 And thus reply'd, as one in Nature still'd,
 With soft assenting sorrow in his look,
 And words to soothe, not combat hopeless love.

Amyntor, by that heaven who sees thy tears!
 By faith and friendship's sympathy divine! 401
 Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
 This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
 Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just?
 How long in silent anguish to descend, 405
 When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
 Are fellow-mourners? He, who can resign,
 Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the sense,
 The sacred feeling of a life like thine,
 Cold and insensible, thy breast were then 410
 No mansion for humanity, or thought
 Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
 And tender pity; whose kind tears adorn
 The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
 They soften, not subdue. We both will mix, 415
 For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
 Our social sighs: and still, as morn unveils
 The brightening hill, or evening's misty shade
 Its brow obscures, her graces, hush of form,
 Her mind all-lovely, each ennobling each, 420
 Shall be our frequent theme. Then shalt thou
 hear

From me, in sad return, a tale of woes,
 So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart
 Amid its own, will shudder at the ill
 That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark
 And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk.
 Here break we off: and thou, sad mourner, try
 Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
 With timely sleep. Each gracious wing from
 heaven

Of those that minister to erring man, 430
 Near-hovering, hush thy passion into calm;
 Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
 Of brightest visions; whisper to thy heart
 That holy peace which goodness ever shares:
 And to us both be friendly as we need. 435

CANTO II.

Now midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,

Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around th' unsleeping isle,
Yet how'd the whirlwind, yet the billow
glean'd;

And, in mix'd horror, to Amyntor's ear 5
Borne through the gloom, his shrieking sense ap-
pall'd.

Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
Again pale memory labours in the storm:
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondness lov'd. And now, another shower
Of sorrow, o'er the dear unhappy maid,
Effusive stream'd; till late, through every power
The soul subdued sunk sad to slow repose:
And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pause from
pain 15

Not long to last: for Fancy, oft awake
While reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
To mock with mimic shews. And lo! the deeps
In airy tumult swell. Beneath a hill 21
Amyntor heaves of overwhelming fear;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the shadowy world
Shifts to some boundless continent unknown, 25
Where solitary, o'er the starless void,
Dumb silence broods. Through heaths of dreary
length,

Slow on he drags his staggering step in fern
With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar through the wild; and, plung'd in central
caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyss,
Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul, 35
That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide.
A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales be-
neath

Sung spousals, as along th' enamel'd turf
They seem'd to fly, and interchange'd their souls,
Melling in mutual softness. Thrice his arms 41
The Fair encircled: thrice she fled his grasp,
And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
O, turn! O, stay thy flight!—so loud he cry'd,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled. 45
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering shadow blaz'd:
Her voice still murmur'd in his tingling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought 50
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent hour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
To phrensy rung, upstarting from his couch,

The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd,
Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound:
Then, scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor reason's
voice,

Nor ow'd submission to the will of heaven, 60
Restrains him; but, as passion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
Though passing all belief, the frailer kiff,
To which himself had borne th' unhappy Fair,
May yet be seen. Around, o'er sea and shore,
He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor kiff, nor floating corse, on which to feed
The last sad tear, and lay the covering mould!

And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and sea: while, all-unveil'd,
The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great, 75
Magnificently various. From this steep,
Distant immense in rolling prospect lay
The northern deep. Amidst, from space to
space,

Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's
crown,
As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air, 80
Shoot gradual from her bosom: and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thousand landscapes! barren some and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heaven, 85
Of horrid grandeur: some with founding ash,
Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all behold
More lovely in the sun's adorning beam;
Who now, fair-rising o'er yon eastern cliff, 90
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
Repose that Temperance sheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful guest
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites 95
And Virtue's rule enjoin: but first to Him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly sense to glow, his main-song,
Superior duty, thus the sage address'd:

Fountain of light! from whom yon orient sun 100
First drew his splendor; Source of life and love!
Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling
face

The boundless blush of spring; O, First, and
Best!

Thy essence, though from human sight and search,
Though from the climb of all created thought, 105
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himself,
Thy lowliest child of reason, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works impress'd,
In characters coeval with the sun, 110
And with the sun to last; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd,
Sole revelation through all time the same.
Hail, universal Goodness! with full stream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne 115

Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life :

From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
The great community of Nature's sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice 120
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where Virtue leads, to follow and be blest.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd 125
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer. 130
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
With-hold or grant: and let that will be done.

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
The hills steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal'd; such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respites 135
In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began. 145

O fight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might
draw

A feeling tear; Whom yesterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possessor
That Fancy, trac'd in fairest vision, dreams; 150
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
Each bliss that cheers, there, on the damp earth
spread,

Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched
feel, 155

The happy have to fear O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to fights that but inflame
Its tender anguish—

Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd 160
The frantic mourner, could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony,

I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. To me the sun is lost: 165

To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O, fainted maid!
For such in heaven thou art, if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeable skies,
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet these names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeless limbs: that I—O grief supreme! 175
O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd
For such a task?—that I those dear remains,

With maiden-rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close 180
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with
thine!

Such, and so dire, reply'd the cordial friend
In pity's look and language, such, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human
heart

Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war 185
This bosom ravag'd. Harken then, good youth;
My story mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear. 190

In me, a man behold, whose morn-serene,
Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
In virtuous purpose, or in honest act,
Drew fair distinction on my public name,
From those among mankind, the nobler few, 195
Whose praise is fame: but there, in that true
source

Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
In home-found peace and love, supremely blest!
Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd 200
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven the
same!

At last, Amyntor, in my failing age,
Fallen from such height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and out-laws, number'd—thought that
still

Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with
shame!

Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance: arm'd by rage,
Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:

And all, O sovereign Reason! all deriv'd 210
From power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd

Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend!

O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeless years, th' oppressor's hand to
know 216

How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd.
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
Of want and woe, of danger and despair, 220
As heaven has thine, to pity their distress!

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far th' unhallow'd licence of abuse;
Be far th' bitterness of faintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name 225
Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people
too:

Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss, 230
Fair Freedom, birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

But if, disclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule ;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince,
Alliance kept were treason to mankind ; 241
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For say, Amyntor, does just heaven enjoin
That we should homage hell ? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage, 245
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless
grave

Engulf their thousands ? Yet, O grief to tell !
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
Our sighs and groans rebounding from the steep
Of wintry hill, or waste untravel'd heath, 251
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven ; the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent's love 255
Reclaim from error ; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk :
Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the social life renounc'd,
Unhuman'd, unimpleaded was to death, 261
To shameful death, adjudg'd ; against my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds.
And this blind fury of commission'd rage, 265
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhor'd for deeds of direst name,
Was given in charge : a foe, whom blood-stain'd
zeal

For what—O hear it not, all-righteous heaven !
Lest thy rous'd thunder burst—for what was
deem'd

Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute,
More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death 275
Train'd ruthless up. As tigers on their prey,
On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
Devouring fell : nor that sequester'd shade,
That sweet recess, where love and virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which war itself 280
Beheld with reverence, could their fury scape ;
Despild, desec'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames !
For name and rapine their consuming march,
From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
So borne by winds along, in baneful cloud, 285
Embody'd locusts from the wing descend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening
year :

While, waste behind, destruction on their track
And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O heaven ! do I,
A man, survive to tell it ? At the hour 291
Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
Of all who say and curs'd his coward rage,
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears 295
My last retreat to learn ; and still detains
Beneath his roof accurst, that best of wives,

Emelia, and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora ! Manhood there,
And nature bleed—Ah ! let not busy thought 300
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast :
Discovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck ; once more to desperation sink
My hopes in heaven. He said ; but O sad Muse !
Can all thy moving energy, of power 305
To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,
With words that weep, and strains that agonize ;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels ? O heaven ! art thou—
What have I heard ?—Aurelius ! art thou he ?—
Confusion ! horror !—that most wrong'd of men !
And, O most wretched too ! alas ! no more,
No more a father—On that fatal flood,
Thy Theodora—At these words he fell.
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins : 315
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forsake. As on his way
The traveller, from heaven by lightning struck,
Is fix'd at once immovable ; his eye
With terror glaring wild ; his stiffening limbs
In sudden marble bound : so flood, so look'd
The heart-frost parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sign to rise,
No tear had force to flow ; his senses all.
Thro' all their powers, suspended, and subdued
To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
Ere first the thunder breaks—on either side
Fill'd up this interval severe. At last
As from some vision that to phrensy fires 330
The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
Let all thy wrongs be visited ; and thus
My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm, 336
Aurelius, though with deep dismay and dread
And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
Collecting, and resuming all himself,
Seiz'd sudden : then perusing with strict eye, 340
And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form ;
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke.
O dire attempt ! Whoe'er thou art, yet stay
Thy hand self-violent ; nor thus to guilt, 345
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature shrink from, and to which
Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign
Judge !
Shall man first violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod, 350
Resign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
Of fair dismissal hence ; shall man do this,
Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
Red with the sin, and recent from the stain,
Of unrepented blood ? Call home thy sense ; 355
Know what thou art, and own his hand most just,
Rewarding or afflicting—But say on.
My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import :
They urge me on ; they bid me ask no more—360
What would I ask ? My Theodora's fate,
Ah ! me ! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd.

Good heaven! beyond all grace—But shall I
blame

His rage of grief, and in myself admit
Its wild excess? Heaven gave her to my wish;
That gift Heaven has resum'd: righteous in both,
For both his Providence be ever blest!

By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
Amyntor, slow recovering into thought,
Submissive on his knee, the good man's hand 370
Grasp'd close, and bore with ardour to his lips.
His eye, where * r, confusion, reverence spoke,
Through swelling tears, what language cannot
tell,

Now rose to meet, now shunn'd the Hermit's
glance,

Shot awful at him: till, the various swell 375
Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke:

What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch un-
known?

Whom knowing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.
Mistaken man! the honour of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes. 380

I am—Aurelius! turn that look aside,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, heaven!
Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond,
Rolando's son: by your more sacred ties, 385
As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
For crimes like this—

Rolando's son? Just heaven!

Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
All terrible arising, shakes my frame 391
With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
The father's heart, though seas are spread between,
Were great revenge!—Away: revenge? on
whom?

Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd 395
Ev'n to the crime my reason most condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he spoke;
And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
Suspended hekl. But, as the welcome blow,
With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court,
Behold, in sudden confluence gathering round
The natives stood; whom kindness hither drew,
The man unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To succour and to serve. Before them came 405
Montano, venerable sage, whose head
The hand of time with twenty winter's snow
Had show'r'd; and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care 411
Amyntor plac'd; to lodge him and secure;
To save him from himself, as one, with grief
Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone 415
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

C A N T O III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit
lift

With triple fork to heaven, the mounted sun

Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream
His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale 5
The milky mothers, foot puffing foot,
And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
Around its rocks to graze: * for, strange to tell!
The hour of ebb, though ever varying found, 10
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,
To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that
guide 15

To labour and repose a simple race,
These native signs to due repast at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate life:
All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
By Nature's voice solicited in vain, 20

Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
Both in black prospect rising to his eye—
'Twas anguish there; 'twas here distracting doubt!
Yet, after long and painful conflict borne, 25
Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
Inclin'd alternate, summoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior rising, in the night of Him,
Who strength from weakness, as from darkness
light, 30

Omnipotent can draw; again resign'd,
Again he sacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast;
The sigh soft memory prompts; the tender tear,
That, streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost, 35
With mournful tragic tortures and delights,
Relieves us, while its sweet oppression loads,
And, by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
And through the darkness shot her sun-bright
ray 40

That strengthens while it cheers; behold from far
Amyntor now-approaching! on his front,
O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
Attraction, sweetly sad. His noble port,
Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd; 45
And, unretreating, felt his bosom flow
With social softness. Strait, before the door
Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
In counterview: and thus the youth began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark 50
Amyntor's story: then, as justice sees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Absolve him, or condemn—But oh, may I,
A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,

* The cows often feed on the alga marina: and
they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the
tide of flood; though, at the same time, they are not
within view of the shore. When the tide has ebb'd
about two hours, then they pier their course directly
to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after
another. I had occasion to make this observation
thirteen times in one week. Martin's Western Isles
of Scotland, p. 156.

Unblam'd pronounce ? that name to every son 55
By heaven made sacred ; and by Nature's hand,
With Honour, Duty, Love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.—These eyes, alas !
The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal 60
Too near beheld : its madness how extreme ;
How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy mischief. Scene abhorr'd !
Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name : 65
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge
Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
That Power whose law is meekness; and, for
deeds

That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.
Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere, 71
Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His course unjust to violence and rage.

Unmanly rage ! when nor the charm divine 75
Of Beauty, nor the Matron's sacred age,
Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,
Found reverence or distinction. Yet sustain'd
By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
Their threatening fate, imprisonment and scorn 80
And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdued
To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
Nor built on pride, nor counting vain applause ;
But calmly constant, without effort great, 85
What reason dictates, and what heaven approves.

But how proceed, Aurelius ? in what sounds
Of gracious cadence, of assuasive power,
My further story clothe ? O could I steal
From Harmony her softest-warbled strain 90
Of melting air ! or Zephyre's vernal voice !
Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
To liquid blandishment his evening-lay,
All nature smiling round ! then might I speak ;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell, 95
How unperceiv'd and secret through his breast,
As morning rises o'er the mid light-shade,
What first was ow'd humanity to both,
Assisting piety and tender thought,
Grew swift and silent into love for one : 100
My sole offence—if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

O Theodora ! who thy world of charms,
That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could see ? that dignity of ease, 106
That grace of air, by happy nature thine !
For all in thee was native ; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
From its unfailing source ! and then too seen 110
In milder lights ; by sorrow's shading hand
Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,
By tears adorn'd, intenser'd by distress.
O sweetness without name ! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul 115
Endears, ennobles her, whom fate afflicts,
Or fortune leaves unhappy ! Passion then
Refines to Virtue : then a purer train

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Of heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
By self-regard, or thought of due return, 120
The breast expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reason best conceives
Of love celestial ; whose prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill ; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguish only bleeds, 125
From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe !

By this plain courtship of the honest heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit ; would oft endearing crown
With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
To mutual love. O fortune's fairest hour !
O seen, but not enjoy'd, just hail'd and lost
Is flattering brightness ! Theodora's form, 135
Event unfear'd ! had caught Rolando's eye :
And Love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
Profanes not, Love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks
back, 140

Reluctant to proceed ; and filial awe,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of silence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
Avert'd from her eye, and from her lip severe 145
Dart'd with indignant scorn ; each harbour'd
thought

Of soft emotion or of social sense,
Love, Pity, Kindness, alien to a soul
That Bigot-rage embosoms, fled at once :
And all the savage reassum'd his breast. 150
'Tis just, he cry'd : who thus invites disdain,
Deserves repulse ; he who, by slave-like arts,
Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,
Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal scorn
Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame 160
Had prey'd unseen, now deep thro' all her powers
Its poison spread, and ill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed ?
Aurelius, O most injur'd of mankind ! 165
Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
To woe, new anguish ? and to grief, despair—
She is no more—

O Providence severe !
Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cry'd ;
But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice 171
Of froward grief : and to the Will supreme,
In justice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature though assail'd, 175
Escap'd his lips. What ! shall we from heaven's
grace

With life receiving happiness, our share
Of ill refuse ? And are afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise ? th' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd 180

By Love's own hand for salutary ends.
 But were they ill indeed; can fond Complaint
 Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command
 This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
 Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again 185
 The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
 Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corse
 To light and life restore? Eleft pair, farewell!
 Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
 Of human fondness sighing in the breast, 190
 And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
 And let me call thee son (for O that name
 Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true friendship borne
 Of pains for me, too sadly have deserv'd)
 On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
 To hearken and adore. The patient man
 Thus spoke: Amyntor thus his story clos'd.

As dumb with anguish round the bed of death
 Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
 Her closing eyes: then fixing, in cold gaze, 200
 On Theodora's face—O save my child!
 She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
 Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
 I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace
 Her shade receive, and, with the truest tears, 205
 Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.

What then remain'd for honour or for love?
 What, but that scene of violence to fly,
 With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
 Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour, 210
 When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
 With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon
 Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere;
 On that drear spot, within whose cavern'd womb
 Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils 215
 Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
 I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
 With sacred terror, which the time, the place,
 Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
 My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand
 Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene!
 By night's pale regent! By you glorious train
 Of ever-moving fires that rous'd her burn!
 By death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
 That once was man, now mouldering here below!
 But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb,
 Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
 Th' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps,
 As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
 Nor aught but death's inevitable hand, 230
 Shall e'er divide our loves—I led her thence:
 To where safe-station'd in a secret bay,
 Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
 That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
 We sail'd—But, O my father; can I speak 235
 What yet remains? yon ocean black with storm!
 Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!
 The speechless crew aghast! and that lost fair!
 Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
 And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven 240
 For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm,
 Expiring, sinking with her tears she hung!
 I kiss'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
 And won at last, with sums of proffer'd gold,
 The boldest mariners, this precious charge 245
 Instant to save; and, in the skill secur'd,

Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
 With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
 To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
 A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulph.
 Nor me alone: its broad and billowing sweep
 Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious heaven!
 My fatal love on her devoted head
 Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due
 To me and mine: or was Amyntor fav'd 255
 For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
 Eor storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting!
 And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
 Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd:
 With arms out-spread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
 To heaven uplifted, motionless and mute 261
 He stood, the mournful semblance of despair.

The lamp o' day, tho' from mid-noon declin'd,
 Still flaming with full ardor, shot on earth
 Oppressive brightness round; till in soft steam 265
 From ocean's bosom his light vapour's drawn,
 With grateful intervention o'er the sky.
 Their veil diffusive spread: the scene abroad
 Soft-shadowing, vale and plain, and dazzling hill.
 Aurelius, with his guest, the western cliff 270
 Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
 From whence in double stream a lucid source
 Roll'd founding forth, and, where with dewy wing
 Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
 Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle 275
 Her village-capital, where health and peace
 Are tutelary gods; her small domain
 Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
 That branching bear refreshful moisture on
 To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
 Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels, 281
 Lay full in view. From scene to scene around
 Aurelius gaz'd; and, sighing, thus began.

Not we alone, alas! in every clime,
 The human race are sons of sorrow born. 285
 Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
 Of pain and grief, from fire to son deriv'd,
 All have their mournful portion; all must bear
 Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
 Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye 290
 Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
 Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose-lap,
 From hence due east. Amyntor look'd, and saw,
 Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
 Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm'd
 With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd 296
 For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
 To turn the mold and break th' adhesive clods,
 Employ'd assiduous. Those, with equal pace,
 And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white 300
 With fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
 Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
 O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.

Behold! Aurelius thus his speech renew'd,
 From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd 305
 For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
 What yet necessity demands severe.
 Twelve furs have purpled these encircling hills
 With orient beams, as many nights along
 Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil 310
 Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
 The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now

For both must labour, launch'd, in quest of food,
Their island-skiff adventurous on the deep.
Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd
The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
As annual on from shore to shore they move
In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the south a gust of furious wing, 320
Up-springing, drove to sea: and left in tears,
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the furling-tide, and broken oars,
To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd 325
The wreck before urmiz'd; one general groan,
To heaven ascending, spoke the general breath
With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless
plaint,
Through these hoarse rocks, on this resounding
shore,

At morn was heard: at midnight too were seen,
Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height, 331
The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
With eager gaze—till from yon leiser isle,
Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the soaring lark, 335
Its dizzy clids aspire, hung round and white
With curling mists—at last from yon hoar hills,
Intaming the brown air with sudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonless sky, 340
Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
Successive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
Took her gay turn to reign: and Nature now
From rapture wept: yet ever and anon 345
By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky prison to release
Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege
Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains 350
The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught skill and vigour not their own,
On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare*.

Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
With sympathizing sorrow, on himself, 355
On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
Wrapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left;
And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant
strand.

Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or sailing level on the polar gale 360
That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
The summer-nations of these pregnant cliffs,
Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
His parent beam that animates and cheers 365
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidst
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
Wav'd one unbounded blush: a scene to strike

* The author who relates this story adds, that the
produce of grain that season was the most plentiful
they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's
Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

Both ear and eye with wonder and delight! 370
But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
Regardless on, through other walks convey'd
Of baleful prospect; which pale Fancy rais'd
Incessant to herself, and fabled o'er
With darkest night, meet region for despair! 375
Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
At distance saw, descending on the shore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
A double band, who by their gestures strange
There fix'd with wondering: for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as seem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise.
Then, slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either side supported, onward came
Pale and of piteous look, a pensive maid;
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound—Oh, all ye powers!
Amyntor starting, cry'd, and shot his soul 391
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill: my feet are rooted here—and see!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The spirits who this ocean waste and wild
Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
The dead or absent, have on yon shape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unsubstantial air, 400
Embody'd featur'd it with all her charms—
And lo! behold! its eyes were fix'd on mine
With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!
He ran, he flew: his clasping arms receiv'd
Her sinking weight—O earth, and air, and sea!
'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Power divine, 406
Whose goodness knows no bounds, thy hand is
Omnipotent in mercy! As he spoke, [here,
Adown his cheek, thro' shivering joy and doubt,
The tear fast-falling stream'd. My love! my life!
Soul of my wishes; sav'd beyond all faith! 411
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs, 415
My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee! At that name,
That potent name, her spirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, she trembling rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name: then sunk again;
Then swoon'd upon his bosom, through excess
Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The rose-bud thus, that to the beam serene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms, 425
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.
Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
For now while on her face these men unknown
The stream, with cool asperion, busy cast,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze, 430
Beheld in them—his friends! th' adventurous few,
Who bore her to the skiff, whose daring skill
Had sav'd her from the deep! As o'er her cheek,
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd

In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,
Borea nam'd, before the tempest borne,
These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
(So heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
With toil invincible, from shelve and rock 440
Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
Its prow directed safe—He heard no more:
The rest already known, his every sense,
His full collected soul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?
Am I on earth? and these arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,
Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
How vent the boundless transport that expands
My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliss, 456
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support
This swimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cause thy heart
A second pang. At this, dilated high 461
The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dew away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge, 465
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
The guardian-genius hovers, so the youth,
On her lov'd face, assiduous and alarm'd,
In silent fondness dwelt: while all his soul,
With trembling tenderness of hope and fear 470
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
For further joy her soft impressive frame.

O happy! though as yet thou know'st not half
The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentle mind,
Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
With that best temperance, which from fond
excess,

When rapture lifts to dangerous height its power,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm
thought. 481

On wonder wait—safe refus'd in this isle,
Thy god-like father lives! and lo—but curb,
Reprefs the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
The mountain's side descend! Abrupt from his
Her hand she drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd 490
The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
My father!—O my child! at once they cry'd:
Nor more, The rest ecstatic silence spoke,
And Nature from her inmost seat of sense
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this blest scene,
Where emulous in either bosom strove 495
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,

Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile;
And heaven, approving look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this blissful hour: the joy 500
With instant flow, from shore to shore along
Diffusive ran; and all th' exulting isle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept: 505
While each a fire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiss'd

Now, while the song,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Best harmony, they grateful souls effus'd 511
Aloud to heaven; Montano, reverend Seer,
(Whose eye prophetic far through time's abyss
Could shoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
Yet immature and in their causes hid, 515
Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood:
His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes
From outward vision held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror seen, 520
And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.

They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercait!
With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while dawning rosy round
A purer morning lights up all her skies! 526
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
White with the sail of his unnumber'd fleet, 530
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
See! with spread wings Britannia's genius flies,
Before his prow: commands the speeding gales
To wait him on! and, o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the laurel crown, 535
Blest emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!
And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man
By heaven belov'd, thou too that sacred sun 540
Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!
I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
From this blest pair to spring: whom equal faith,
And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold 545
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn;
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown.

TRUTH IN RHYME,

ADDRESSED TO A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,
Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there:
Till finding earth by heaven unaw'd,
Till sick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew.

There, station'd in the Virgin-sign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to shine;
Or if, at times, she deigns a smile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.

For there—her eyes with wonder fix'd!
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd!
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The Patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the virtues most resort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
She found him seated on a throne!
What fables paint, what poets sing,
She found in fact—a Patriot-king!

But as a light, so nobly new,
Deserv'd, the thought, a nearer view;
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,
Ascends the palace of St. James,
Swift through surrounding shades of night,
The goddess shot her beamy light.
She stopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her favourite, where he lay,
In sweet repose: o'er all his face,
Repose shed softer bloom and grace!
But fearful lest her sun-bright glare
Too soon might wake him into care,
(For splendid toil and weary state
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)
The stream of circling rays to shroud,
She drew an interposing cloud.

In all the silence of surprize,
She gaz'd him o'er! She saw arise,
For gods can read the human breast,
Her own ideas there impress!
And that his plan, to bless mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May story's whitest page adorn,
May shine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urania to her aid.

At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Descending quits her laurel'd grove:
Loose to the gale her azure robe;
Borne, in her left, a starry globe,
Where each superior son of fame
Will find inscribed his deathless name,
Her right sustains the immortal lyre,
To praise due merit, or inspire.

Behold—Astræa thus began—
The friend of virtue and of man!
Calm reason see, in early youth!
See, in a prince, the soul of truth!
With love of justice, tender sense
For suffering worth and innocence!
Who means to build his happy reign
On this blest maxim, wise and plain—
Though plain, how seldom understood!
That, to be great, he must be good.
His breast is open to your eye;
Approach, Urania, mark, and try.
This bosom needs no thought to hide:
This virtue dares our search abide.

The sacred fountains to secure
Of justice, undisturb'd and pure

From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
To ruffle or to stain their course;
That these may flow serene and free,
The law must independent be:
Her ministers, as in my sight,
And mine alone, dispensing right;
On piercing eye, of judgment clear,
As honour, just, as truth, sincere.
With temper, firm, with spirit, sage,
The Mansfields of each future age.

And this prime blessing is to spring
From youth in purple! from a king!
Who, true to his imperial trust,
His greatness founds in being just;
Prepares, like yon ascending sun,
His glorious race with joy to run,
And, where his gracious eye appears,
To bless the world he lights and cheers!

Such worth with equal voice to sing,
Urania, strike thy boldest string;
And truth, whose voice alone is praise,
That here inspires, shall guide the lays.
Begin! awake his gentle ear
With sounds that monarchs rarely hear.
He merits, let him know our love,
And you record, what I approve.

She ended: and the heaven-born maid,
With soft surprize, his form survey'd.
She saw what chastity of thought,
Within his stainless bosom wrought;
Then fix'd on earth her sober eye,
And, pausing, offer'd this reply.

Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art,
Such truths should to the world impart.
My task is but, in simple verse,
These promis'd wonders to rehearse:
And when on these our verse we raise,
The plainest is the noblest praise.

Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains:
Would such a prince permit my strains?
Deserving, but still shunning fame,
The homage due he might disclaim.
A prince, who rules, to save, mankind,
His praise would, in their virtue, find;
Would deem their strict regard to laws,
Their faith and worth, his best applause.
Then, Britons, your just tribute bring,
In deeds, to emulate your king;
In virtues, to redeem your age
From venal views and party-rage.
On his example safely rest;
He calls, he courts you to be blest;
As friends, as brethren, to unite
In one firm league of just and right.

My part is last; if Britain yet
A lover boasts of truth and wit,
To him these grateful lays to send,
The Monarch's and the Muse's friend;
And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,
My voice may give to latest times.

She said; and, after thin'ing o'er
The men in place near half a score,
To strike at once all scandal mute,
The goddess found, and fix'd on Bute.

TO THE
AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

BY S. J. ESQUIRE.

WELL—now, I think, we shall be wiser,
Cries Grub, who reads the Advertiser,
Here's Truth in Rhyme—a glorious treat!
It surely must abuse the great;
Perhaps the king;—without dispute
'Twill call most devilish hard on Bute.

Thrice he reviews his parting scolding,
At last resolves, though much unwilling,
To break all rules imbib'd in youth,
And give it up for Rhyme and Truth:
He reads—he frowns—Why, what's the matter?
Damn it—here's neither sense, nor satyr—
Here, take it, boy, there's nothing in't:
Such fellows!—to pretend to print!

Blame not, good cit, the poet's rhymes,
The fault's not his, but in the times:
The times, in which a monarch reigns,
Form'd to make happy Britain's plains;
To stop in their destructive course,
Domestic phrensy, foreign force,
To bid war, faction, party cease,
And bless the weary'd world with peace.
The times in which is seen, strange sight!
A court both virtuous and polite,
Where merit best can recommend,
And science finds a constant friend.

How then should satyr dare to sport,
With such a king, and such a court,
While Truth looks on with rigid eye,
And tells her, every line 's a lye?

THE DISCOVERY:

UPON READING SOME VERSES, WRITTEN BY

A YOUNG LADY AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL,

SEPTEMBER, M,DCC,LX.

APOLLO lately sent to know,
If he had any sons below:
For, by the trash he long had seen
In male and female Magazine,
A hundred quires not worth a groat,
The race must be extinct, he thought.

His messenger to court repairs;
Walks softly with the croud up stairs:
But when he had his errand told,
The courtiers sneer'd, both young and old.
Augustus knit his royal brow,

And bade him let Apollo know it,
That from his infancy till now,
He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.

His next adventure was the Park,
When it grew fashionably dark:
There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,
Talk much of commerce, whist, and stakes;
Who tips the wink, who drops the card:
But not one word of Verse or Bard.

The stage, Apollo's old domain,
Where his true sons were wont to reign,

His courier now past frowning by:
Ye modern Durseys, tell us why.

Slow, to the city last he went:
There, all was prose, of cent per cent.
There, alley-omanium, script, and bonus,
(Latin, for which a Muse would stone us,
Yet honest Gideon's classic stile)
Made our poor Nuncio stare and smile.

And now the clock had struck eleven:
The messenger must back to heaven;
But, just as he his wings had ty'd,
Look'd up Queen-Square, the North-east side.
A blooming creature there he found,
With pen and ink, and books around,
Alone, and writing by a taper:
He read unseen, then stole her paper.
It much amus'd him on his way;
And reaching heaven by break of day,
He shew'd Apollo what he stole.

The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole:
Then, calling for his pocket-book,
Some right celestial vellum took;
And what he with a sun-beam there
Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair:

“ If I no men my sons must call,
“ Here's one fair daughter worth them all:
“ Mark then the sacred words that follow,
“ Sophia's mine”—so sign'd

APOLLO.

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO,
A BEGGAR.

O MERCY, heaven's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute!
Behold me, where I shivering stand;
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
To want and age, disease and pain,
That all in one sad object reign.
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
Existence is to me a curse:
Yet, how to close this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die:
And death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose;
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep!

THE
REWARD:

OR,

APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO
CHARLES STANHOPE.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LVII.

APOLLO, from the southern sky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye.
Just such a glance our courtiers throw
At suitors whom they shun to know:
Or have you mark'd the averted mien,
The chest erect, the freezing look,

Of Bumbo, when a bard is seen
Charg'd with his dedication-book?

But gods are never in the wrong :
What then displeas'd the power of song ?

The case was this : Where noble arts
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows ;
Since drums and dice and dissipation
Have chac'd all taste from all the nation.
For is there, now, one table spread,
Where sense and science may be fed ?
Where, with a smile on every face,
Invited Merit takes his place ?
These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to shroud
His head in one eternal cloud ;
When, lo ! his all-discerning eye
Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy,
Just crept abroad, as is his way,
To bask him in the noon-tide ray.

This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To every interposing cloud ;
And bade their gather'd mits ascend,
That he might warm his good old friend :
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song.

" With talents, such as God has given
To common mortals, six in seven ;
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
And govern whom they should obey ;
With no more frailties than are found
In thousand others, count them round ;
With much good-will, instead of parts,
Express'd for artists and for arts ;
Who smiles, if you have smartly spoke ;
Or nods applause to his own joke ;
This bearded child, this grey-hair'd boy,
Still plays with life, as with a toy ;
Still keeps amusement full in view :
Wife ? Now and then—but oftener new ;
His coach, this hour, at Watson's door ;
The next, in waiting on a whore.

Whene'er the welcome tidings ran
Of monster strange, or stranger man,
A Selkirke from his desert-isle,
Or Alligator from the Nile ;
He saw the monster in its shrine,
And had the man, next day, to dine.
Or was it an hermaphrodite ?
You found him in a two-fold hurry ;
Neglecting, for this he-she-fight,
The single charms of Fanny Murray.
Gathering, from suburb and from city,
Who were, who would be, wife or witty ;
The full-wigg'd sons of pills and potions ;
The bags, of maggot and new notions ;
The sage, of microscopic eye,
Who reads him lectures on a fly ;
Grave Antiquaries, with their flams ;
And Poets, squirting epigrams :
With some few Lords—of those that think,
And dip, at times, their pen in ink :
Nay, Ladies too, of diverse fame,
Who are, and are not, of the game.

For he has look'd the world around,
And pleasure, in each quarter, found.
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
He sinks from life by soft decay ;
And sees at hand, without affright,
Th' inevitable hour of night."

But here, some pillar of the state,
Whose life is one long dull debate ;
Some pedant of the fable gown,
Who spares no failings, but his own,
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow :
Is this a subject for Apollo !
What ! can the God of wit and verse
Such trifles in our ears rehearse ?

" Know, puppies, this man's easy life,
Serene from cares, unvex'd with strife,
Was oft employ'd in doing good ;
A science you ne'er understood :
And Charity, ye sons of Pride,
A multitude of faults will hide.
I, at his board, more sense have found,
Than at a hundred dinners round.
Taste, learning, mirth, my western eye
Could often, there, collected spy :
And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,
Revolving what was sung or said.

" And he, who entertain'd them all
With much good liquor, strong and small ;
With food in plenty, and a welcome,
Which would become my Lord of Melcombe *,
Whose soups and sauces duly season'd,
Whose wit well tin'd, and sense well reason'd,
Give Burgundy a brighter stain,
And add new flavour to Champagne—
Shall this man to the grave descend,
Unown'd, unhonour'd as my friend ?
No : by my deity I swear,
Nor shall the vow be lost in air ;
While you, and millions such as you,
Are such or ever from my view,
And lost in kindred-darkness lye,
This good old man shall never die :
No matter where I place his name,
His love of learning shall be fame.

TYBURN:

TO THE
MARINE SOCIETY.

IT has been, all examples show it,
The privilege of every poet,
From ancient down through modern time,
To bid dead matter live in rhyme ;
With wit enliven senseless rocks ;
Draw repartee from wooden blocks ;
Make buzzards senators of note,
And rooks harangue, that geese may vote.
These moral fictions, first design'd
To mend and mortify mankind,

* This Poem was certainly written in 1757 ; but
the reader has only to remember, that Apollo is the
God of Prophecy as well as of Poetry. MALLET.

Old Æsop, as our children know,
Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
His fly, upon the chariot-wheel,
Could all a statesman's merit feel;
And, to its own importance just,
Exclaim with Bufo, What a dust!
His horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
In Colou's air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid stream,
Lord love us, how we apple-swim!

But farther instances to cite,
Would tire the hearer's patience quite.
No: what their numbers and their worth,
How these admire, while those hold forth,
From Hyde-park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell;
Where England, through the world renown'd,
In all its wisdom may be found:
While I, for ornament and use,
An orator of wood produce,

Why should the gentle reader stare?
Aare wooden orators so rare?
Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,
That bears them in the patriot thunder,
Can tell if such things are a wonder,
So can Saint Dunstan's in the West,
When good Romaine harangues his best,
And tells his staring congregation,
That sober sense is sure damnation;
That Newton's guilt was worse than treason,
For using, what God gave him, reason.

A pox of all this prefacing!
Smart Balbus cries: come, name the thing:
That such there are we all agree:
What is this wood?—Tyburn tree.

Hear then this reverend oak harangue;
Who makes men do so, ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

"Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
Of right complains, to be reliev'd.
When rogues so rais'd the price of wheat,
That few folks could afford to eat,
(Just as, when doctor's fees run high,
Few patients can afford to die)
The poor durst into murmurs break;
For losers must have leave to speak:
Then, from reproaching, fell to mawling
Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.
As these again, their knaves and setters,
Durst vent complaints against their betters;
Whose only crime was in defeating
Their scheme of growing rich by cheating:
So, shall not I my wrongs relate,
An injur'd Minister of state?
The minister of care and pain
May, sure, with better grace complain,
For reasons no less strong and true,
Marine Society, of you!
Of you, as every carman knows,
My latest and most fatal foes.

My property you basely steal,
Which e'en a British oak can feel;
Feel and resent! what wonder then
It should be felt by British men,

When France, insulting, durst invade
Their clearest property of trade?
For which both nations, at the bar
Of that supreme tribunal, war,
To show their reasons have agreed,
And lawyers, by ten thousands, sec'd;
Who now, for legal quirks and puns,
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns;
And each his client's cause maintains,
By knocking out th' opponent's brains:
While Europe all—but we adjourn
This wise digression, and return.

Your rules and statutes have undone me:
My surest cards begin to shun me.
My native subjects dare rebel,
Those who were born for me and hell:
And, but for you, the scoundrel-line
Had, every mother's son, died mine.
A race unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or suburb calls her own;
Of vagrant love the various spawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn,
Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches,
For neither health nor shame can wean us,
From mixing with the midnight Venus.

Nor let my cits be here forgot:
They know to sin, as well as rot.
When Night demure walks forth, array'd
In her thin negligee of shade.
Late risen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the common-council sally,
To poach for game in lane or alley;
This gets a son, whose first essay
Will filch his father's till away;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own fire:
And, while his hand is in her placket,
The filial virtue picks his pocket.
Change-alley too, is grown so nice,
A broker dares refine on vice:
With lord-like scorn of marriage vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds spouse;
For young and fresh while he would wish her,
His house thought glows with Kitty Fisher;
Or, after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.

Now these, of each degree and sort,
At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,
Bred up for me, to swear and lie,
To laugh at hell, and heaven defy;
These, Tyburn's regimental train,
Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
From age to age, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine:
And each, by discipline severe,
Improv'd beyond all shame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My constant friend the good Old-Bailey
To me made over, late or soon;
I think, at latest, once a noon:
But, by your interloping care,
Not one in ten shall be my share.

Ere 'tis too late your error see,
You foes to Britain, and to me.

To me : agreed.—But to the nation ;
I prove it thus by demonstration.

First, that there is much good in ill,
My great apostle Mandevile
Has made most clear. Read, if you please,
His moral fable of the bees.

Our reverend clergy next will own,
Were all men good, their trade were gone ;
That were it not for useful vice,
Their learned pains would bear no price :
Nay, we should quickly bid defiance
To their demonstrated alliance.

Next, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,
Of individuals, Jack and Joe.
Now these, our sovereign lords the rabble,
For ever prone to growl and squabble,
The monstrous many-headed beast,
Whom we must not offend, but feast,
Like Cerberus, should have their sop :
And what is that, but trussing up ?
How happy were their hearts, and gay,
At each return of hanging-day ?
To see Page swinging they admire.
Beyond ev'n Madox on his wire !
No baiting of a bull or bear,
To Perry dangling in the air !
And then, the being drunk a week,
For joy, some Sheppard would not squeak !
But now that those good times are o'er,
How will they mutiny and roar !
Your scheme absurd of sober rules
Will sink the race of men to mules ;
For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
For ever for the public toiling :
Hard masters ! who, just when they need 'em,
With a few thistles deign to feed 'em,

Yet more—for it is seldom known
That fault or folly stands alone—
You next debauch their infant-mind
With fumes of honourable wind :
Which must beget, in heads untry'd,
That worst of human vices, pride.
All who my humble paths forsake,
Will reckon, each, to be a Blake ;
There, on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
Already struts the future Bembow ;
By you bred up to take delight in
No earthly thing but oaths and fighting.
These sturdy sons of blood and blows,
By pulling Monsieur by the nose,
By making kicks and cuts the fashion,
Will put all Europe in a passion.
The grand alliance, now quadruple,
Will pay us home, " jusqu' au centuple : "
So the French king was heard to cry—
And can a king of Frenchmen lie ?

These, and more mischief, I foresee
From fondling brats of base degree.
As mushrooms that on dunghills rise,
The kindred-weeds beneath despise ;
So these their fellows will contemn,
Who, in revenge, will rage at them :
For, through each rank, what more offends,
Than to behold the rise of friends ?
Still when our equals grow too great,
We may applaud, but we must hate.

Vol. VII.

Then, will it be endur'd, when John
Has put my hempen ribbon on,
To see his ancient mess-mate Cloud,
By you made turbulent and proud,
And early taught my tree to bilk,
Pass in another all of ilk ?

Yet, one more mournful case to put :
A hundred mouths at once you shut !
Half Grub-street, silenc'd in an hour,
Must curse your interposing power !
If my lost sons no longer steal,
What son of hers can earn a meal ?
You ruin many a gentle bard,
Who liv'd by heroes that die hard !
Their brother-hawkers too ! that sung
How great from world to world they swung ;
And by sad sonnets, quaver'd loud,
Drew tears and half-pence from the crowd.

Blind Fielding too—a mischief on him !
I with my sons would meet and stone him !
Sends his black squadrons up and down,
Who drive my best boys back to town.
They find that travelling now abroad,
To ease rich rascals on the road,
Is grown a calling much unsafe ;
That there are surer ways by half,
To which they have their equal claim,
Of earning daily food and fame :
So down, at home, they sit, and think
How best to rob, with pen and ink.

Hence, red-hot letters and essays,
By the John Lilburn of these days ;
Who guards his want of shame and sense,
With shield of sevenfold impudence.
Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
With much abuse and little wit.
Hence libels against Hardwicke penn'd,
That only hurt when they commend :
Hence oft ascrib'd to Fox, at least
All that defames his name-fake beast.
Hence Cloacina hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the Muse,
That sink, where myriads went before,
And sleep within the chaos hear :
While her brown daughters, under ground,
Are fed with politics profound.
Each eager hand a fragment snaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.

These, singly, contributions raise,
Of casual pudding and of praise.
Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due measures not to hang,
In magazines their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin .
Whose weekly, or whose monthly, feat is
First to decry, then steal, your treat se.
So rogues in France perform their job ;
Assassinating, ere they rob.

But, this long narrative to close :
They who would grievances expose,
In all good policy, no less,
Should shew the methods to redress.
If commerce, sinking in one scale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail :
The task is next, all statesmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,

K k

That, rising there in due degree,
The public may no loser be.
Thus having heard how you invade,
And, in one way, destroy my trade;
That we at last may part good friends,
Hear how you still may make amends.

O search this sinful town with care!
What numbers, duly mine, are there!
The full-fed herd of money jobbers,
Jews, Christians, rogues alike and robbers!
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's spoils!
The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and disgrace.
Secret and snug, by daily stealth,
The busy vermin pick up wealth;
Then, without birth, control the great!
Then, without talents, rule the state!

Some ladies too—for some there are,
With shame and decency at war;
Who, on a ground of pale three core,
Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown bosom glow
With purer white than lilies know:
Who into vice intrepid rush;
Put modest whoring to the blush;
And with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones, or Lucy Cooper.
Send me each mischief-making nibbler;
'Tis equal, senator or scribbler:
Who, on the self-same spot of ground,
The self-same hearers staring round,
Abjure and join with, praise and blame,
Both men and measures, still the same.
Or serve our toes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight:
Slim, limsy, fiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themselves;
Less aiming to be wise than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.

Send me each string—save green and blue—
These, brother Tower-hill, wait for you.
But, Lollins, be not in the spleen;
'Tis only Arthur's Knights, I mean—
Not those of old renown'd in fable,
Nor of the round, but gaming table;
Who, every night, the waiter say,
Break every law they make by day;
Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
Attendant upon drink and dice,
And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
Devour each other's goods and chattels;
While from the mouth of magic box,
With curses dire and dreadful knocks,
They fling whole tenements away,
Fling time, health, fame—yet call it play!
Till, by advice of special friends,
The titled dupe a sharper ends:
Or, if some drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite desl'd to mud,
The wretch, unpity'd and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown!

Z E P H I R:

OR

THE STRATAGEM.

"Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
"Una dola Divi si Foemina victa duorum est."
VIRG.

ARGUMENT.

A certain young lady was surprized, on herseback, by a violent storm of wind and rain from the South-west; which made her dismount, somewhat precipitately.

THE god, in whose gay train appear
Those gales that wake the purple year;
Who lights up health and bloom and grace
In Nature's, and in Mira's face;
To speak more plain, the western wind,
Had seen this brightest of her kind:
Had seen her oft with fresh surprize!
And ever with desiring eyes!
Much, by her shape, her look, her air,
Distinguish'd from the vulgar fair;
More, by the meaning soul that shines
Through all her charms, and all refines.
Born to command, yet turn'd to please,
Her form is dignity, with ease:
Then—such a hand, and such an arm,
As age or impotence might warm!
Just such a leg too, Zephir knows,
The Medicean Venus shows!
So far he sees; so far admires.
Each charm is fewel to his fires:
But other charms, and those of price,
That form the bounds of Paradise,
Can those an equal praise command;
All turn'd by Nature's finest hand?
Is all the consecrated ground
With plumpness, firm, with smoothness, round?

The world, but once, one Zeuxis saw,
A faultless form who dar'd to draw:
And then, that all might perfect be,
All rounded off in due degree,
To furnish out the matchless piece,
Were rifled half the trunks of Greece.
'Twas Pitt's white neck, 'twas Delia's thigh,
'Twas Waldegrave's sweetly-brilliant eye;
'Twas gentle Pembroke's ease and grace,
And Hervey lent her maiden-face.
But dares he hope, on British ground,
That these may all, in one, be found?
These chiefly that still shun his eye?
He knows not; but he means to try.

Aurora rising, fresh and gay,
Gave promise of a golden day.
Up, with her sister, Mira rose,
Four hours before our London Beaux;
For these are still asleep and dead,
Save Arthur's sons—not yet in bed.
A rose, impearl'd with orient dew,
Had caught the passing fair-one's view:
To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,
And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:

Then, while across the daisy'd lawn
She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
Due westward as her steps she bore,
Would swell her petticoat, before;
Would subtly steal his face between,
To see—what never yet was seen!
“And sure, to fan it with his wing,
“No nine-month symptom ere can bring:
“His aim is but the nymph to please,
“Who daily courts his cooling breeze.”

But listen, fond believing Maid!
When Love, soft traitor, would persuade,
With all the moving skill and grace
Of practis'd passion in his face,
Dread his approach, distrust your power—
For oh! there is one shepherd's hour:
And though he long, his aim to cover,
May, with the friend, disguise the lover,
The sense, or nonsense, of his wooing
Will but adore you into ruin.
But, for those butterflies, the beaux,
Who buz around in finsel-rows,
Shake, shake them off, with quick disdain:
Where insects settle, they will stain.

Thus, Zephyr oft the nymph assail'd.
As oft his little arts had fail'd;
The folds of silk, the ribs of whale,
Resisted still his feeble gale.
With these repulses vex'd at heart,
Poor Zephyr has recourse to art:
And his own weakness to supply,
Calls in a Brother of the sky,
The rude South-west: whose mildest play
Is war, mere war, the Russian way:
A tempest-maker by his trade,
Who knows to ravish, not persuade.

The terms of their aerial league,
How first to harrahs and fatigue,
Then, found on some remoter plain,
To ply her close with wind and rain;
These terms, writ fair, and seal'd and sign'd,
Should Webb or Stukely wish to find,
Wise antiquaries, who explore
All that has ever pass'd—and more;
Though here too tedious to be told,
Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,
Those floating registers in air:
So let them mount, and lead them there.

The grand alliance thus agreed,
To instant action they proceed;
For 'tis in war a maxim known,
As Prussia's monarch well has shown,
To break, at once upon your foe,
And strike the first preventive blow.
With Toro's lungs, in Toro's form,
Whose very how d'ye is a storm,
The dread South-West his part begun,
Thick clouds extinguishing the sun,
At his command, from pole to pole
Dark spreading, o'er the fair-one roll;
Who, pressing now her favourite steed,
Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.

O Mira! to the future blind,
Th' insidious foe is close behind!
Guard, guard your treasure, while you can;
Unless this God should be the Man.

For lo! the clouds, at his known call,
Are closing round—they burst! they fall!
While at the charmer aill-aghast,
He pours whole winter in a blast:
Ner cares, in his impetuous mood,
If natives founder on the flood;
If Britain's coast be left as bare*
As he resolves to leave the Fair.
Here, Gods resemble human breed;
The world be damn'd—so they succeed.

Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled,
With silk, lawn, linen, round her head;
And, to the fawns who fed above,
Unveil'd the last recess of love.
Each wondering fawn was seen to bound†,
Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
A fight of that sequester'd glade,
In all its light, in all its shade,
Which rises there for wisest ends,
To deck the temple it defends.

Lo! gentle tenants of the grove,
For what a thousand heroes strove,
When Europe, Asia, both in arms,
Disputed one fair Lady's charms.
The war pretended Helen's eyes‡;
But this, believe it, was the prize.
This rous'd Achilles' mortal ire,
This strung his Homer's epic lyre;
Gave to the world La Mancha's Knight,
And still makes bulls and heroes fight.

Yet, though the distant conscious Muse
This airy rape delighted views;
Yet she, for honour guides her lays,
Enjoying yet, disdains to praise.
If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
Are they a pattern for the Gods?
Can Russia, can th' Hungarian vampire§,
With whom cast in the Swedes and Empire,
Can four such powers, who one assail,
Deserve our praise, should they prevail?
O mighty triumph! high renown!
Two gods have brought one mortal down;
Have club'd their forces in a storm,
To strip one helpless female form!
Strip her stark naked; yet confess,
Such charms are Beauty's fairest dress!

But, all-insensible to blame,
The sky-born ravishers on flame
Enchanted at the prospect stood,
And kiss'd with rapture what they view'd.
Sleek S * * r too had done no less:
Would parsons here the truth confess:
Nay, one brisk peer, yet all-alive,
Would do the same, at eighty-five.

But how, in colours softly-bright,
Where strength and harmony unite,

* The very day on which the fleet under Admiral Howe was blown into Torbay. MALLETT.

† “Immemor herbarum quis est mirata juvenca.” VIRG.

‡ “Et fuit ante Helenam,” &c. HOR.

§ A certain mischievous demon that delights much in human blood; of whom there are many stories told in Hungary. MALLETT.

To paint the limbs, that fairer show
Than Messalina's borrow'd snow ;
To paint the rose, that, through its shade,
With theirs, one human eye survey'd ;
Would gracious Phoebus tell me how,
Would he the genuine draught avow,
The Muse, a second Titian then,
To Fame might consecrate her pen !

That Titian, Nature gave of old
The Queen of Beauty to behold,
Like Mira unadorn'd by dress,
But all compleat in nakedness :
Then bade his emulating art
Those wonders to the world impart.
Around the ready Graces stand,
Each heightening stroke, each happy line,
Awakes to life the form divine ;
Till, rais'd and rounded every charm,
And all with youth immortal warm,
He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,
He sees a brighter Venus rise !
But, to the gentle Reader's cost,
His pencil, with his life, was lost :
And Mira must contented be,
To live by Ramsay and by me.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

" Mark it, Cefario, it is true and plain.
" The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
" And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,
" Do use to chant it. It is filly sooth,
" And dallies with the innocence of love,
" Like the old age."

SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

II.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye ;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

III.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek :
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great-ones scorn
This charmer of the plains :
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

V.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art ;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught :
Was quickly too reveal'd :
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His Sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The Father too, a fardid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-feeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

XI.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd :
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

XII.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove :
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

XIII.

Deny'd her sight he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

XIV.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintery waste,
Beneath the moon-light shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast :
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;
And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

XVII.

'Tis past ! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love !

XVIII.

She came : his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear :
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

XX.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad founding in the gale!

XXIII.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and dy'd.

ON THE
D E A T H
OF
L A D Y A N S O N .

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER, 1761.

O Crown'd with honour, blest with length of days,

Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise;
Just guardian of the laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—
Though still the fairest from heaven's bounty flow;
For good and great no monarch can bestow:
Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends possess,
No fortune, Hardewicke, is sincerely blest.
All human-kind are sons of sorrow born:
The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.

For say, can Wisdom's self, what late wasthine,
Can fortitude, without a sigh, resign?
Ah, no! when Love, when Reason, hand in hand,
O'er the cold urn consenting Mourners stand,
The firmest heart dissolves to soften here:
And Piety applauds the falling tear.
Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
Adorn the living, while they grace the dead:
From tender thought their source unblam'd they
draw,

By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When his lov'd Child the Roman could not save,
Immortal Tully, from an early grave*,
No common forms his home-felt passion kept:
The sage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
And O by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
The same thy loils, thy sorrows are the same.
She whom the Muses, whom the Loves deplore,
Ev'n she, thy pride and pleasure, is no more:
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.

O season mark'd by mourning and despair,
Thy blasts, how fatal to the Young and Fair?
For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds come pregnant with disease:
Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
That scatter'd fever, agony, and death!
What funerals has thy cruel ravage spread!
What eyes have flow'd! what noble bosoms bled!

Here let Reflection fix her sober view:
O think, who suffer, and who sigh with you.
See, rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms!
In climes far distant, see that husband mourn;
His arms rever'd, his recent laurel torn!
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall!
See her lov'd Lord with speechless anguish bend!
And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
Thy Pelham turn on heaven his streaming eye:
Again in her, he sees a brother die!

And he, who long, unhaken and serene,
Had death, in each dire form of terror, seen,
Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans
toit,

By love subdued, now weeps a comfort lost:
Now, sunk to fondness, all the man appears,
His front dejected, and his soul in tears!

Yet more: nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,
Who fondly tries to soothe a father's pain—
Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball:
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
What spring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields!
See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too: and reason will confirm the thought:
Thy cares, for her, are to their period brought.
Yes, she, fair pattern to a failing age,
With wit, chastis'd, with sprightly temper, sage:
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend,
Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice untain'd,
The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd!
From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore
Where sin and pain and error are no more,
She now, no change, nor you no fear can feel:
Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal seal!

* Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety; and for having added, to the usual graces of her sex, the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters.

MALLET.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

I.

YE midnight shades, o'er Nature spread!
 Dumb silence of the dreary-hour!
 In honour of th' approaching dead,
 Around your awful terrors pour.
 Yes, pour around,
 On this pale ground,
 Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,
 Those meeteft mourners at a tomb.

II.

Lo! as the fupplie'd train draw near
 To this laft mansion of mankind,
 The frow sad bell, the fable bier,
 In holy mufings wrap the mind!
 And while their beam,
 With trembling fream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart;
 Each mouldering bone,
 Each fculptur'd ftone,
 Strikes mute inftruction to the heart!

III.

Now, let the facred organ blow,
 With folemn pause, and founding flow:
 Now, let the voice due meafure keep,
 In ftrains that figh, and words that weep:
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,
 Not to deprefs, but lift the foaring foul.

IV.

To lift it in the Maker's praife,
 Who firft inform'd our frame with breath:
 And, after fome few ftormy days,
 Now, gracious, gives us o'er to Death.
 No King of Fears,
 In him appears,
 Who fluts the fcene of human woes:
 Beneath his fhade
 Secur'ly laid,
 The dead alone find true repofe.

V.

Then, while we mingle duft with duft,
 To One, fupremely good and wife,
 Raife hallelujahs! God is juft,
 And man moft happy, when he dies!
 His winter paft,
 Fair fpring at laft
 Receives him on her flowery fhore;
 Where Pleafure's rofe
 Immortal blows,
 And fin and forrow are no more!

TO MIRA.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

AT this late hour, the world lies hush'd below;
 Nor is one breath of air awake to blow.
 Now walks mute Midnight, darkling o'er the
 plain,
 Reft, and foot-footed Silence, in his train,
 To blefs the cottage, and renew the fwain.
 Thofe all-aftleep, me all-awake they find;
 Nor reft, nor f Silence, charm the lover's mind.

Already, I a thoufand torments prove,
 The thoufand torments of divided love:
 The rolling thought, impatient in the breaft;
 The fluttering wifh on wing, that will not reft;
 Defire, whose kindled flames, undying, glow;
 Knowledge of diftant blifs, and prefent woe;
 Unhush'd, unftleeping all, with me they dwell,
 Children of abfence, and of loving well!
 Thefe pale the cheek, and cloud the chearlefs eye,
 Swell the fwift tear, and heave the frequent figh:
 Thefe reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
 And thefe, O Mira! thefe are truly mine.

She, whose fweet fmile would gladden all the
 grove,
 Whose mind is mufic, and whose looks are love;
 She, gentle power! victorious foftnefs!—She,
 Mira, is far from hence, from love, and me;
 Yet, in my every thought, her form I find,
 Her looks, her words—her world of charms combin'd!

Sweetnefs is her's, and unaffected eafe;
 The native wit, that was not taught to pleafe.
 Whatever foftly animates the face,
 The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
 Th' unftudy'd fmile, the blufh that nature warms,
 And all the graceful negligence of charms!
 Ha! while I gaze, a thoufand ardours rife;
 And my fir'd bofom flafhes from my eyes,
 Oh! melting mildnefs! miracle of charms!
 Receive my foul within thofe folding arms!
 On that dear bofom let my wifhes reft—
 Oh! fofter than the turtle's downy breaft!
 And fee! where Love himfelf is waiting near!
 Here let me ever dwell—for heaven is here!

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

NOW, gloomy foul! look out—now comes
 thy turn;

With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
 Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
 That fpreads, flow-shadowing, o'er the vanquish'd
 light.

Look out, with joy; the Ruler of the day,
 Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray:
 Already exil'd to the utmoft fky,
 Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
 Lo! from the limits of the wintry pole,
 Mountainous clouds, in rude confufion, roll:
 In difmal pomp, now, hovering on their way,
 To a fick twilight, they reduce the day.
 And hark! imprifon'd winds, broke loofe, arife,
 And roar their haughty triumph through the fkyes.
 While the driven clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods
 of rain,

And mingled lightning, burft upon the plain.
 Now fee fad earth—like thine, her alter'd ftate,
 Like thee, fhe mourns her fad reverse of fate!
 Her fmile, her wanton looks—where are they now?
 Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!

No more, th' ungrateful verdure of the plain;
 No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the fwain;

These scenes of bliss, no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate.
The leaf-clad forest, and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
Stript of their honours, naked, now appear;
This is—my soul! the winter of their year!
The little, noisy songsters of the wing,
All, shivering on the bough, forget to sing.
Hail! reverend Silence! with thy awful brow,
Be Music's voice, for ever mute—as now:
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
Disturb:—no pleasure disconcert my woes.
In this moss-cover'd cavern, hopeless laid,
On the cold cliff, I'll lean my aching head;
And, pleas'd with Winter's waste, un pitying, see
All nature in an agony with me!
Rough, rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy
moors,
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—
(Now I can smile!)—in wild disorder rise:
And now, the various dreadfuls combin'd,
Black melancholy comes, to doze my mind.
See! Night's with'd shades rise, spreading
through the air,
And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare!
Hail! solitary ruler of the grave!
Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave!
Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,
And spread a welcome horror wide around.—
But hark! a sudden howl invades my ear!
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.
Shadows, from each dark cavern, now combine.
And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine,
Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless wing;
Fix here—nor hasten to restore the spring:
Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be—
Let never wanton season laugh at me!

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E M A S Q U E O F B R I T A N N I A ,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, * 1755, IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, FUDDLED AND TALKING TO HIMSELF.

He enters singing.

"How pleasant a sailor's life passes—,"
WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow!
A sailor, half seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow!
What cheer ho? * Do I carry too much sail?

** to the pit.*

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale *—

** he jiggers forward, then stops.*

But softly though—the vessel seems to heel:
Steady! my boy—the must not shew her keel.
And now thus ballasted—what course to steer?
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue—
Dost love 'em, boy?—by this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:
There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fight—
ing:

** Some of the lines too were written by him.*

For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
What! shall these parly-vous make such a racket,
And we not lend a hand, to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?

** Pulls out a play-bill.*

From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to night—I'll read your printed
hand!

But, first refresh a bit—for faith I need it—
I'll take one sugar-plum*—and then I'll read it,

** Takes some tobacco.*

*He reads the play-bill of Zara,
which was acted that evening.*

At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—
will be presen-ta-ted a Tragedy call'd—
S A R A H.

I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may see
Her namesake's Tragedy: and as for me,
I'll sleep as sound, as if I were at sea.

To which will be added—a new Masque.
Zounds! why a Masque? We sailors hate grim-
maces:

Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain?
Bri-ta-nia—oh Britannia!—good again—
Huzza, boys! by the Royal George I swear,
Tom Coken, and the crew, shall strait be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and
heart!

going off, he steps.

I wish you landmen, though, would leave your
tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And, like us, honest tars, drink, fight, and sing!
True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

I N S C R I P T I O N F O R A P I C T U R E .

WITH no one talent that deserves applause:
With no one awkwardness that laughter
draws;

Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say;
A clock, at morn, wound up, to run a day:
His larum goes in one smooth, simple strain;
He stops: and then, we wind him up again.
Still hovering round the fair at fifty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing.
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting;
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can
The teasing ghost of the departed man.

S O N G .

T O A S C O T C H T U N E , M A R Y S C O T ,

I.

WH E R E Thames, along the dais'd mead,
His wave, in lucid mazes, leads,

Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
Wealth on either shore bestowing :
There, in a safe, though small retreat,
Content and Love have fix'd their seat :
Love, that counts his duty, pleasure ;
Content that knows and hugs his treasure.

II.

From art, from jealousy secure ;
As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure ;
Vain opinion nobly scorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning.
Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
May those whom truth and reason guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving !

TO MR. THOMSON.

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION
OF HIS POEM, CALLED WINTER.

CHARM'D, and instructed, by thy powerful
song,

I have, unjust, with-held my thanks too long :
This debt of gratitude, at length, receive,
Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.

Thy worth new lights the Poet's darken'd name,
And shews it, blazing, in the brightest fame.
Through all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,
Clear depth of sense, expression's heightening
grace,

And goodness eminent in power, and place !
For this, the wise, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend :
Ev'n age, and truth severe, in reading thee,
That heaven inspires the Muse, convinc'd, agree,

Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,
Friendless—supported by its self alone :
For those, whose aided will could lift thee high,
In fortune, see not with Discernment's eye.
Nor place, nor power, bestows the sight refus'd ;
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.

How could'st thou think of such, and write so well ?
Or hope reward, by daring to excell ?
Unskilful of the age ! untaught to gain
Those favours, which the fawning base obtain !
A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,
Falsehood, and Flattery, must be first thy own.
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breast,
Thou must drive out th' unprofitable guest :
Extinguish each bright aim, that kindles there,
And center in thyself thy every care.

But hence that vileness—pleas'd to charm man-
kind,

Cast each low thought of interest far behind :
Neglected into noble scorn—away
From that worn path, where vulgar Poets stray :
Inglorious herd ! profuse of venal lays !
And by the pride despis'd, they stoop to praise !
Thou, careless of the statesman's smile or frown,
Tread that strait way, that leads to fair renown.
By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,
And, by reluctant Envy, slow admir'd,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind,
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind :

Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,
What Heaven approves, and what the Muse has
taught.

Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone.
So shall thy name, through ages, brightening shine,
And distant praise, from worth unborn, be thine ;
So shalt thou, happy ! merit heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

TWAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet ;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

V.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath !
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

X.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

XI.

Why did you say, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid !
Believe the flattering tale ?

XII.

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

XIV.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

XVI.

He ly'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
That wrap'd her breathless clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more!

E P I T A P H,

ON MR. AIKMAN, AND HIS ONLY SON; WHO
WERE BOTH INTERRED IN THE SAME
GRAVE.

DEAR to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son:
By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth
divine.

The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date;
But oh! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept and dy'd!

E P I T A P H
ON A
YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave though no proud struc-
tures grace,
Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless Virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O fear'd from life! O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and Pity, wait sincere on thee:
Lo! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear;
And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

S O N G.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing:
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And, in soft raptures, waste the day,
Among the shades of Endermay.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this, thy living bloom must fade;
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay!

AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT.

THE pleasures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moon light; or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem. In treating of these pleasures, we must begin with the former class; they being original to the other; and nothing more being necessary, in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatness and beauty, and of those appearances, in the world around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the subject of the first book of the following poem. But the pleasures which we receive from the elegant arts, from music, sculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (besides greatness and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent representations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumstances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other passions. These moral and intellectual objects are described in the second book; to which the third properly belongs as an epistle, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned causes of pleasure, which are universal in the course of human life, and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin: such are the novelty of objects, the association of ideas, affections of the bodily sense, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illustrate these, and form the whole to determine the character of a perfect taste, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleasures of the imagination belong to the human species in general. But there are certain particular men whose imagination is endowed with powers, and susceptible of pleasures, which the generality of mankind never participate, these are the men of genius, destined by nature to excel in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is proposed therefore, in the last place, to delineate that genius which in some degree appears common to them all; yet with a more peculiar consideration of poetry: inasmuch as poetry is the most extensive of these arts, the most philosophic, and the most useful.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MDCCLVII.

THE subject proposed. Delineation. The ideas of the Supreme Being, the exemplars of all things. The variety of constitution in the minds of men; with its final cause. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleasures of the human imagination proceed either from greatness or beauty in external objects. The pleasure from greatness; with its final cause. The natural connection of beauty with truth and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the divine mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The subordination of local beauties to the beauty of the universe. Conclusion.

WITH what enchantment nature's goodly scene

Attracts the sense of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler still
Prepare; how men by various lessons learn
To judge of beauty's praise; what raptures fill 5
The breast with fancy's native arts indow'd
And what true culture guides it to renown;
My verse unfolds. Ye gods, or godlike powers
Ye guardians of the sacred task, attend
Propitious. Hand in hand around your bard 10
Move in majestic measures, leading on
His doubtful step through many a solemn path
Conscious of secrets which to human sight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him:
And let your favour make him wise to speak 15
Of all your wondrous empire; with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that those, who hear,
May yield perpetual homage to yourselves.
Thou chief, O daughter of eternal Love,
Whate'er thy name; or Muse, or Grace, ador'd 20
By Grecian prophets; to the sons of heaven
Known, while with deep amazement thou dost
there

The perfect councils read, the ideas old,
Of thine omniscient father; known on earth
By the still horror and the blissful tear 25
With which thou seizest on the soul of man;
Thou chief, Poetic Spirit, from the banks
Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakespeare lies, be present. And with
thee 30

Let Fiction come; on her aerial wings
Waiting ten thousand colours; which in sport

* Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular sense, or for what has been called the truth of things; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper estimate or judgment concerning them.

By the light glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will through countless forms,

Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre 35
Whose awful tones controul the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony descend,
And join this happy train? for with thee comes,
The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites,
Wife Order: and, where Order deigns to come, 40
Her sister, Liberty, will not be far.
Be present all ye Genii, who conduct
Of youthful bards the lonely-wandering step
New to your springs and shades; who touch
their ear

With finer sounds, and heighten to their eye 45
The pomp of nature, and before them place
The fairest, loftiest countenance of things.

Nor thou, my Dyson, to the lay refuse
Thy wonted partial audience. What, though first
In years unseason'd, haply ere the sports 50
Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay
With many splendid prospects, many charms,
Allur'd my heart, nor conscious whence they
sprung.

Nor heedful of their end? yet serious truth
Her empire o'er the calm, sequester'd theme 55
Asserted soon; while falsehood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful pleasure, she at once
Excluded, and my fancy's careless toil
Drew to the better cause. Maturer aid
Thy friendship added, in the paths of life, 60
The busy paths, my unaccustom'd feet
Preserving: nor to truth's recess divine,
Through this wide argument's unbeaten space,
Withholding surer guidance: while by turns
We trac'd the fages old, or while the queen 65
Of sciences (whom manners and the mind
Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice
Not unattentive, o'er the wintery lamp

Inclin'd her sceptre, favouring. Now the fates
Have other tasks impos'd. To thee, my friend,
The ministry of freedom and the faith 71
Of popular decrees, in early youth,
Not vainly they committed. Me they sent
To wait on pain; and flent arts to urge,
Inglorious: not ignoble; if my cares, 75
To such as languish on a grievous bed,
Ease and the sweet forgetfulness of ill

Conciliate: nor delightful; if the Muse,
Her shades to visit and to taste her springs;
If some distinguish'd hours the bounteous Muse
Impart, and grant (what she and she alone 81
Can grant to mortals) that my hand those wreaths
Of fame and honest favor, which the blest'd
Wear in Elysium, and which never felt

The breath of envy or malignant tongues, 85
That these my hand for thee and for myself
May gather. Meanwhile, O my faithful friend,
O early chosen, ever found the same,
And trusted and lov'd; once more the verse
Long destin'd, always obvious to thine ear, 90

Attend, indulgent. So in latest years,
When time thy head with honours shall have
 cloath'd

Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of seasons past,
Fair offices of friendship or kind peace, 95
Or public zeal, may then thy mind well-pleas'd
Recall these happy studies of our prime.

From heaven my firains begin. From heaven
 descends

The flame of genius to the chosen breast,
And beauty with poetic wonder join'd. 100
And inspiration. Ere the rising sun
Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon her silver lamp suspended : ere
The vales with springs were water'd, or with
 groves

O' oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd ;
Then the great spirit, whom his works adore,
Within his own deep essence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things :
The radiant sun ; the moon's nocturnal lamp ;
The mountains and the streams ; the ample stores
Of earth, of heaven, of nature. From the first,
On that full scene his love divine he fix'd
His admiration. Till, in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd his vital power
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath 115
Of life informing each organic frame :
Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves :
Hence light and shade, alternate ; warmth and cold ;
And bright autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things. 120

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For while the claims
Of social life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wisest care
Hath nature on the multitude of minds 125
Impress'd a various bias ; and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven. To some she gave
To search the story of eternal thought ; 131
Of space, and time ; of fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement. Others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein 135
Of herbs or trees. But some to nobler hopes
Were destin'd : some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfold'd ;
In fuller aspects and with fairer lights, 140
This picture of the world. Through every part
They trace the lofty sketches of his hand :
In earth or air, the meadow's flowery store,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
Dress'd in attractive smiles, they see portray'd 145
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait scan)
Those lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind supreme. They also feel their force,
Inamor'd : they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image long renown'd 150
Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmost frame sent forth

Spontaneous music ; so doth nature's hand,
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind : 155

So the glad impulse of those kindred powers
(Of form, of colour's chearful pomp, of sound
Melodious, or of motion aptly sped)

Detains the enliven'd sense ; till soon the soul
Feels the deep concord, and assents through all 160

Her functions. Then the charm by fate prepar'd
Diffuseth its enchantment. Fancy dreams,

Rapt into high discourse with prophets old,
And wandering through Elysium, fancy dreams

Of sacred fountains, of o'ershadowing groves, 165
Whose walks with godlike harmony resound :

Fountains, which Homer visits ; happy groves,
Where Milton dwells. The intellectual power,

On the mind's throne, suspends his graver cares,
And smiles. The passions, to divine repose 170

Persuaded yield : and love and joy alone
Are waking : love and joy, such as await

An angel's meditation. O ! attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch ;

Whom nature's aspect, nature's simple garb, 175
Can thus command ; O ! listen to my song ;

And I will guide thee to her blissful walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,

And point her gracious features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient store,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected scenes, 181

With love and admiration thus inspire
Attentive fancy, her delighted sons

In two illustrious orders comprehend,
Self-taught. From him whose rustic toil the lark

Cheers warbling, to the bard whose daring thoughts
Range the full orb of being, still the form,

Which fancy worships, or sublime or fair
Her votaries proclaim, I see them dawn :

I see the radiant visions where they rise, 190
More lovely than when Lucifer displays

His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phoebus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation ; why empower'd 195

Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;

But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of angels and immortal minds,

As on an ample theatre to join
In contest with his equals, who shall best

The task achieve, the course of noble toils,
By wisdom and by mercy preordain'd ?

Might send him forth the sovran good to learn ;
To chase each meaner purpose from his breast ;

And through the mists of passion and of sense, 205
And through the pelting storms of chance and pain,

To hold trait on with constant heart and eye
Still fix'd upon his everlasting palm,

The approving smile of heaven ? Else wherefore
 burns

In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope, 210
That seeks from day to day sublimer ends ;

Happy, though restless ? Why departs the soul
Wide from the track and journey of her times,

To grasp the good she knows not ? in the field 215
Of things which may be, in the spacious field

Of science, potent arts, or dreadful arms,

To raise up scenes in which her own desires
Contented may repose; when things, which are,
Fall on her temper, like a twice-told tale: 220
Her temper, still demanding to be free;
Spurning the rude control of wilful might;
Proud of her dangers brav'd, her grief endur'd,
Her strength severely prov'd? To these high aims,
Which reason and affection prompt in man, 225
Not adverse nor unapt hath nature fram'd
His bold imagination. For, amid
The various forms which this full world presents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breast
E'er doubts, before the transient and minute, 230
To prize the vast, the stable, the sublime?
Who, that from heights aerial sends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and surveys
Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
Through mountains, plains, through spacious
cities old,
And regions dark with woods; will turn away
To mark the path of some penurious rill 236
Which murmureth at his feet? Where does the soul
Consent her soaring fancy to restrain
Which bears her up, as on an eagle's wings, 240
Destin'd for highest heaven; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers shall confine her flight
To any humbler quarry? The rich earth
Cannot detain her; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy 245
She hovers o'er the sun, and views the small
Attendant orbs, beneath his sacred beam,
Emerging from the deep, like cluster'd isles
Whose rocky shores to the glad sailor's eye
Refect the gleams of morning. for a while 250
With pride she sees his firm, paternal sway
Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year. But soon she quits
That prospect: meditating loftier views,
She darts adventurous up the long career 255
Of Comets; through the constellation holds
Her course, and now looks back on all the stars
Whose blended flames as with a milky stream
Part the blue region. Empyrean tracks,
Where happy souls beyond their concave heaven
Abide, she then explores, whence purer light 261
For countless ages travels through the abyss
Nor hath in sight of mortals yet arriv'd.
Upon the wide creation's utmost shore
At length she stands; and the dread space beyond
Contemplates, half-recoiling: nameless down 266
The gloomy void, astonish'd, yet unquell'd,
She plungeth; down the unfathomable gulph
Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For, from the birth 270
Of human kind, the Sovereign Maker said
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find contentment; but, from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good, 276
Through nature's opening walks enlarge her aim,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection fill the scene.

But lo, where beauty, dress'd in gentler pomp,
With comely steps advancing, claims the verse
Her charms inspire. O beauty, source of praise,

Of honour, even to mute and lifeless things;
O thou that kindest in each human heart
Love, and the wish of poets, when their tongue
Would teach to other bosoms what so charms 286
Their own; O child of nature and the soul,
In happiest hour brought forth; the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly I account, in which to clothe 290
Thy form divine. For thee the mind alone
Beholds; nor hath thy brightness can reveal
Through those dim organs, whose corporeal touch
O'ershadoweth thy pure essence, Yet, my Muse,
If fortune call thee to the task, wait thou 295
Thy favourable seasons: then, while fear
And doubt are absent, through wide nature's
bonds

Expatiate with glad step, and choote at will
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air, 300
To manifest unblemish'd beauty's praise,
And o'er the breasts of mortals to extend
Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the isles
Atlantic, to the rich Hesperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn; and look on, 305
And learn from him; while, as he roves around,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches bloom with gold; where'er his foot
Imprints the soil, the ripening clusters swell,
Turning aside their foliage, and come forth 313
In purple lights, till every hillock grows
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou that Thessalian landscape trace,
Where slow Peneus his clear glazy tide
Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs
Of Cithæron and the pathless woods unscorn 316
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the stream,
Look how the mountains with their double range
Embrace the vale of Tempe; from each side
Ascending steep to heaven, a rocky mound 320
Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
That crown'd young Iphobus for the Python slain.
Fair Tempe! on whose primrose banks the morn
Awoke most fragrant, and the noon repos'd
In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime:
Whose lawns, whose glades, ere human footsteps
yet 326

Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
Of sylvan powers immortal; where they fate
Oft in the golden age, the Nymphs and Fauns,
Beneath some arbor branching o'er the nood, 330
And leaning round hung on the instructive lips
Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale
Danc'd in light measures to his sevenfold pipe,
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
Flung showers of painted blossoms, fertile dews,
And one perpetual spring. But if our task
More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
Then let us hasten to the rural haunt
Where young Melissa dwells. Nor thou refuse
The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat,
But hither, gentle maid, thy footsteps turn: 341
Here, to thy own unquestionable theme,
O fair, O graceful, bend thy polish'd brow,
Assenting; and the gladness of thy eyes
Impart to me, like morning's wish'd light 345
Seen through the vernal air. By yonder stream

Where beech and elm along the bordering mead
Send forth wild melody from every bough,
Together let us wander; where the hills
Cover'd with fleeces to the lowing vale 350
Reply; where tidings of content and peace
Each echo brings. Lo, how the western sun,
O'er fields and floods, o'er every living soul,
Disseeth glad repose! There while I speak
Of beauty's honours, thou, Melissa, thou 355
Shalt hearken, not unconscious. While I tell
How first from heaven she came. how after all
The works of life, the elemental scenes,
The hours, the seasons, she had out explor'd,
At length her favourite mansion and her throne
She fix'd in woman's form: what pleasing ties
To virtue bind her; what effectual aid
They lend each other's power; and how divine
Their union, should some ambitious maid,
To all the enchantment of the Italian queen, 365
Add sanctity and wisdom: while my tongue
Prolongs the tale, Melissa, thou may'st feign
To wonder whence my rapture is inspir'd;
But soon the smile which dawns upon thy lip
Shall tell it, and the tenderer bloom o'er all 370
That soft cheek springing to the marble neck,
Which bends aside in vain, revealing more
What it would then keep silent, and in vain
The sense of praise dissembling. Then my song
Great nature's winning arts, which thus inform
With joy and love the rugged breast of man, 376
Should sound in numbers worthy of such a
theme:

While all those souls have ever felt the force
Of those enchanting passions, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, and receive once more
Their influence, unobscur'd by any cloud
Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand
Of fortune can bestow; nor, to confirm
Their sway, should awful contemplation scorn
To join his dictates to the genuine strain 385
Of pleasure's tongue; nor yet should pleasure's
ear

Be much averse. Ye chiefly, gentle band
Of youths and virgins, who through many a wish
And many a fond pursuit, as in some scene
Of magic bright and fleeting, are allur'd 390
By various beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean, on blest'd Religion's seat
Presenting Superstition's gloomy form, 395
To dash your soothing hopes: I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
And scare you from your joys. My cheerful song
With happier omens calls you to the field, 400
Pleas'd with your generous ardor in the chase,
And warm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
Doth beauty ever deign to dwell where use
And aptitude are strangers? is her praise
Confess'd in aught whose most peculiar ends 405
Are lame and fruitless? or did nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lye,
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And win each fond admirer into snares,
Foil'd, baffled? No. With better providence

The general mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
Thus, to the choice of credulous desire,
Doth objects the completest of their tribe
Distinguish and commend. Yon flowery bank
Cloath'd in the soft magnificence of spring, 410
Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask
The reedy fen for pasture? That clear rill
Which trickleth murmuring from the mossy rock,
Yields it less wholesome beverage to the worn 420
And thirsty traveller, than the standing pool
With muddy weeds o'ergrown? yon ragged vine
Whose lean and fullen clusters mourn the rage
Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
Report of her, as of the swelling grape 425
Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem
When first it meets the sun? Or what are all
The various charms to life and sense adjoin'd?
Are they not pledges of a state intire,
Where native order reigns, with every part 430
In health, and every function well perform'd?

Thus then at first was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely mistress of truth and good
In this dark world. For truth and good are one;
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her 435
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie?
O! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene
Which beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire
Where is the suffrage of eternal truth, 440
Or where the seal of undecitful good,
To save your search from folly? Waiting these,
Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy 445
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let hope,
That kindliest inmate of the youthful breast,
Be hence appall'd; be turn'd to coward sloth
Sitting in silence, with dejected eyes
Incurious and with folded hands. Far less 450
Let scorn of wild fantastic folly's dreams
Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride
Persuade you e'er that beauty, or the love
Which waits on beauty, may not brook to hear
The sacred lore of undecitful good 455
And truth eternal. From the vulgar croud
Though superstition, tyranness abhorr'd,
The reverence due to this majestic pair
With threats and execration still demands;
Though the tame wretch, who asks of her the
way 460

To their celestial dwelling, she constrains
To quench or set at naught the lamp of God
Within his frame; through many a cheerless wild
Though forth she leads him credulous and dark
And aw'd with dubious notion; though at length
Haply she plunge him into cloister'd cells
And mansions unrelenting as the grave
But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
Of midnight; there, amid the screaming owl's
Dire song, with spectres or with guilty shades 470
To talk of pangs and everlasting woe;
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Presides o'er your adventure. From the bower
Where Wisdom fate with her Athenian sons,
Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath 475

Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
 Then (for what need of cruel fear to you,
 To you whom god-like love can well command?
 Then should my powerful voice at once dispel
 Those monkish-horrors; should in words divine
 Relate how favour'd minds like you inspir'd, 480
 And taught their inspiration to conduct
 By ruling heaven's decree, through various walks
 And prospects various, but delightful all,
 Move onward; while now myrtle groves appear,
 Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods
 Of empire with the curule throne, are now
 The domes of contemplation and the Muse.
 Led by that hope sublime, whose cloudless eye
 Through the far toils and ornaments of earth 490
 Discerns the nobler life reserv'd for heaven,
 Favour'd alike they worship round the shrine
 Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
 The undivided partners of her sway,
 With Good and Beauty reigns. O! let not us 495
 By Pleasure's lying blandishments detain'd,
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
 O! let not us one moment pause to join
 That chosen band. And if the gracious power,
 Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song, 500
 Will to my invocation grant anew
 The tuneful spirit, then through all our paths
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
 Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
 Of luxury's allurements; whether from 506
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge free virtue's steps, and to her side
 Summon that strong divinity of soul
 Which conquers chance and fate; or on the height,
 The goal a god her, haply to proclaim 511
 Her triumph; on her brow to place the crown
 Of uncorrupted praise; through future worlds
 To follow her untermiated way,
 And bless heaven's image in the heart of man. 515
 Such is the worth of Beauty; such her power,
 So blameless, so rever'd. It now remains,
 In just gradation through the various ranks
 Of being, to contemplate how her gifts
 Rise in due measure, watchful to attend 520
 The steps of rising nature. Last and least,
 In colours mingling with a random blaze,
 Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the forms
 Of simplest, easiest measure; in the bounds
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent 525
 To symmetry adds colour: thus the pearl
 Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
 And painted shells along some winding shore
 Catch with indented folds the glancing sun.
 Next, as we rise, appear the blooming tribes 530
 Which clothe the fragrant earth; which draw
 from her
 Their own nutrition; which are born and die;
 Yet, in their feed, immortal; such the flowers
 With which young Maia pays the village-maids
 That hail her natal morn; and such the graves
 Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank, 536
 To feed the bowl of Ariconian swains
 Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler still
 Is Beauty's name where, to the full consent
 Of members and of features, to the pride

Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
 Life's holy game with piercing sense is given,
 While active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
 So moves the bird of Juno: so the keed
 With rival swiftness beats the dusty plain, 545
 And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
 Salute their fellows. What sublimer pomp
 Adorns the seat where Virtue dwells on earth,
 And Truth's eternal day-light shines around;
 What palm belongs to man's imperial front, 550
 And woman powerful with becoming noiles,
 Chief of terrestrial natures; need we now
 Strive to inculcate? Thus hath Beauty there
 Her most conspicuous praise to Matter lent,
 Where most conspicuous through that shadowy
 veil 555
 Breaks forth the bright expression of a mind:
 By steps directing our inaptur'd search
 To him, the first of minds; the chief, the sole;
 From whom, through this wide, complicated
 world,
 Did all her various lineaments begin; 560
 To whom alone, consenting and intire,
 At once their mutual influence all display.
 He, God most high (bear witness, earth and
 heaven)
 The living fountains in himself contains
 Of beautiful and sublime. With him inthron'd
 Ere days or years trod their ethereal way, 566
 In his supreme intelligence inthron'd,
 The queen of love holds her unclouded state,
 Urania. Thee, O Father, this extent
 Of matter; thee the sluggish earth and tract 570
 Of seas, the heavens and heavenly splendors feel
 Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
 Of thy great essence, forth didst thou conduct
 Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
 Gav'st her dominion to erect her seat, 576
 And sanctify the mansion: All her works
 Well pleas'd thou didst behold. The gloomy fies
 Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light
 Of summer; soft Campania's new-born rose
 And the slow weed, which pines on Russian hills,
 Comely alike to thy full vision stand: 581
 To thy surrounding vision, which unites
 All essences and powers of the great world
 In one sole order, fair alike they stand,
 As features well consenting, and alike 585
 Requir'd by nature ere she could attain
 Her just resemblance to the perfect shape
 Of universal beauty, which with thee
 Dwelt from the first. Thou also, Ancient Mind,
 Whom love and free beneficence await 590
 In all thy doings; to inferior minds,
 Thy offspring, and to man, thy youngest son,
 Refusing no convenient gift nor good;
 Their eyes didst open, in this earth, yon heaven,
 Those starry worlds, the countenance divine 595
 Of Beauty to behold. But not to them
 Didst thou her awful magnitude reveal
 Such as before thine own unbounded sight
 She stands (for never shall created soul
 Conceive that object); nor, to all their kinds, 600
 The same in shape or features didst thou frame
 Her image. Measuring well their different
 spheres

Of sense and action, thy paternal hand
Hath for each race prepar'd a different test
Of Beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide
Most apt, most faithful. Thence inform'd, they
scan 606

The objects that surround them; and elect,
Since the great whole disclaims their scanty view,
Each for himself selects peculiar parts
Of nature; what the standard fix'd by heaven 610
Within his breast approves: acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy: leaving, O supreme,
O thou whom none hath utter'd, leaving all 615
To thee that infinite, consummate form,
Which the great powers, the gods around thy
throne

And nearest to thy counsels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who she is,
Or what her likeness, know not. Man surveys
A narrower scene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his passive mind,
He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things
The mind of man impell with various powers,
And various features to his eye disclose. 625
The powers which move his sense with instant joy,
The features which attract his heart to love,
He marks, combines, reposes. Other powers
And features of the self-same thing (unless
The beauteous form, the creature of his mind,
Request their close alliance) he overlooks 631
Forgotten; or with self-beguiling zeal,
Whenever his passions mingle in the work,
Half alters, half disowns. The tribes of men
Thus from their different functions and the shapes
Familiar to their eye, with art obtain, 636
Unconscious of their purpose, yet with art
Obtain the beauty fitting man to love:
Whose proud desires from nature's homely toil
 Oft turn away, fastidious: asking still 640
His mind's high aid, to purify the form
From matter's gross communion: to secure
For ever, from the meddling hand of change
Or rude decay, her features; and to add
Whatever ornaments may suit her mein, 645
Where'er he finds them scatter'd through the paths
Of nature or of fortune. Then he seats
The accomplish'd image deep within his breast,
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.

Thus the one beauty of the world intire, 650
The universal Venus, far beyond
The keenest effort of created eyes,
And their most wide horizon, dwells inthron'd
In ancient silence. At her footstool stands
An altar burning with eternal fire 655
Unfollied, unconsum'd. Here every hour,
Here every moment, in their turns arrive
Her offspring; an innumerable band
Of sisters, comely all; but differing far
In age, in stature, and expressive mien, 660
More than bright Helen from her new-born babe.
To this maternal shrine in turns they come,
Each with her sacred lamp; that from the source
Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
Their portions of its lustre they may draw 665
For days, or months, or years; for ages, some;

As their great parent's discipling requires.
Then to their several mansions they depart,
In stars, in planets, through the unknown shores
Of yon ethereal ocean. Who can tell, 670
Even on the surface of this rolling earth,
How many make abode? The fields, the groves,
The winding rivers, and the azure main,
Are render'd solemn by their frequent feet,
Their rites sublime. There each her destin'd
home

Inform with that pure radiance from the skies
Brought down, and shines throughout her little
sphere,

Exulting. Strait, as travellers by night
Turn towards a distant flame, to some fit eye
Among the various tenants of the scene, 680
Discerns the heaven-born phantom seated there,
And owns her charms. Hence the wide universe,
Through all the seasons of revolving worlds,
Bears witness with its people, gods and men,
To Beauty's blissful bower, and with the voice
Of grateful admiration still resounds: 686
That voice, to which is Beauty's frame divine
As is the cunning of the master's hand
To the sweet accent of the well-tun'd lyre.

Genius of ancient Greece, whose faithful steps
Have led us to these awful solitudes
Of Nature and of Science; nurse rever'd
Of generous counsels and heroic deeds;
O! let some portion of thy matchless praise
Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn 695
This unattempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
Which Hesper sheds along the vernal heaven,
If I, from vulgar superstition's walk,
Impatient steal, and from the unseemly rites 700
Of splendid adulation, to attend
With hymns thy presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps unprofan'd.
Come, O renowned power; thy glowing mien
Such, and so elevated all thy form, 705
As when the great barbaric lord, again
And yet again diminish'd, hid his face
Among the herd of satraps and of kings;
And, at the lightning of thy lifted spear,
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal song,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy god-like fires
Of civil wisdom, thy unconquer'd youth
After some glorious day rejoicing round
Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet 715
Through fair Lyceum's walk, the olive shades
Of Academicus, and the sacred vale
Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living platane's ample boughs
Hissus, by Socratic sounds detain'd, 720
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring steep
With beauteous Crithyia, his love-tale
In silent awe suspended. There let me
With blameless hand, from thy unenvied fields,
Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn
My native clime; while, far beyond the meed
Of Fancy's toil aspiring, I unlock
The spring of antient Wisdom: while I add
(What cannot be disjoin'd from Beauty's praise)

Thy name and native dress, thy works belov'd
And honour'd: while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

THE
PLEASURES
OF THE
IMAGINATION.
BOOK THE SECOND.

MDCCLXV.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the subject. Of truth and its three classes, matter of fact, experimental or scientific truth, (contradistinguished from opinion) and universal truth: which last is either metaphysical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abstracted. On the power of discerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end; a circumstance essential to virtue. Of virtue considered in the divine mind as a perpetual and universal beneficence. Of human virtue, considered as a system of particular sentiments and actions, suitable to the designs of providence and the condition of man; to whom it constitutes the chief good and the first beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule: its general nature and final cause. Of the passions; particularly of those which relate to evil, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with pleasure.

THUS far of beauty and the pleasing forms
Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the
scenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates; and views, inamour'd. Now my song
Severer themes demand: mysterious truth: 5
And virtue, sovran good: the spells, the trains,
The progeny of error: the dreadful sway
Of passion; and whatever hidden stores
From her own lofty deeds and from herself
The mind acquires. Severer argument: 10
Not less attractive; nor deserving less
A constant ear. For what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatness, or pomp, or symmetry of parts?
Not tending to the heart, soon feeble grows, 15
As the blunt arrow 'gainst the knotty trunk,
Their impulse on the sense: while the pall'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute; asks in vain,
Where are the ornaments it once admir'd?
Not so the moral species, nor the powers 20
Of passion and of thought. The ambitious
mind
With objects boundless as her own desires
(Can there converse: by these unfading forms
Touch'd and awaken'd still, with eager aet [25
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the scenes
Now opening round us. May the destin'd verse

Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts
Obscure and arduous! May the source of light,
All-present, all-sufficient, guide our steps 30
Through every maze: and whom in childish
years

From the loud throng the beaten paths of wealth
And power, thou didst apart send forth to speak
In tuneful Words concerning highest things,
Him still do thou, O Father, at those hours 35
Of pensive freedom when the human soul
Shuts out the rumour of the world, him still
Touch thou with secret lessons: call thou back
Each erring thought: and let the yielding
strains

From his full bosom, like a welcome rill 40
Spontaneous from its healthy fountain, flow!

But from what name, what favorable sign,
What heavenly auspice, rather shall I date
My perilous excursion, than from truth,
That nearest inmate of the human soul; 45
Estrang'd from whom, the countenance divine
Of man disfigur'd and dishonour'd sinks
Among inferior things? For to the brutes
Perception and the transient boons of sense
Hath fate imparted: but to man alone 50
Of sublunary beings was it given,
Each fleeting impulse on the sensual powers
At leisure to review; with equal eye
To scan the passion of the stricken nerve
Or the vague object striking: to conduct 55
From sense, the portal turbulent and loud,
Into the mind's wide palace one by one
The frequent, pressing, fluctuating forms,
And question and compare them. Thus he
learns

Their birth and fortunes; how allied they
haunt 60
The avenues of sense: what laws direct
Their union, and what various discords rise,
Or fix'd or casual: which when his clear thought
Retains and when his faithful words express,
That living image of the external scene, 65
As in a polish'd mirror held to view,
Is truth: where'er it varies from the shape
And hue of its exemplar, in that part
Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without
When oft the same society of forms 70
In the same order have approach'd his mind,
He deigns no more their steps with curious heed
To trace; no more their features or their garb
He now examines; but of them and their
Condition, as with some diviner's tongue, 75
Affirms what heaven in every distant place,
Through every future season, will decree.
This too is truth: where'er his prudent lips
Wait till experience diligent and slow
Has authoriz'd their sentence, this is truth; 80
A second, higher kind: the parent this
Of science; or the lofty power herself,
Science herself: on whom the wants and cares
Of social life depend; the substitute
Of God's own wisdom in this toilsome world; 85
The providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
To earn her aid, with fix'd and anxious eye
He looks on nature's and on fortune's course:
Too much in vain. His duller visual ray

The stillness and the persevering acts
Of nature oft elude ; and fortune oft
With step fantastic from the wonted walk
Turns into mazes dim. His sight is foil'd ;
And the crude sentence of his faltering tongue
Is but opinion's verdict, half believ'd 95
And prone to change. Here thou, who feel'st
thine ear

Congential to my lyre's profounder tone,
Pause, and be watchful. Hitherto the stores,
Which feed thy mind and exercise her powers,
Partake the relish of their native soil, 100
Their parent earth. But know a nobler dower
Her fire at death decreed her ; purer gifts
From his own treasure ; forms which never
deign'd

In eyes or ears to dwell, within the sense
Of earthly organs ; but sublime were plac'd 105
In his essential reason, leading there
That vast ideal host which all his works
Through endless ages never will reveal.
Thus then indow'd, the feeble creature man,
The slave of hunger, and the prey of death, 110
Even now, even here, in earth's dim prison
bound,

The language of intelligence divine
Attains : repeating oft concerning one.
And many, past and present, parts and whole,
Those sovran dictates which in farthest heaven,
Where no orb brows, eternity's fix'd ear 116
Hears from coeval truth, when chance nor
change,

Nature's loud progeny, nor nature's self
Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.
Ere long, o'er this corporeal world he learns 120
To extend her sway ; while calling from the
deep,

From earth and air, their multitude untold
Of figures and of motions round his walk,
For each wide family some single birth
He sets in view, the impartial type of all 125
Its brethren ; suffering it to claim, beyond
Their common heritage, no private gift,
No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
In this discerns, his bold unerring tongue
Pronounce of the kindred, without bound, 130
Without condition. Such the rise of forms
Sequester'd far from sense and every spot
Peculiar in the realms of space or time :
Such is the throne which man for truth amid
The paths of mutability hath built, 135
Secure, unshaken, still ; and whence he views,
In matter's mouldering structures, the pure
forms

Of triangle, or circle, cube or cone,
Impassive all ; whose attributes nor force
Nor fate can alter. There he first conceives 140
True being, and an intellectual world
The same this hour and ever. Thence he deems
Of his own lot : above the painted shapes
That fleeting move o'er this terrestrial scene
Looks up ; beyond the adamantine gates 145
Of death expatiates ; as his birthright claims
Inheritance in all the works of God ;
Prepares for endless time his plan of life,

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90 And counts the universe itself his home,
Whence also but from truth, the light of
minds, 150

Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
Of virtue ? with the moral colours thrown
On every walk of this our social scene,
Adorning for the eye of gods and men
The passions, action, habitudes of life, 155
And rendering earth like heaven, a sacred place
Where love and praise may take delight to dwell ?
Let none with heedless tongue from truth disjoin
The reign of virtue. Ere the day spring flow'd,
Like sisters link'd in concord's golden chain, 160
They stood before the great eternal mind
Their common parent ; and by him were both
Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
Inseparably join'd : nor e'er did truth
Find an apt ear to listen to her lore, 165
Which knew not virtue's voice ; nor save where
truth's

Majestic words are heard and understood
Doth virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire
Of nature : not among Tartarian rocks,
Whither the hungry vulture with its prey 170
Returns : not where the lion's fullen roar
At noon resounds along the lonely banks
Of ancient Tigris : but her gentler scenes,
The dove-cote and the shepherd's fold at morn,
Consult ; or by a meadow's fragrant hedge, 175
In spring-time when the woodlands first are
green,

Attend the linnet fingering to his mate,
Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond
care

Thou dost not virtue's honourable name
Attribute : wherefore, save that not one gleam
Of truth did e'er discover to themselves 180
Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
Of that parental love, the love itself
To judge, and measure its officious deeds ?
But man, whose eyelids truth has fill'd with
day, 185

D'scerns how skilfully to bounteous ends
His wise affections move ; with free accord
Adopts their guidance ; yields himself secure
To nature's prudent impulse ; and converts
Instinct to duty and to sacred law. 190
Hence right and fit on earth ; while thus to
man

The Almighty Legislator hath explain'd
The springs of action fix'd within his breast ;
Hath given him power to slacken or restrain
Their effort ; and hath shewn him how they
join 195

Their partial movements with the master wheel
Of the great world, and serve that sacred end
Which he, the unerring reason, keeps in view.
For (if a mortal tongue may speak of him
And his dread ways) even as his boundless eye,
Connecting every form and every change,
Beholds the perfect beauty ; so his will,
Through every hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itself
The perfect virtue. Let the great I swain 200
Remember this, as oft with joy and praise
M m

He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender seed
Nourish within his furrows: when between
Dead seas and burning skies, where long un-
mov'd 210

The bark had languish'd, now a rustling gale
Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot, bursting out in thanks,
Remember this: lest blind overweening pride
Pollute their offerings: lest their selfish heart 215
Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call
"Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd."

Fools! who of God as of each other deem:
Who his invariable acts deduce
From sudden counsels transient as their own; 220
Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute
Which haply they have tasted, heed the source
That flows for all; the fountain of his love 225
Which, from the summit where he sits enthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing streams, through-
out

The spacious region flourishing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair universe; on which alone 230
His counsels fix, and whence alone his will
Assumes her strong direction. Such is now
His sovran purpose: such it was before
All multitude of years. For his right arm
Was never idle: his bestowing love 235
Knew no beginning; was not as a change
Of mood that woke at last and started up
After a deep and solitary sloth
Of boundless ages. No: he now is good,
He ever was. The feet of hoary time 240
Through their eternal course have travel'd o'er
No speechless, lifeless desert; but through
scenes

Cheerful with bounty still; among a pomp
Of worlds, for gladness round the Maker's
throne

Loud-shouting, or, in many dialects 245
Of hope and filial trust, imploring thence
The fortunes of their people: where so fix'd
Were all the dates of being, so dispos'd
To every living soul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of rest, 250
That each the general happiness might serve;
And by the discipline of laws divine
Convinc'd of folly or chastiz'd from guilt,
Each might at length be happy. What remains
Shall be like what is pass'd; but fairer still, 255
And still increasing in the godlike gifts
Of life and truth. The same paternal hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
Will ever lead the generations on 260
Through higher scenes of being; while, sup-
ply'd

From day to day by his enlivening breath
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As vapours to the earth in flowers return, 265
As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting moon
Swells, and the ever-listening planets charm'd

By the sun's call their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aspire to God,
Exhaustless fount of intellectual day, 270
Centre of souls. Nor doth the mastering voice
Of nature cease within to prompt aright
Their steps; nor is the care of heaven with-held
From sending to the toil external aid;
That in their stations all may persevere 275
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
For man's inspection. Though to some be given
To catch a transient visionary glimpse 280
Of that majestic scene which boundless power
Prepares for perfect goodness, yet in vain
Would human life her faculties expand
To imbecom such an object. Nor could e'er
Virtue or praise have touch'd the hearts of men,
Had not the sovran guide, through every stage 285
Of this their various journey, pointed out
New hopes, new toils, which to their humble
sphere

Of sight and strength might such importance hold
As doth the wide creation to his own. 290

Hence all the little charities of life,
With all their duties: hence that favorite palm
Of human will, when duty is suffic'd,
And still the liberal soul in ampler deeds
Would manifest herself; that sacred sign 295
Of her rever'd affinity to him
Whose bounties are his own; to whom none
said,

"Create the wisest, fullest, fairest world,
"And make its offspring happy;" who, intent
Some likeness of himself among his works 300
To view, hath pour'd into the human breast
A ray of knowledge and of love, which guides
Earth's feeble race to act their Maker's part,
Self-judging, self-oblig'd: while, from before
That godlike function, the gigantic power 305
Necessity, though wont to curb the force
Of Chaos and the savage elements,

Retires abash'd, as from a scene too high
For her brute tyranny, and with her bears
Her scorned followers, terror, and base awe 310
Who blinds herself, and that ill-suited pair,
Obedience link'd with hatred. Then the soul
Arises in her strength; and, looking round
Her busy sphere, whatever work she views,
Whatever counsel bearing any trace 315

Of her Creator's likeness, whether apt
To aid her fellows or preserve herself
In her superior functions unimpair'd,
Thither she turns exulting: that she claims
As her peculiar good: on that, through all 320
The fickle seasons of the day, she looks
With reverence still: to that, as to a fence
Against affliction and the darts of pain,
Her drooping hopes repair: and once oppos'd
To that all other, pleasure, other wealth 325
Vile, as the dross upon the molten gold,
Appears, and loathsome as the briny sea
To him who languishes with thirst, and sighs
For some known fountain pure. For what can
strive

With virtue? which of nature's regions vast 330

Can in so many forms produce to fight
Such powerful beauty? beauty, which the eye
Of hatred cannot look upon secure:
Which envy's self contemplates, and is turn'd
Ere long to tenderness, to infant smiles, 335
Or tears of humblest love. Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
The summer's noontide groves, the purple eve
At harvest-home, or in the frosty moon
Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the honor'd roof 341
Whither from highest heaven immortal Love
His torch ethereal and his golden bow
Propitious brings, and there a temple holds
To whose unspotted service gladly vow'd 345
The social band of parent, brother, child,
With smiles and sweet discourse and gentle deeds
Adore his power? What gift of richest clime
E'er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such
Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatches back 350
From slander's poisonous tooth a foe's renown;
Or crosseth danger in his lion-walk,
A rival's life to rescue? as the young
Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds,
That his great father's body might not want 355
A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman wife
Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound
Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
Their faithful love? Or is there in the abyss, 360
Is there, among the adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,
Aught that with half such majesty can fill
The human bosom, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent, from the stroke of Cæsar's fate 365
Amid the croud of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd
aloud
On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword
Of justice in his rapt astonish'd eye, 370
And bad the father of his country hail,
For lo the tyrant prostrate on the dust.
And Rome again is free? Thus through the
paths
Of human life, in various pomp array'd
Walks the wise daughter of the judge of heaven,
Fair virtue; from her Father's throne supreme
Sent down to utter laws, such as on earth 377
Most apt he knew, most powerful to promote
The weal of all his works, the gracious end
Of his dread empire. And though haply man's
Obscurest sight, so far beyond himself 381
And the brief labors of his little home,
Extends not; yet, by the bright presence won
Of this divine instructress, to her sway
Pleas'd he assents, nor heeds the distant goal 385
To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath
God,
Still looking toward his own high purpose, fix'd
The virtues of his creatures; thus he rules
The parent's fondness and the patriot's zeal;
Thus the warm sense of honor and of shame; 390
The vows of gratitude, the faith of love;
And all the comely intercourse of praise,

The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.
How far unlike them must the lot of guilt
Be found! Or what terrestrial woe can match 395
The self-convicted bosom, which hath wrought
The bane of others, or enslav'd itself
With shackles vile? Not poison, nor sharp fire
Nor the worst pangs that ever monkish hate
Suggested, or despotic rage impos'd, 400
Were at that season an unwish'd exchange:
When the soul loaths herself: when flying thence
To crowds, on every brow she sees portray'd
Fell demons, hate or scorn, which drive her
back
To solitude, her judge's voice divine 405
To hear in secret, haply sounding through
The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still
Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompence, or charging her own tongue
To speak the award of justice on herself. 410
For well she knows what faithful hints within
Were whisper'd to beware the lying forms
Which turn'd her footsteps from the safer way:
What cautions to suspect their painted dresses,
And look with steady eyelid on their smiles, 415
Their frowns, their tears. In vain. The dazzling
hues
Of fancy, and opinion's eager voice,
Too much prevail'd. For mortals tread the path
In which opinion says they follow good
Or fly from evil: and opinion gives 420
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by fancy, pleasing or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colors and distorted lines. 425
Is there a man to whom the name of death
Brings terror's ghastly pageants conjur'd up
Before him, death-bed groans, and dismal vows,
And the frail soul plung'd head-long from the
brink
Of life and day-light down the glomy air, 430
An unknown depth, to gulphs of torturing fire
Unvisited by mercy? Then what hand
Can snatch the dreamer from the fatal toils
Which fancy and opinion thus conspire
To twine around his heart? or who shall hush 435
Their clamour, when they tell him that to die,
To risk those horrors, is a direr curse
Than basest life can bring? Though love with
prayers
Most tender, with affliction's sacred tears,
Beseech his aid; though gratitude and faith 440
Condemn each step with loiters; yet let none
Make answer for him that, if any frown
Of danger thwart his path, he will not stay,
Content, and be a wretch to be secure.
Here vice begins then: at the gate of life, 445
Ere the young multitude to diverse roads
Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
Sits Fancy, deep enchantress; and to each
With kind maternal looks presents her bowl,
A potent beverage. Heedless they comply: 450
Till the whole soul from that mysterious draught
Is ting'd, and every transient thought imbibes
Of gladness or disgust, desire or fear,
M m 2

One homely-bred colour, which not all the lights
Of science e'er shall change; not all the storms 455
Of adverse fortune wash away, nor yet
The robe of purest virtue quite conceal.
Thence on they pass, where meeting frequent
shapes

Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
To fire or freeze the breast, with them they
join 460

In dangerous parley; listening oft, and oft
Gazing with reckless passion, while its garb
The spectre heightens, and its pompous tale
Repeats with some new circumstance to suit
That early tincture of the hearer's soul. 465

And should the guardian, reason, but for one
Short moment yield to this illusive scene
His ear and eye, the intoxicating charm
Involves him, till no longer he discerns,
Or only guides to err. Then revel forth 470

A furious band that spurn him from the throne,
And all is uproar. Hence ambition climbs
With sliding feet and hands impure, to grasp
Those solemn toys which glitter in his view
On Fortune's rugged steep: hence pale Revenge
Unsheaths her murderous dagger: Rapine hence
And envious lust, by venal fraud upborne, 477
Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws
Which kept them from their prey: hence all the
crimes

That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues 480
That follow them for vengeance, in the guise
Of honor, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
Stole first into the fond believing mind,

Yet not by Fancy's witchcraft on the brain
Are always the tumultuous passions driven 485
To guilty deeds, nor reason bound in chains
That vice alone may lord it. Oft, adorn'd
With motley pageants, folly mounts his throne,
And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.

A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways 490
She whirls her giddy empire. Lo, thus far
With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
I sing for contemplation link'd with love
A pensive theme. Now haply should my song

Unbend that serious countenance, and learn 495

Thalia's tripping gait, her shrill-ton'd voice,
Her wiles familiar: whether scorn she darts
In wanton ambush from her lip and eye,
Or whether with a sad disguise of care,
O'ermantling her gay brow, she acts in sport 500

The deeds of folly, and from all sides round
Calls forth impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
Her province. But through every comic scene
To lead my Muse with her light pencil arm'd;
Through every swift occasion which the hand 505
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful thing
Distends her labouring sides and chokes her
tongue;

Were endless as to sound each grating note
With which the rooks and chattering daws, and
grave

Unwieldy inmates of the village pond, 510
The changing seasons of the sky proclaim;
Sun, cloud, or shower. Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the power of ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,

Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd, 515
Strikes on her quick perception: whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty be dragg'd in and shown
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity is wont to dwell;
Or whether these with shrewd and wayward spite
Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien, 521
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms stirs this gay contempt,
These grateful pangs of laughter; from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid 526
The tardy steps of reason, and at once

By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
Wild Folly's aims? For though the sober light
Of Truth flow dawning on the watchful mind 530
At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
How these uncouth disorders end at last

In public evil; yet benignant Heaven,
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause 535
From labour and from care the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of Nature, therefore stamp'd
These glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious to the passing clown 540
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

But other evils o'er the steps of man
Through all his walks impend; against whose might
The slender darts of laughter nought avail:
A trivial warfare. Some, like cruel guards, 545
On Nature's ever-moving throne attend;
With mischief arm'd for him who'er shall thwart
The path of her inexorable wheels,
While she pursues the work that must be done
Through ocean, earth, and air. Hence frequent
forms

Of woe; the merchant, with his wealthy bark,
Bury'd by dashing waves; the traveller
Pierc'd by the pointed lightning in his haste;
And the poor husbandman with folded arms,
Surveying his lost labours, and a heap 555

Of blatted chaff the product of the field
Whence he expected bread. But worse than these
I deem, far worse, that other race of ills

Which human kind rear up among themselves;
That horrid offspring which misgovern'd will 560
Bears to fantastic error; vices, crimes,
Furies that curse the earth, and make the blows,
The heaviest blows, of nature's innocent hand
Seem sport; which are indeed but as the care
Of a wife parent, who solicits good 565
To all her house, though haply at the price
Of tears and froward wailing and reproach
For some unthinking child, whom not the less
Its mother destined to be happy still.

These sources then of pain, this double lot 570
Of evil in the inheritance of man,
Requir'd for his protection no slight force,
No careless watch. And therefore was his breast
Fenc'd round with passions quick to be alarm'd,
Or stubborn to oppose; with fear, more swift 575
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
Where armies land; with anger, uncontrol'd
As the young lion bounding on his prey;
With sorrow, that locks up the struggling heart;

And shame, that overcasts the drooping eye 580
As with a cloud of lightning. These the part
Perform of eager monitors, and goad
The soul more sharply than with points of steel,
Her enemies to shun or to resist.
And as those passions which converse with good,
Are good themselves; as hope, and love, and
joy, 586

Among the fairest and the sweetest boons
Of life, we rightly count: so these which guard
Against invading evil, still excite
Some pain, some tumult: these, within the
mind 590

Too oft admitted or too long retain'd,
Shock their frail seat, and by their uncurb'd rage
To savages more fell than Libya breeds
Transform themselves; till human thought be-
comes

A gloomy ruin, haunt of shapes unblest'd, 595
Of self-tormenting fiends; horror, despair,
Hatred, and wicked envy: foes to all
The works of Nature and the gifts of Heaven.

But when through blameless paths to righteous
ends

Those keener passions urge the awaken'd soul, 600
I would not, as ungracious violence,
Their sway describe, nor from their free career
The fellowship of pleasure quite exclude.
For what can render, to the self-approv'd,
Their temper void of comfort, though in pain?
Who knows not with what majesty divine
The forms of truth and justice to the mind
Appear, ennobling oft the starpest woe
With triumph and rejoicing? Who that bears
A human bosom, hath not often felt 610

How dear are all those ties which bind our race
In gentleness together, and how sweet
Their force, let fortunes wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel? Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn, of her whom long he lov'd,
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?

Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego 620

Those sacred hours when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture. Ask the croud
Which flies impatient from the village walk 625
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The savage winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while holy pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair; 630

While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and, pointing where the
waves

Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge.

As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
No pleasing influence here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?

Not tender charm mysterious, which attracts 640

O'er all that edge of pain the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?

Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that pensive gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around 645

The reverend volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the Sovran Power
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page
Even as a father meditating all

The praises of his son, and b-d- the rest
Of mankind there the fairest model learn
Of their own nature, and the noblest deeds
Which yet the world hath seen. If then thy soul
join in the lot of those diviner men; 655

Say, when the prospect darkens on thy view;
When, sunk by many a wound, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of hard ambition; when the generous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their fire
Lie side by side in death; when brutal force 661

Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor dishonest pageants, to adorn 665

A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when beauteous
works,

Rewards of virtue, sculptur'd forms which deck'd
With more than human grace the warrior's arch
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appease 670

Tyrannic envy, fire the common path
With awful ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where Wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more

Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks, 675
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless havoc from the hand of time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer stroke
To mow the monuments of glory down;

Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street 680
Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate
Where senates once the weal of nations plann'd,
Hisseth the gliding snake through hoary weeds

That clasp the mouldering column: thus when all
The widely mournful scene is fix'd within 685
Thy throbbing bosom; when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove

To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car; 690

Say, doth thy sacred soul repine to taste
The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd

Of silent flatterers bending to his nod, 695
And o'er them, like a giant, casts his eye,
And says within himself, "I am a king, [wce

"And wherefore should the clamorous voice of
"Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
Of barbarous ages, that Circæan draught 700

Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Bless'd by the eternal ruler of the world!

Yet have not so dishonour'd, so deform'd
The native judgment of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of her fire.

THE
PLEASURES
OF THE
IMAGINATION.
BOOK THE THIRD.

M D C C L X X .

WHAT tongue then may explain the various
fate

Which reigns o'er earth ? or who to mortal eyes
Illustrate this perplexing labyrinth
Of joy and woe through which the feet of man
Are doom'd to wander ? That eternal mind 5
From passions, wants, and envy far estrang'd,
Who built the spacious universe, and deck'd
Each part so richly with what'er pertains
To life, to health, to pleasure ; why bade he
The viper Evil, creeping in, pollute 10
The goodly scene, and with insidious rage,
While the poor inmate looks around and smiles,
Dart her fell sting with poison to his soul ?
Hard is the question, and from ancient days
Hath still oppress'd with care the sage's thought ;
Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
Too sad, too deeply plaintive : nor did e'er
Those chiefs of human kind, from whom the
light

Of heavenly truth first gleam'd on barbarous lands,
Forget this dreadful secret when they told 20
What wondrous things had to their favour'd eyes
And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
Portentous oft and wild. Yet one I know,
Could I the speech of lawgivers assume, 25
One old and splendid tale I would record
With which the Muse of Solon in sweet strains
Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
Its darkness, all its terrors, bright as noon,
Or gentle as the golden star of eve. 30
Who knows not Solon ? last, and wisest far,
Of those whom Greece triumphant in the height
Of glory, fill'd her fathers ? him whose voice
Through Athens hush'd the storm of civil wrath ;
Taught envious want and cruel wealth to join 35
In friendship ; and, with sweet compulsion, tam'd
Minerva's eager people to his laws,
Which their own goodness in his breast inspir'd ?

'Twas now the time when his heroic task [year
Seem'd but perform'd in vain : when sooth'd by
Of flattering service, the fond multitude
Hung with their sudden counsels on the breath
Of great Pisistratus : that chief renown'd,
Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had train'd
Even from his birth to every powerful art 45
Of pleasing and persuading : from whose lips
Flow'd eloquence, which like the vows of love
Could steal away suspicion from the hearts
Of all who listen'd. Thus from day to day
He won the general suffrage, and beheld 50
Each rival overshadow'd and depress'd
Beneath his ampler state : yet oft complain'd,
As one less kindly treated, who had hop'd
To merit favour, but submits perforce
To find another's services prefer'd, 55

Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
Then tales were scatter'd of his envious foes,
Of snares that watch'd his fame, of daggers aim'd
Against his life. At last with trembling limbs,
His hair diffus'd and wild, his garments loose, 60
And stain'd with blood from self-inflicted wounds,
He burst into the public place, as there,
There only, were his refuge ; and declar'd
In broken words, with sighs of deep regret,
The mortal danger he had scarce repell'd. 65
Fir'd with his tragic tale, the indignant croud,
To guard his steps, forthwith a menial band,
Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
Decree. O still too liberal of their trust,
And oft betray'd by over-grateful love, 70
The generous people ! Now behold him fenc'd
By mercenary weapons, like a king,
Forth issuing from the city gate at eve
To seek his rural mansion, and with pomp
Crouding the public road. The swain stops short,
And sighs : the officious townsmen stand at gaze
And strinking give the fullen pageant room.
Yet not the less obsequious was his brow ;
Nor less profuse of courteous words his tongue,
Of gracious gifts his hand : the while by stealth,
Like a small torrent fed with evening showers,
His train increas'd. Till, at that fatal time
Just as the public eye with doubt and shame
Startled, began to question what it saw,
Swift as the sound of earthquakes rush'd a voice
Through Athens, that Pisistratus had fill'd 86
The rocky citadel with hostile arms,
Had barr'd the steep ascent, and sat within
Amid his hirelings, meditating death
To all whose stubborn necks his yoke refus'd. 90
Where then was Solon ? After ten long years
Of absence, full of haste from foreign shores
The sage, the lawgiver, had now arriv'd :
Arriv'd, alas, to see that Athens, that
Fair temple rais'd by him and sacred call'd 95
To Liberty and Concord, now profan'd
By savage hate, or sunk into a den
Of slaves who crouch beneath the master's scourge,
And deprecate his wrath and court his chains.
Yet did not the wise patriot's grief impede 100
His virtuous will, nor was his heart inclin'd
One moment with such woman-like distress
To view the transient storms of civil war,
As thence to yield his country and her hopes
To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm, 105
E'en while the traitor's impious act is told,
He buckles on his heavy head : he girds
With mail his stooping breast : the shield, the spear
He snatcheth ; and with swift indignant strides
The assembled people seeks : proclaims aloud
It was no time for counsel : in their spears 115
Lay all their prudence now : the tyrant yet
Was not so firmly seated on his throne,
But that one shock of their united force
Would dash him from the summit of his pride 115
Headlong and groveling in the dust. What else
Can re-assert the lost Athenian name,
So cheaply to the laughter of the world
Betray'd ; by guile beneath an infant's faith
Somewhat and scorn'd ? Away then : freedom now
And safety dwell not but with fame in arms :

Myself will shew you where their mansion lies,
And through the walks of danger or of death
Conduct you to them. While he spake, through all
Their crowded ranks his quick sagacious eye 125
He darted; where no cheerful voice was heard
Of social daring; no stretch'd arm was seen
Hastening their common task: but pale mistrust
Wrinkled each brow: they shook their heads,
and down

[doubts
Their slack hands hung: cold sighs and whisper'd
From breath to breath stole round. The sage
mean time

Look'd speechless on, while his big bosom heav'd
Struggling with shame and sorrow: till at last
A tear broke forth; and, O immortal shades,
O Theseus, he exclaim'd, O Codrus, where, 135
Where are ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
Through life! behold for whom ye chose to die!
No more he added; but with lonely steps
Weary and slow, his silver beard depress'd,
And his stern eyes bent heedless on the ground,
Back to his silent dwelling he repair'd. 141

There o'er the gate, his armour, as a man
Whom from the service of the war his chief
Dismisseth after no inglorious toil,
He fix'd in general view. One wishful look 145
He sent, unconscious, toward the public place
At parting: then beneath his quiet roof
Without a word, without a sigh, retir'd

Scarce had the morrow's sun his golden rays
From sweet Hymettus darted o'er the fanes 150
Of Cecrops to the Salaminian shores,
When, lo, on Solon's threshold met the feet
Of four Athenians by the same sad care
Conducted all: than whom the state beheld
None nobler. First came Megacles, the son 155
Of great Alcmaeon, whom the Lydian king,
The mild, unhappy Cræsus, in his days
Of glory had with costly gifts adorn'd.

Fair vessels, splendid garments, tin'd webs,
And heaps of treasur'd gold beyond the lot 160
Of many sovereigns; thus requiting well
That hospitable favour which erewhile
Alcmaeon to his messengers had shewn,
Whom he with offerings worthy of the God
Sent from his throne in Sardis to revere 165

Apollo's Delphic shrine. With Megacles
Approach'd his sons, whom Agarista bore,
The virtuous child of Clithrenes whose hand
Of Grecian sceptres the most antient far
In Sicily sway'd: but greater fame he drew 170
From arms control'd by justice, from the love
Of the wise Muses, and the unenvied wreath
Which glad Olympia gave. For thither once
His warlike steeds the hero led, and there

Contented through the tumult of the course 176
With skillful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
Amid the applauses of assembled Greece,
High on his car he stood and wav'd his arm.
Silence ensued: when straight the herald's voice
Was heard, inviting every Grecian youth, 180

Whom Clithrenes content might call his son,
To visit, ere twice thirty days were pass'd,
The towers of Sicily. There the chief decreed,
Within the circuit of the following year,
To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand 185

With his fair daughter, him among the guests
Whom worthiest he should deem. Forthwith
from all

The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers came:
From rich Hesperia; from the Illyrian shore
Where Epidamnus over Adria's surge 190
Looks on the setting sun; from those brave tribes
Chaonian or Molossian whom the race
Of great Achilles governs, glorying still

In Troy o'erthrown; from rough Ætolia, nurse
Of men who first among the Greeks threw off
The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms

Devoted; from Thessalia's fertile meads,
Where flows Peneus near the lofty walls
Of Cranon old; from strong Eretria, queen
Of all Eubœan cities, who, sublime 200

On the steep margin of Euripus, views
Across the tide the Marathonian plain,
Not yet the haunt of glory. Athens too,
Minerva's care, among her graceful sons

Found equal lovers for the princely maid: 205
Nor was proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
Of sacred Elis; nor the Arcadian groves

That overshadow Alpheus, echoing oft [ous band
Some shepherd's song. But through the illustri-

Was none who might with Megacles compare 210
In all the honours of unblemish'd youth.

His was the beauteous bride: and now their son
Young Clithrenes, betimes, at Solon's gate

Stood anxious; leaning forward on the arm
Of his great sire, with earnest eyes that ask'd 215

When the slow hinge would turn, with restless feet,
And cheeks now pale, now glowing: for his heart

Throb'd, full of burning passions, anger, grief
With scorn imbitter'd, by the generous boy

Scarce understood, but which, like noble seeds,
Are destin'd for his country and himself 220

In riper years to bring forth fruits divine
Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd

Two brave companions whom one mother bore
To different lords; but whom the better ties 225

Of firm esteem and friendship render'd more
Than brothers: first Miltiades, who drew

From godlike Æacus his antient line;
That Æacus whose unimpeach'd renown

For sanctity and justice won the lyre 230
Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd

In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
The guilty soul within the burning gates

Of Tartarus compel, or send the good
To inhabit with eternal health and peace 235

The vallies of Elysium. From a stem
So sacred, ne'er could worthier scion spring

Than this Miltiades; whose aid ere long
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways

Sent by the inspir'd foreknowing maid who sits
Upon the Delphic tripod, shall implore 240

To wield their sceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Cherionessus to protect

With arms and laws. But, nothing careful now
Save for his injur'd country, here he stands 245

In deep solicitude with Cymon join'd:
Unconscious both, what widely different lots

Await them, taught by nature as they are
To know one common good, one common ill.

For Cymon not his valour, not his birth 250

Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thousand gifts
Dealt round him with a wife, benignant hand,
No, not the Olympic olive by himself
From his own brow transferr'd to soothe the mind
Of this Pistratus, can long preserve 255
From the tell envy of the tyrant's sons,
And their assassin dagger. But if death
Obscure upon his gentle steps attend,
Yet fate an ample recompence prepares
In his victorious son, that other great 260
Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
Of glory shall with Time's assiduous hand
In adamantinè characters engrave
The name of Athens; and, by freedom arm'd
'Gainst the gigantic pride of Asia's king, 265
Shall all the achievements of the heroes old
Surmount, of Hercules, of all who fail'd
From Thessaly with Jason, all who fought
For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.

Such were the patriots who within the porch
Of Solon had assembled. But the gate 271
Now opens, and across the ample floor
Straight they proceed into an open space
Bright with the beams of morn: a verdant spot,
Where stands a rural altar, pil'd with fods 275
Cut from the grassy turf and girt with wreaths
Of branching palm. Here Solon's self they found
Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
With leaves of olive on his reverend brow.
He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes 280
Of barley from two earthen vessels pour'd
Of honey and of milk a plenteous stream;
Calling meantime the Muses to accept
His simple offering, by no victim ting'd
With blood, nor sullied by destroying fire, 285
But such as for himself Apollo claims
In his own Delos, where his favourite haunt
Is thence the Altar of the Pious nam'd.
Unseen the guests drew near, and silent view'd
That worship; till the hero priest his eye 290
Turn'd toward a seat on which prepar'd there lay
A branch of laurel. Then his friends confess'd
Before him stood. Backward his step he drew,
As loth that care or tumult should approach
Those early rites divine: but soon their looks,
So anxious, and their hands, held forth with such
Desponding gesture, bring him on perforce
To speak to their affliction. Are ye come,
He cried, to mourn with me this common shame;
Or ask ye some new effort which may break 300
Our fetters? Know then, of the public cause
Not for you traitor's cunning or his might
Do I despair: nor could I wish from Jove
Aught dearer, than at this late hour of life,
As once by laws, so now by strenuous arms 305
From impious violation to assert
The rights our fathers left us. But, alas!
What arms? or who shall wield them? Ye be-
The Athenian people. Many bitter days [held
Must pass, and many wounds from cruel pride
Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
For just resentment, or their hands endure
To smite this tyrant brood, so near to all
Their hopes, so oft admir'd, so long belov'd.
That time will come, however. Be it yours 315
To watch its fair approach, and urge it on

With honest prudence: me it ill befits
Again to supplicate the unwilling croud
To rescue from a vile deceiver's hold
That envied power which once with eager zeal
They offer'd to myself; nor can I plunge
In counsels deep and various, nor prepare
For distant wars, thus faltering as I tread
On life's last verge, ere long to join the shades
Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold 325
What care employs me now. My vows I pay
To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth
And solace of my age. If right I deem
Of the still voice that whispers at my heart,
The immortal sisters have not quite withdrawn 330
Their old harmonious influence. Let your
With sacred silence favour what I speak, [tongues
And haply shall my faithful lips be taught
To unfold celestial counsels, which may arm
As with impenetrable steel your breasts 335
For the long strife before you, and repel
The darts of adverse fate. He said, and snatch'd
The laurel bough, and fate in silence down,
Fix'd, wrapp'd in solemn musing, full before
The sun, who now from all his radiant orb 340
Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial
Upon the breast of Solon. Solon rais'd [light
Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began.

Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
And Memory divine, Pierian maids, 345
Hear me, propitious. In the morn of life,
When hope shone bright and all the prospect
smil'd,

To your sequester'd mansion oft my steps
Were turn'd, O Muses, and within your gate
My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with
strains 350
Of flowing harmony to soften war's
Dire voice, or in fair colours, that might charm
The public eye, to clothe the form austere
Of civil counsel. Now my feeble age
Neglected, and supplanted of the hope 355
On which it lean'd, yet sinks not, but to you,
To your mild wisdom flies, refuge belov'd
Of solitude and silence. Ye can teach
The visions of my bed what'er the gods
In the rude ages of the world inspir'd, 360
Or the first heroes acted: ye can make
The morning light more gladsome to my sense
Than ever it appear'd to active youth
Pursuing careless pleasure: ye can give
To this long leisure, these unheeded hours, 365
A labour as sublime, as when the sons
Of Athens throng'd and speechless round me stood
To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
The bounds of right and wrong. Celestial
powers,

I feel that ye are near me: and behold, 370
To meet your energy divine, I bring
A high and sacred theme; not less than those
Which to the eternal custody of fame
Your lips intrusted, when of old ye deign'd
With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent 375
The groves of Helmus or the Chian shore.
Ye know, harmonious maids (for what of all
My various life was e'er from you estrang'd?)
Oft hath my solitary song to you reveal'd

Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my
 steps 380
 To willing exile; earnest to withdraw
 From envy and the disappointed thirst
 Of lucre, lest the bold familiar strife,
 Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
 Against her legislator, should impair 385
 With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws.
 To Egypt therefore through the Aegean isles
 My course I steer'd, and by the banks of Nile
 Dwelt in Canopus. Thence the hallow'd domes
 Of Sais, and the rites to Isis paid, 390
 I sought, and in her temple's silent courts,
 Through many changing moons, attentive heard
 The venerable Sanchis, while his tongue
 At morn or midnight the deep story told
 Of her who represents what'er has been, 395
 Or is, or shall be; whose mysterious veil
 No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
 By him exhorted, southward to the walls
 Of On I pass'd, the city of the sun,
 The ever-youthful god. 'Twas there amid 400
 His priests and sages, who the live-long night
 Watch the dread movements of the starry sphere,
 Or who in wondrous fables half disclose
 The secrets of the elements, 'twas there
 That great Psenophis taught my raptur'd ears 405
 The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
 And her pure laws, the first which earth obey'd.
 Deep in my bosom sunk the noble tale;
 And often, while I listen'd, did my mind
 Foretell with what delight her own free lyre 410
 Should sometime for an Attic audience raise
 Anew that lofty scene, and from their tombs
 Call forth those ancient demigods to speak
 Of justice and the hidden providence
 That walk among mankind. But yet meantime 415
 The mystic pomp of Ammon's gloomy sons
 Became less pleasing, with contempt I gaz'd
 On that tame garb and those unvarying paths
 To which the double yoke of king and priest
 Had cramp'd the fullen race. At last with
 hymns 420
 Invoking our own Pallas and the gods
 Of cheerful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
 To Egypt, and before the southern wind
 Spread my full sails. What climes I then survey'd,
 What fortunes I encounter'd in the realm 425
 Of Croelus or upon the Cyprian shore,
 The Muse, who prompts my bottom, doth not now
 Consent that I reveal. But when at length
 Ten times the sun returning from the south
 Had strow'd with flowers the verdant earth and
 fill'd 430
 The groves with music, pleas'd I then beheld
 The term of those long errors drawing nigh.
 Nor yet, I said, will I sit down within
 The walls of Athens, till my feet have trod
 The Cretan soil, have pierc'd those reverend
 haunts 435
 Whence law and civil concord issued forth
 As from their ancient home, and still to Greece
 Their wisest, loftiest discipline proclaim.
 Strait where Amnisus, mast of wealthy ships,
 Appears beneath fam'd Cnossus and her towers 440
 VOL. VII.

Like the fair handmaid of a stately queen,
 I check'd my prow, and thence with eager steps
 The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods,
 Who taught the leaders of the simpler time
 By written words to curb the untoward will 445
 Of mortals, how within that generous isle
 Have yet the triumphs of your power display'd
 Munificent! There splendid merchants, lords
 Of traffic and the sea, with what delight
 I saw them at their public meal, like sons 450
 Of the same household, join the plainer sort
 Whole wealth was only freedom! whence to these
 Vile envy, and to those fantastic pride,
 Alike was strange; but noble concord still
 Cherish'd the strength untaught, the rustic faith 455
 Of their first fathers. Then the growing race,
 How pleasing to behold them in their schools,
 Their sport, their labours, ever plac'd within,
 O shade of Minos, thy controlling eye!
 Here was a docile band in tuneful tones 460
 Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
 Praising the bounteous gods, or, to preserve
 Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
 Resounding what the Muse inspir'd of old;
 There, on the verge of manhood, others met, 465
 In heavy armour through the heats of noon
 To march, the rugged mountains height to climb
 With measur'd swiftness, from the hard-bent bow
 To send resistless arrows to their mark,
 Or for the fame of prowess to contend, 470
 Now wrestling, now with fists and staves oppos'd,
 Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
 Of brazen shields; while still the warbling flute
 Presided o'er the combat, breathing strains
 Grave, solemn, soft; and changing headlong
 spite 475
 To thoughtful resolution cool and clear.
 Such I beheld those islanders renown'd,
 So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
 Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
 That living flame of reverence for their laws 480
 Which, nor the storms of fortune, nor the flood
 Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
 Could quench or slacken. First of human names
 In every Cretan's heart was Minos still; 485
 And holiest far, of what the sun surveys
 Through his whole course, were those primeval
 seats
 Which with religious footsteps he had taught
 Their fires to approach the wild Dictæan cave
 Where Jove was born; the ever-verdant meads 490
 Of Ida, and the spacious grotto, where
 His active youth he pass'd, and where his throne
 Yet stands mysterious; whither Minos came
 Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
 And mortals there in secret to consult 495
 On justice, and the tables of his law
 To inscribe anew. Oft also with like zeal
 Great Rhea's mansion from the Cnossian gates
 Men visit; nor less oft the antique fane
 Built on that sacred spot, along the banks 500
 Of shady Theron, where benignant Jove
 And his majestic consort join'd their hands
 And spoke their nuptial vows. Alas, 'twas there
 That the dire fame of Athens sunk in bonds
 N n

I first receiv'd; what time an annual feast 505
Had summon'd all the genial country round,
By sacrifice and pomp to bring to mind
That first great festival; while the enamour'd
youths

And virgins, with the priest before the shrine,
Observe the same pure ritual, and invoke 510
The same glad omens. There, among the crowd
Of strangers from those naval cities drawn
Which deck, like gems, the island's northern
shore,

A merchant of Aegina I describ'd,
My ancient host. But, forward as I sprung 515
To meet him, he, with dark dejected brow,
Stopp'd half-averse; and, O Athenian guest,
He said, art thou in Crete; their joyful rites
Partaking? Know thy laws are blotted out:
Thy country kneels before a tyrant's throne. 520
He added names of men, with hostile deeds
Disastrous; which obscure and indistinct
I heard: for, while he spake, my heart grew
cold

And my eyes dim: the altars and their train
No more were present to me: how I far'd, 525
Or whither turn'd, I know not; nor recall
Aught of those moments other than the sense
Of one who struggles in oppressive sleep,
And, from the toils of some distressful dream
To break away, with palpitating heart, 530
Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in death-like
dew,

Makes many a painful effort. When at last
The sun and nature's face again appear'd
Not far I found me; where the public path,
Winding through cypress groves and swelling
meads,

From Cnossus to the cave of Jove ascends. 535
Heedless I follow'd on; till soon the skirts
Of Ida rose before me, and the vault
Wide-opening pierc'd the mountain's rocky
side.

Entering within the threshold, on the ground 540
I flung me, sad, faint, overworn with toil,

* * * * *

BOOK IV.

ONE effort more, one cheerful rally more,
Our destin'd course will finish. And in peace
Then for an offering sacred to the powers
Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
Inscribe a monument of deathless praise, 5
O my adventurous song. With steady speed
Long hast thou, on an untried voyage bound,
Sail'd between earth and heaven; hast now sur-
vey'd,
Stretch'd out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts
Of passion and opinion; like a waste 10

Of sands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,
Where mortals roam bewilder'd: and hast now
Exulting soar'd among the worlds above,
Or hover'd near the eternal gates of heaven,
If haply the discourses of the gods, 15
A curious, but an unpresuming guest,
Thou might'st partake, and carry back some
strain

Of divine wisdom, lawful to repeat,
And apt to be conceiv'd of man below.
A different task remains; the secret paths 20
Of early genius to explore: to trace
Those haunts where Fancy her predestin'd sons,
Like to the demigods of old, doth nurse
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy souls
Who now her tender discipline obey, 25
Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at
eve

Imprint your steps? What solemn groves at noon
U're ye to visit, often breaking forth
In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
Or musing, as in slumber, on the green? 30
---Would I again were with you!---O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most antient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleas'd traveller to view 35
Presiding o'er the scene some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream; 40
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wander'd through your calm recesses, led

In silence by some powerful hand unseen, 45
Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possess'd me in the dawn
Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind 50
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine 55
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse:

The themes which now expect us. For thus far
On general habits, and on arts which grow
Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind, 60
Hath dwelt our argument; and how self-taught,
Though seldom conscious of their own employ,
In Nature's or in fortune's changeful scene
Men learn to judge of beauty and acquire
Those forms set up, as idols in the soul 65
For love and zealous praise. Yet indistinct,
In vulgar bosoms, and unnotic'd lie
These pleasing stores, unless the casual force
Of things external prompt the heedless mind
To recognize her wealth. But some there are 70
Conscious of nature, and the rule which man
O'er nature holds: some who, within themselves
Retiring from the trivial scenes of chance

And momentary passion, can at will
 Call up these fair exemplars of the mind;
 Review their features; scan the secret laws
 Which bind them to each other: and display
 By forms, or sounds, or colours, to the sense
 Of all the world their latent charms display:
 Even as in Nature's frame (if such a word, 80
 If such a word, to bold, may from the lips
 Of man proceed) as in this outward frame
 Of things, the Great Artificer portrays
 His own immense idea. Various names
 These among mortals bear, as various signs 85
 They use, and by peculiar organs speak
 To human sense. There are who by the flight
 Of air through tubes with moving stops distinct,
 Or by extended chords in measure taught
 To vibrate, can assemble powerful sounds 90
 Expressing every temper of the mind
 From every cause, and charming all the soul
 With passion void of care. Others mean time
 The rugged mass of metal, wood, or stone,
 Patiently taming; or with easier hand 95
 Describing lines, and with more ample scope
 Uniting colours; can to general sight
 Produce those permanent and perfect forms,
 Those characters of heroes and of gods,
 Which from the crude materials of the world 100
 Their own high minds created. But the chief
 Are poets; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
 To clothe whatever the soul admires or loves
 With language and with numbers. Hence to
 these
 A field is open'd wide as nature's sphere; 105
 Nay, wider: various as the sudden acts
 Of human wit, and vast as the demands
 Of human will. The bard nor length, nor
 depth.
 Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
 To every organ of the copious mind, 110
 He offereth all its treasures. Him the hours,
 The seasons him obey: and changeful Time
 Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,
 At will outstrip it. To enhance his toil,
 He summoneth from the uttermost extent 115
 Of things which God hath taught him, every
 form
 Auxiliar, every power: and all beside
 Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
 Gives, to corporeal essence, life and sense
 And every stately function of the soul. 120
 The soul itself to him obsequious lies,
 Like matter's passive heap; and as he wills,
 To reason and affection he assigns
 Their just alliances, Their just degrees:
 Whence his peculiar honors; whence the 125
 race
 Of men who people his delightful world,
 Men genuine and according to themselves,
 Transcend as far the uncertain fens of earth,
 A earth itself to his delightful world
 The palm of spotless beauty doth resign. 130

* * * * *

O D E S.

BOOK THE FIRST.

O D E I.

P R E F A C E.

I.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
 Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
 O'erlook the falling stream,
 O master of the Latin lyre,
 A while with thee will I retire
 From summer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
 The industrious bee from many a flower
 Collects her balmy dews:
 "For me," she sings, "the gems are born,
 "For me their silken robe adorn,
 "Their fragrant breath diffuse."

III.

Sweet murmurer! nary rude storm
 This hospitable scene deform,
 Nor check thy gladsome toils;
 Still may the buds unsullied spring,
 Still showers and sunshine court thy wing
 To these ambrosial spoils.

IV.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
 Her fellow-labourer thee to hail;
 And lucky be the strains:
 For long ago did nature frame
 Your seasons and your arts the same,
 Your pleasures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,
 On river-banks and flowery greens
 My Muse delighted plays:
 Nor through the desert or the air,
 Though swans or eagles triumph there,
 With fond ambition strays.

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
 Nor near the owl's unhallowed haunts
 Will she her cares employ;
 But flies from ruins and from tombs,
 From superstition's horrid glooms,
 To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste:
 Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
 Of any noxious thing:
 But leaves with scorn to envy's use
 The insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
 The nettles sordid sting.

VIII.

From all which nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
She draws her blanchest wealth;
And, when the generous task is done,
She consecrates a double boon,
To pleasure and to health.

ODE II. N^o I.
FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

DEC. II, M.DCC.XL.*

I.

NOW to the utmost southern goal
The sun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bless the North with earlier day.
Prone on Potosi's lofty brow,
Floods of sublimer splendor flow,
Ripening the latent seeds of gold,
Whilst, wanting in the lonely shade,
The afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

But lo! on this deserted coast,
How faint the light! how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and frost,
Fierce winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their cheerful bloom;
No more the breezes breathe perfume;
No more the warbling waters roll:
Deserts of snow fatigue the eye;
Successive tempests beat the sky,
And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

III.

But let my drooping genius rise,
And hail the sun's remotest ray:
Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then, louder howl the stormy waste,
Be land and ocean worse defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
And fancy, through the wintry gloom,
Radiant with dews and flowers in gloom,
Already hails the emerging Spring.

IV.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
How soon, before the vernal ray,
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How soon each tempest hovering fly,
That now, fermenting, loads the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst again,
To rend the forest from the steep,
And, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To overwhelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

* This Ode was afterwards entirely altered;
as it has been seen in the following poem. The reader
will not be displeased to see it as it was originally
written. N.

V.

But let not man's imperfect views,
Presume to tax wise Nature's laws:
'Tis his with silent joy to ule
The indulgence of the sovereign cause;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good consummate springs,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the Providence of heaven
Has some peculiar blessing given
To each allotted state below.

VI.

Ev'n now how sweet the wintry night
Spent with the old illustrious dead:
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem the awful course to tread;
Where chiefs and legislators lie,
Whole triumphs move before my eye,
With every laurel fresh display'd:
While, charm'd, I rove in classic song,
Or bend to Freedom's fearless tongue,
Or walk the academic shade.

* * *

ODE II. N^o II.
ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

M.DCC.XL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains;
Seems to revert the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins.
Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's silver stores:
While in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun! how thick the air!
Mustering his storms, a fordid host,
Lo, winter desolates the year:
The fields resign their latest bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll:
But snows fall dark, or rains resound;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

III.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire;
Harmonious dances, festive songs
Against the spireful heaven conspire:
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is sunk, and deep the road:
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the sun's returning force:
Even now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course.
Then louder howl the ærial waste,
Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And fancy, mocking winter's might,
With flowers and dews and streaming light
Already decks the new-born spring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
How soon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How soon each hovering tempest fly,
Who's stores for mischief arm the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To overwhelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Pretume o'er nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
The indulgence of the lov'reign cause;
Secure that health and beauty springs
Through this majestic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that heaven's all-subduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attenueth every state below.

VII.

How pleasing wears the wintery night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful scenes to tread
Where chiefs or legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taste the Ionian song,
Now bend to Plato's god-like tongue
Resounding through the olive shade.

VIII.

But should some cheerful, equal friend
Bid leave the studious page a while,
Let mirth on wisdom then attend,
And social ease on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncared-for shrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
While absence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the slow returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
When will thy genial star arise?
The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes,
Within her sylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of absence die:
Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear with sweeter sound
Pursue the free Horatian song:
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And Echo down the bordering vale
The liquid melody prolong.

O D E III.

TO A FRIEND,

UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wishes gain,
Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or cost one serious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules,
You learn'd of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You try the tender loss to bear.
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my censure strangely wrong
To count it such a slight affair?

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love:
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?
Does Wisdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-starting from your eye?
No blushing blush you know not why?
No steaming sigh, nor stifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whole hand hath seiz'd the favourite good
Which you reserv'd for happier years:
While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half afraid,
Spite of the tickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty sold!

VII.

Cease then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy she your bliss to prove;
Then wherefore should she prove your care?
No: lay your myrtle garland down;
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favour'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honour's shrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
And Time, the fire of many care,
Will Fancy's dazzling colours tame
A soberer dress will Beauty wear:
Then shall esteem by Knowledge led
Inthroned within your heart and head
Some happier love, some truer fair.

O D E IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YES, you condemn the perjurd maid
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart should home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falsehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
At once dissemble your disdain,
Or listen to the siren's theme,
Or stoop to love: since now esteem,
And confidence, and friendship, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædrin, tell me why,
When summoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or cross her walk with slight respect,
(For so is falsehood best repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
What means that darkness on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apostate to upbraid?

O D E V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

I.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien:
And, meditating plagues unseen,
The forcerer's hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold---her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
Lies a pale suffusion rise;
And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart and all your head,
Imbibe the potent stain.

III.

Then many a demon will she raise
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways:
While gleams of lost delight
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
As lightning shines across the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candour move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reason would applaud,
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Fancy malignant strives to dress
Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewel to Virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
What horrors form the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suspicion waits the sullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,
When cure the infirmer bottom wrings.
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the fears of life.

VII.

But come, forsake the scene unblest'd
Which first beheld your faithful breast
To groundless fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubt away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
What power unseen disturbeth far
This tenderness of mind?
What genius haunts on yonder flood?
What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose wisdom our untoward frame
 With social love restrains;
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties
 Giv'st us to double all our joys
 And half disarm our pains:

X.

Let universal candor still,
 Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind;
 Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
 One sordid doubt within me raise
 To injure human kind.

O D E VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the shades of evening close!
 How pale the sky with weight of snows!
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
 And bid the joyless day retire.

—Alas, in vain I try within
 To brighten the dejected scene,
 While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
 Tear the frail texture of my veins;
 While winter's voice, that storms around,
 And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
 Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
 To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
 To blunt the edge of dire disease,
 And teach these wintry shades to please?
 Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
 Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
 O sweet of language, mild of mien,
 O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen,
 Allwage the flames that burn my breast,
 Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
 And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
 My song shall all thy prais reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
 The vernal powers renew'd their train,
 It happen'd that immortal Love
 Was ranging through the spheres above,
 And downward hither cast his eye
 The year's returning pomp to spy.
 He saw the radiant god of day,
 Wast in his care the rosy May
 The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
 Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
 Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
 And Hebe's golden lamp was last.
 But, fairest of the blooming throng,
 When Health majestic mov'd along,
 Delighted to survey below
 The joys which from her presence flow,
 While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
 And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice:

Then mighty love her charms confess'd,
 And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
 And, known from that auspicious morn,
 Thee pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou Cheerfulness by heaven design'd
 To sway the movements of the mind,
 Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever wayward fortune brings,
 To disarrange the power within,
 And strain the musical machine;
 Thou, Goddess, thy tempering hand
 Doth each discordant string command,
 Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
 And, joining nature's general song,
 Through many a varying tone unfolds
 The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
 Kind banisher of homebred strife,
 Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
 Deforms the scene where thou art by:
 No sickening husband damns the hour
 Which bound his joys to female power;
 No pining-mother weeps the cares
 Which parents waste on thankless heirs:
 The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
 The brother adds the name of friend:
 By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
 With songs from thee their walks resound;
 And morn with welcome lustre shines,
 And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
 Labours with love's unpitied smart?
 Though now he strays by rills and bowers,
 And weeping waste the lonely hours,
 Or if the nymph her audience deign,
 Debase the story of his pain
 With slavish looks, discolored eyes,
 And accents faltering into sighs;
 Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
 Canst yield him happier arts to please,
 Inform his mien with manlier charms,
 Instruct his tongue with noble arms,
 With more commanding passion move,
 And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
 For thee I court the Muse again:
 The Muse for thee may well exert
 Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art
 Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
 Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
 Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
 Repeat what later bards have sung;
 But thine was Homer's ancient might,
 And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
 Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd:
 Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd:
 Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
 Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
 Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
 Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
 While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
 Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
 (A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
 Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
 Or blooms congenial to his breast)

Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
 And bids the joyless world farewell.
 Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
 Alone beneath the mountain laid
 He sees the nightly damps ascend,
 And gathering storms aloft impend ;
 He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
 And raging thunders shake the pole :
 Then, struck by every object round,
 And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
 He asks a clue for Nature's ways ;
 But evil haunts him through the maze :
 He sees ten thousand demons rise
 To wield the empire of the skies,
 And chance and fate assume the rod,
 And malice blot the throne of God.
 —O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
 Thy lenient influence hither bring ;
 Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
 Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
 Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
 And music swell each opening gale :
 Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
 And let him learn the timely hour
 To trace the world's benignant laws,
 And judge of that presiding cause,
 Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
 Converts to pleasure every pain,
 Subdues each hostile form to rest,
 And bids the universe be blest'd.
 O thou whose pleasing power I sing,
 If right I touch the votive string,
 If equal praise I yield thy name,
 Still govern thou thy poet's flame ;
 Still with the Muse my bosom share,
 And soothing to peace intruding care.
 But most exert thy pleasing power
 On friendship's consecrated hour ;
 And while my Sophron points the road
 To godlike wisdom's calm abode,
 Or warm in freedom's ancient cause
 Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
 Add thou o'er all the generous toil
 The light of thy unclouded smile.
 But, if by fortune's stubborn sway,
 From him and Friendship torn away,
 I court the Muse's healing spell
 For griefs that still with absence dwell,
 Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
 To such indulgent placid themes,
 As just the struggling breast may cheer
 And just suspend the starting tear,
 Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
 Which none but friends and lovers know.

O D E VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themselves did human kind
 Contrive the parts by heaven assign'd
 On life's wide scene to play :
 Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill
 Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
 If fortune close the way.

II.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
 Though last and least in fortune's roll,
 His proper sphere commands ;
 And knows what nature's seal bestow'd,
 And tees, before the throne of God,
 The rank in which he stands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
 Who rescued nations from the rage
 Of partial, factious power,
 My heart with distant homage views ;
 Content if thou celestial Muse,
 Didst rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
 Nor from the legislator's seat
 Stands far remote the bard.
 Though not with public terrors crown'd,
 Yet wider shall his rule be found,
 More lasting his award.

V.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
 And Pompey to the Roman name
 Gave universal sway :
 Where are they ? — Homer's reverend page
 Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
 And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
 No longer shall from Bourbon's line
 Draw one vindictive vow ;
 When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
 And Russel move the patriot's breast
 No more than Brutus now :

VII.

Yet then shall Shake'pear's powerful art
 O'er every passion, every heart,
 Confirm his awful throne :
 Tyrants shall bow before his laws ;
 And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cause,
 Their dread assessor own.

O D E VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
 The Belgian Muse's sober seat :
 Where dealing frugal gifts around
 To all the favourites at her feet,
 She trains the body's bulky frame
 For passive, persevering toils :
 And lest, from any prouder aim,
 The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
 She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless
 flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zephyr blew;
The marshy levels link and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew;
The Naiads, with obscene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;
While round them chaunt the creaking choir,
And haply sooth some lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt some restive Bard, and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:
She render'd all his boasted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in spite remove.
Ye too, the flow-ey'd fathers of the land,
With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,
Unown'd undignify'd by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I sit down to part no more?
Far from this pale, discolor'd sea,
That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
When shall I plough the azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain snows; till down their side
I trace the village and the sacred spire,
While bowers and copses green the golden slope
divide?

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams:
O take me to your haunts again,
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring
shade,
And sooth my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:
Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
O Phoebus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round the Olympian father's throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
Elate with whole majestic call
Above degenerate Latium's praise,
Above the slavish boast of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton sloth's ignoble charms,
The honors of a poet's name
To Somer's counsels, or to Hampden's arms,
Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame
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III. 2.

Great citizens of Albion! Thee
Heroic valour still attends,
And useful science pleas'd to see
How art her studious toil extends.
While truth, diffusing from on high
A lustre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye;
Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
Tame faith and monkish awe, like nightly dem-
mons, fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour
shares:
Hence dread religion dwells with social joy;
And holy passions and unsullied cares,
In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
O fair Britannia, hail!--With partial love
The tribes of men their native seats approve,
Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame:
But when for generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applause,
Their public zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

O D E IX.
T O C U R I O *.

M.DCC.XLIV.

I.

THRICE hath the spring beheld thy faded
fame

Since I exulting grasp'd the tuneful shell:
Eager through endless years to sound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.
How hast thou stain'd the splendor of my choice!
Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy
voice,

Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown?
What can I now of thee to time report,
Save thy fond country made thy impious sport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckless heart
Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe.
But, spite of every gloss of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's lustre blinds,
Who sagely prove that each man hath his price,
I still believ'd thy aim from blemish free,
I yet, even yet, believe it, spite of thee
And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice.

III.

"Thou didst not dream of liberty decay'd,
"Nor wish to make her guardian laws more
"strong:

"But the rash many, first by thee misled,
"Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
For faith deserted or for cities sold,
Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed;
One mystery of shame from Curio, learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
And scape in guilt's disguise from virtue's offer'd
need.

[* See the "Epistle to Curio," in this volume.]

IV.

For saw we not that dangerous power avow'd
Whom freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
Whom public wisdom ever strove to exclude,
And but with blushes suffereth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching spoils,
O'er court, o'er senate, spread in pomp her
 toils,
And call'd herself the state's directing soul:
Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
With eloquence and reason at his side,
By strength of holier spells the enchantress to
 control.

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame ex-
 tends;
The rescued merchant oft thy words resounds:
Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends:
His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns:
The learn'd recluse, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit scan:
While he, whom virtue in his blest retreat
Bade social ease and public passion meet,
Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
We saw thy spirit through the senate reign;
And freedom's friends thy instant omen heard
Of laws for which thy fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the strife the public Genius rose
More keen, more ardent from his long repose:
Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his
 power,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vast event the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll;
And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind,
And steer his passions steady to the goal.
O Alfred, father of the English name,
O valiant Edward, first in civil fame,
O William, height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye
Behold the sum of all your labors nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule
 secure.

VIII.

'Twas then---O shame! O soul from faith
 estrang'd!
O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!
'Twas then---thy thought what sudden frenzy
 chang'd?
What rushing gulf took thy strength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cause approv'd?
The man so great, so honour'd, so lov'd?
Whom the dead envy'd, and the living blest'd?
This patient slave by tinsel bonds allur'd?
This wretch a slave for a boon abjur'd?
Whom those that fear'd him, scorn; that trusted
 him, detest?

IX.

O lost alike to action and repose!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Sold to the mockery of relentless foes,
And doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in
 shame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deserter's dull exploded part,
To fight the favor thou canst hope no more,
Renounce the giddy croud, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightness on thy country's
 mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign
 shore.

X.

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,
By courtly passions try the public cause;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manliest passions mov'd,
The labours which to virtue stand approv'd,
Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey;
Yet, where injustice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

These thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell,
Couch'd in thy bosom's deep tempestuous
 gloom
Like some grim idol in a forcerer's cell.
Before her rites thy sickening reason flew,
Divine persuasion from thy tongue withdrew,
While laughter mock'd, or pity stole a sigh:
Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the soul is lame?
Can fancy's feeble springs the force of truth sup-
 ply?

XII.

But come: 'tis time: strong destiny impends
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd;
With princes fill'd, the solemn fane ascends,
By infamy, the mindful demon sway'd.
There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid
 waste
For ever through the spacious courts resound:
There long posterity's united groan
And the sad change of horrors not their own,
Affail the giant chiefs, and press them to the
 ground.

XIII.

In sight old Time, imperious judge awaits:
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just,
He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August,
And still he asks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began,
Evolves their secrets and their guilt pro-
 claims:
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying Bards be-
 stow'd,
And crush their trophies huge, and raise their
 sculptur'd names,

XIV.

Ye mighty shades, arise, give place, attend:
 Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks:
 ---Low doth proud Wentworth to the stranger
 bend,
 And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks:
 "He comes, whom Fate with surer arts pre-
 "par'd
 "To accomplish all which we but vainly
 "dar'd
 "Whom o'er the stubborn herd she taught to
 "reign:
 "Who sooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging
 "power
 "Even to its last irrevocable hour;
 "Then baffled their rude strength, and brokethem
 "to the chain."

XV.

But ye, whom yet wild Liberty inspires,
 Whom for her champions o'er the world she
 claims,
 (That household godhead whom of old your
 fires
 Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames)
 Drive ye this hostile omen far away:
 Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
 Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's
 alone:
 Still gird your swords to combat on her side;
 Still frame your laws her generous test to abide;
 And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood
 Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
 Hath spread that selfish fierceness through your
 blood,
 Which not her lightest discipline indures:
 Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause:
 Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
 A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
 O sons of Alfred, were for you assign'd:
 Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
 And no sublimer lot will fate reserve for man.

O D E X.
 TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
 Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
 Ah why forsaken thus my breast
 With inauspicious damps oppress'd?
 Where is the dread prophetic heat,
 With which my bosom wont to beat?
 Where all the bright mysterious dreams
 Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
 That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

II.

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
 Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
 Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
 Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
 Or have melodious airs the power
 To give one free, poetic hour?
 Or, from amid the Elysian train,
 The soul of Milton shall I gain,
 To win thee back with some celestial strain?

III.

O powerful strain, O sacred soul!
 His numbers every sense controul:
 And now again my bosom burns;
 The Muse, the Muse herself, returns.
 Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
 I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
 When first she seal'd me for her own,
 Made all her blissful treasures known,
 And bade me swear to follow Her alone.

O D E XI.

O N L O V E,

TO A FRIEND,

NO, foolish youth---To virtuous fame
 If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
 If true ambition's nobler flame
 Command thy footsteps from the crowd,
 Lean not to Love's enchanting snare;
 His songs, his words, his looks beware,
 Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils
 The wreath of just renown is worn;
 Nor will ambition's awful spoils
 The flowery pomp of ease adorn:
 But love unbends the force of thought;
 By love unmanly fears are taught;
 And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
 And heard from many a zealous breast,
 The pleasing tale of Beauty's praise
 In Wisdom's lofty language dress'd;
 Of Beauty powerful to impart
 Each finer sense, each comelier art,
 And soothe and polish man's ungente heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit secure,
 Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
 Go; see the white-wing'd evening hour
 On Delia's vernal walk descend:
 Go, while the golden light serene,
 The grove, the lawn, the listen'd scene,
 Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
 Each bosom, each desire commands:
 Apollo's lute by Hermes strung
 And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
 Attend. I feel a force divine,
 O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
 That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet, conscious of the dangerous charm,
 Soon would I turn my steps away;
 Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
 Nor lull my reason's watchful way.
 But thou, my friend---I hear thy sighs:
 Alas, I read thy downcast eyes:
 And thy tongue falters; and thy colour flies.

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair?
 So pensive all this absent hour?
 ---O yet unlucky youth, beware,
 While yet to think is in thy power,
 In vain with friendship's flattering name
 Thy passion veils its inward shame;
 Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once I remember, new to love,
 And dreading his tyrannic chain,
 I sought a gentle maid to prove
 What peaceful joys in friendship reign;
 Whence we forthwith might safely stand,
 And pitying view the love-sick band,
 And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
 To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd;
 While I exulted to survey
 One generous woman's real mind:
 Till friendship soon my languid breast
 Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
 Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distress'd,

X.

Fool that I was!---And now, even now
 While thus I preach the Stoic strain
 Unless I shun Olympia's view,
 An hour unlays it all again.
 O friend!---when love directs her eyes
 To pierce where every passion lies,
 Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

O D E XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BART.

I.

BEHOLD, the balance in the sky
 Swift on the wintery scale inclines;
 To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
 And the bare pastures Pan reigns.
 Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread
 With recent soil the twice-mown mead,
 Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
 He whets the rusty coulter now,
 He binds his oxen to the plough,
 And wide his future harvest throws.

II.

Now London's busy confines round,
 By Kensington's imperial towers,
 From Highgate's rough descent profound,
 Essexian heaths, or Kentish bowers,
 Where'er I pass, I see approach
 Some rural statesman's eager coach
 Hurried by senatorial cares:
 Where rural nymphs (alike within,
 Apiring courtly praise to win)
 Debate their dress, reform their airs,

III.

Say what can now the country boast,
 O Drake, thy footsteps to detain,
 When peevish winds and gloomy frost
 The sunshine of the temper stain?
 Say, are the Priests of Devon grown,
 Friends to this tolerating throne,
 Champions for George's legal right?
 Have general freedom, equal law,
 Won to the glory of Nassau
 Each bold Wesssexian squire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much; and guess at least
 That when the day, which made us free,
 Shall next return, that sacred feast
 Thou better may'st observe with me.
 With me the sulphurous treason old
 A far inferior part shall hold
 In that glad day's triumphal strain;
 And generous William be rever'd,
 Nor one untimely accent heard
 Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the Gaïcon's fragrant wine
 With modest cups our joy supplies,
 We'll truly thank the power divine
 Who bade the chief, the patriot rise;
 Rise from heroic ease (the spoil
 Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
 From Belgium to her saviour son)
 Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
 For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
 Her laws defac'd, her shrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our shore,
 Like a forbidden demon, fled;
 And to eternal exile bore
 Pontific rage and vassal dread.
 There sunk the mouldering Gothic reign:
 New years came forth, a liberal train,
 Call'd by the people's great decree.
 That day, my friend, let blessings crown:
 ---Fill, to the demigod's renown
 From whom thou hast that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore should we part
 The public and the private weal?)
 In vows to her who sways thy heart,
 Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
 Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
 Or the soft ornaments that speak
 So eloquent in Daphne's smile,
 Whether the piercing lights that fly
 From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
 Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For so it is. Thy stubborn breast,
 Though touch'd by many a slighter wound,
 Hath no full conquest yet confess'd,
 Nor the one fatal charmer found,

While I, a true and loyal swain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign,
Through all the varying seasons own.
Her genius still my bosom warms:
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

O D E XIII.
ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
And taste the inspiring fount again.
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful strain---
And lo, with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat:
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, listening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me listen to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in smooth dance the light wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulse and a threatening hand
The * Lesbian patriot limits the sounding
chords:

Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Though now ye glory in your lust,
Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your
dreadful cause.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
Descends the radiant queen of love:
She smiles, and asks what sunder cares
Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
Why is my faithful maid distress'd?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast!
Say, flies he?---Soon he shall pursue.
Shuns he thy gifts?---He soon shall give:
Slights he thy sorrows?---He shall grieve,
And soon to all thy wishes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden shell again?
What mortal breath shall e'er presume
To echo that unbounded strain?

* *Alanus.*

Majestic in the frown of years,
Behold, the † man of Thebes appears:
For some there are, whose mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd:
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame,

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.---Propitious Mule,
While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
Wilt thou for Albion's sons around
(Ne'er hadst thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from shore to shore
Through Greece thy lyre's persuasive language
bore,
Till towns and isles and seas return'd the vocal
joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleasure's lawless throng,
Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song,
Pollute with impious revels dire.
O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade
May no foul discord here invade:
Nor let thy strings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
And Heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The fairest flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow:
Thy strings adapt their varied strain
To every pleasure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And strait our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering
earth,
Let me, O muse, thy solemn whispers hear:
When morning lends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy side,
Let Wisdom's awful suffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her way.

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd ease resign'd.
I quit the maze where science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

† *Pindar.*

IV. 2.

When Friendship and when letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my simple board,
Then let thy blameless hand call forth
The music of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at softer hours,
O! seek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To Beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incense on the vestal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre
From thee, O Muse, do I require;
While my presaging mind,
Conscious of powers she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd.

O D E XIV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND:
FROM THE COUNTRY.

I.

SAY, Townshend, what can London boast
To pay thee for the pleasures lost,
The health to-day resign'd;
When spring from this her favourite sea:
Bade Winter hasten his retreat,
And met the western wind.

II.

Oh knew'st thou how the balmy air,
The sun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame;
No more would noisy courts engage,
In vain would lying Faction's rage
Thy sacred leisure claim.

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the studious volume tir'd
I sought the open day:
And sure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy stay.

IV.

But ah in vain my restless feet
Trac'd every silent shady seat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurse some infant oak
They turn the slowly-tinkling brook
And catch the pearly showers,
Or brush the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noon-tide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with Spring renew,
The eyes of care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their guest,
Since grief of love my soul oppress'd,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But soon shall thy enlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inspire:
Then will the sylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And listen to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely shade
A rustic altar shall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd:
And thou the inscription wilt approve;
"This for the peace which, lost by love,
By Friendship was reclaim'd."

O D E XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd, the queen of heaven
With young Endymion frays:
And now to Hesper is it given
Awhile to rule the vacant sky,
Till she shall to her lamp supply
A stream of lighter rays.

II.

O Hesper, while the starry throng
With awe thy path surround,
Oh listen to my suppliant song,
If haply now the vocal sphere
Can suffer thy delighted ear
To stoop to mortal sounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial strains
Thee still invoke to shine:
So may the bride's unmarried train
To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With lustre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows must I prefer
To thy indulgent power,
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in quest I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

V.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
Thou purest light above:
Lest no false flame seduce to stray
Where gulph or steep lie hid for harm:
But lead where music's healing charm
My soothe afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful song
In happier seasons vow'd,
These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd.
Beneath yon copses stood.

VII.

Nor seldom, where the beachen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We come while her enchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held:
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the solemn shade.

VIII.

But hark: I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moss o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green space: on either hand
Enlarg'd it spreads around:
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Inclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How sweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends:
The stars shine out: the forest bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive Syren sing,
Oh softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's disposing power.
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:
How often virtue dwells with woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How swiftly pleasure flies.

XIII.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

WITH sordid floods the wintery * Urn
Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level green
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic scene.
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or sky
Surveys as in their Author's mind:
And London shelters from the year
Those whom thy social hours to share
The Attic Muse design'd.

II.

From Hampstead's airy summit me
Her guest the city shall behold,
What day the people's stern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
Before the sun, the anointed head.
Then seek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful shade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The sacred martyr of the day,
By fast and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away,
For this, on humble faith I rest
That still our advocate, the priest,
From heavenly wrath will save the land;
Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent sounds restrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and state!
That evening, let the Muse give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my first youth enamour'd saw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to pursue in Virgil's lay:
Till hope ascends to loftiest things
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar sway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And English fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chastize:

* *Aquarius.*

While hand in hand, at wisdom's shrine,
Beauty with truth I strive to join,
And grave assent with glad applause;
To paint the story of the soul,
And Plato's visions to controul
By Verulamian * laws.

O D E XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

M.DCC.XLVII.

I.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the pass-port to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given,
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden
lyre.

O D E XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

M.DCC.XLVII.

I. 1.

THE wife and great of every clime,
Through all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd:
For, taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart:
They best the soul with glory fire;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthroned the fixed
heart.

I 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
The vengeful bosom to disarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's
sword,
An equal empire claim?
No, Halings. Thou my words will own:
Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known;
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

* Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon,
Novum Organum.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art.
And the blest function of the Poet's tongue,
Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour; to assert
From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath sung.
Nor shall the brandishment of Tuscan strings
Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower;
Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.

A different strain,

And other themes

From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
(Thou well canst witness) meet the purged ear:
Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear;
To hear the sweet instructress tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its noblest use may find,
How well for freedom be resign'd;
And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's strain
To many a kind domestic train,
Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul:
When, every hospitable rite
With equal bounty to require,
He struck his magic strings:
And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic
things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
Oft near him, with applauding hands,
The genius of his country stands.
To listening gods he makes him known,
That man divine, by whom were sown
The seeds of Grecian fame:
Who first the race with freedom fir'd:
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd:
From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies
came.

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age;
When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me;
Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine:
Not that thy lips drank sweetmeats from the bee;
Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their measure with the Sylvan throng:
But that thy song
Was proud to unfold
What thy base rulers trembled to behold:
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance
fell.

But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muse's law didst rightly know;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raise,
Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of latter times,
Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's crimes?
Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial Russian aid?
Alas! not one polluted Bard,
No, not the strains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
Dare to the Muse's ear aspire;
Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task
they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands;
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great!
Then turn, and, while each western clime
Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
"The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
"Which bade thy potent voice protect thy
"country's fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage pursues;
While from these arduous cares of public weal
She bids each Bard begone, and rest him with his
Muse.

O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;
Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
The world's most perfect image to display,
Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!

O fool! to deem

That he, whose thought must visit every theme,
Whose heart must every strong emotion know
Inspir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;
That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science fraught,
Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will shun,
Or hide their glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reserv'd for angry heaven, and scorn'd of ho-
nest fame?

* *Octavianus Caesar.*

Vol. VII.

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares;
Here let the Bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,
Bid public praise farewell:
Let him to sifter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their
cell.

IV. 3.

O Hastings, not to all
Can ruling heaven the same endowments lend:
Yet still doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers
they bend,

Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
Inform the bosom of the Muse's son;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the suffrage of impartial fame.

The poet's name

He best shall prove,

Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy fires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy fires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his
hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
They led the rustic youth to arms;
And kings their stern achievements fear'd;
While private strife their banners rear'd.
But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
Where empire's wide-establish'd throne
No private master fills:
Where, long foretold, the People reigns:
Where each a vassal's humble heart diddains;
And judgeth what he sees; and, as he judgeth,
wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling democratic tide;
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that servile band, who kneel
To freedom's banish'd foes;
That monster, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel
knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest heaven's command,
That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue;
That what ensnares the heart should maim the
hand,
And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.

P P

But look on freedom. See, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath shed it down'd :
What arms, what regal pride, what priestly

rage,

Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains

Of happy twains,

Which now resound

Where Scarfdale's cliffs the swelling pastures
bound,

Bear witness. There, oft let the farmer hail

The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate,

And fnew to strangers passing down the vale,

Where Can'dish, Booth, and Osborne fate ;

When, bursting from their country's chain,

Even in the midst of deadly harms,

Of papal snares and lawless arms,

They plann'd for freedom this her noblest reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,

Which Nassau gave us all to share,

Had ne'er adorn'd the English name :

Could fear have silenc'd freedom's claim.

But fear in vain attempts to bind

Those lofty efforts of the mind

Which social good inspires :

Where men, for this, assault a throne,

Each adds the common welfare to his own ;

And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all
acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd

Our fields in civil blood imbrued ?

When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,

And half the astonish'd isle was lost ?

Did one of all that vaunting train,

Who dare affront a peaceful reign,

Durst one in arms appear ?

Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?

Shake his luxurious fortunes in the strife ?

Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to
cheat ?

VI. 3.

Yet, Hastings, these are they

Who challenge to themselves thy country's love ;

The true ; the constant : who alone can weigh,

What glory should demand, or liberty approve !

But let their works declare them. Thy free
powers,

The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,

Not for the talks of their confederate hours,

Lead brawls and lurking slander, were design'd

Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise

Oft nobly ways

Ingenious youth :

But sought from cowards and the lying mouth,

Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone

For mortals fixeth that sublime award.

He, from the faithful records of his throne,

Hids the historian and the bard

Dispose of honor and of scorn ;

Distinguish the patriot from the slave :

And write the good, the wise, the brave,

For lessons to the multitude unborn.

BOOK THE SECOND ODE I.

THE

REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE:

Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre
Royal, while the French Comedians were act-
ing by Subscription.

[F, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakespeare's tongue you deign to under-
stand,

Lo, from the blissful bowers where Heaven rewards

Instructive Sages and unblemish'd Bards,

I come the ancient founder of the stage,

Intent to learn, in this discerning age,

What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,

And whither tends your elegance of taste,

That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,

That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,

That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim

To crown the rivals of your country's fame

What, though the footsteps of my devious Muse

The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse ?

Or though the frankness of my hardy style

Mock the nice touches of the critic's file ?

Yet, what my age and climate held to view,

Impartial I survey'd and fearless drew.

And say, ye skillful in the human heart,

Who know to prize a Poet's noblest part.

What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field

For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield ?

I saw this England break the shameful bands

Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands :

I saw each groaning realm her aid implore ;

Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore :

Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)

Obeys'd through all the circuit of the main,

Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,

Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd :

New hopes, new passions thence the bosom fir'd ;

New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspir'd ;

Thence every scene, which private fortune knows,

In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose.

Disgrac'd I this full prospect which I drew ?

My colours languid, or my strokes untrue ?

Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,

Confess'd the living draught of men and things ?

What other Bard in any clime appears

Alike the master of your smiles and tears ?

Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice

With wretched bribes to luxury and vice ?

Or have my various scenes a purpose known

Which Freedom, Virtue, Glory, might not own ?

Such from the first was my dramatic plan ;

It should be yours to crown what I began :

And now that England turns her Gothic chain,

And equal laws and social science reign,

I thought, Now surely shall my zealous eyes

View nobler Bards and juster Critics rise,

Intent with learned labour to refine

The copious ore of Albion's native mine,

Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,

And form her tongue to more attractive speech,

Till rival nations listen at her feet,

And own her gild'd as they own'd her great.

But do you thus my favourite hopes fulfil?
Is France at last the standard of your skill?
Alas for you! that so betray a mind
Of art unconscious, and to beauty blind.
Say; does her language your ambition raise,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,
Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?
Say; does your humble admiration chuse
The gentle prattle of her Comic Muse,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to say nought but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic scene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
And heroes never, but for love, expire?

No. Though the charms of novelty, a while,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,
Yet not for you design'd indulgent fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon state.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope misleads,
If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtship would an audience deign,
Or those chaste matrons a Parisian wife
Chuse for the model of domestic life;
Or if one youth of all that generous band,
The strength and splendor of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying smiles Oppression's pomp to see,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.

O blest at home with justly-envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cause,
Whom Heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour

To check the inroads of barbaric power,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the social world from bonds and shame;
Oh let not luxury's fantastic charms
Thus give the lie to your heroic arms:
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Dishonest lessons from that vaunting race,
Whom Fate's dread laws (for, in eternal Fate,
Despotic Rule was heir to Freedom's hate)
Whom, in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counsel, and in pleasing art,
The Judge of earth predestin'd for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppose,

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

THOU silent power, whose welcome sway
Charms every anxious thought away;
In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound;
O whither hast thou flown, indulgent god?
God of kind shadows and of healing dews,
Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse?

II.

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that skim the crystal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep,
No rustling winds disturb the tufted bowers;
No wakeful sound the morn-light valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose.

III.

O let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain!
Descend, propitious, on my eyes;
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly statesman's down
Nor where the miser and his treasure lies:
Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest,
Nor those the hireling soldier loves to see,
Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast:
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams
from me?

IV.

Nor yet those awful forms present,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:
The figur'd brass, the choral song,
The rescued people's glad applause,
The listening senate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counsels of * Timoleon's tongue.
Are scenes too grand for Fortune's private ways;
And though they shine in youth's ingenuous view,
The sober gainful arts of modern days
To such romantic thought, have bid a long adieu.

V.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
To banish Love's presentings fair:
Nor rosy cheek, nor radiant eye
Can arm him with such strong command
That the young foreerer's fatal hand
Shall round my soul his pleasing tethers tie.
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
(A lighter phantom, and a baser chain)
Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according strain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable visions bring,
A hush'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he saw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knew
When health's deep treasure, by his heart ex-
plor'd,
Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woe,
Or to the trembling fire his age's hope restor'd.

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every im-
portant deliberation sent for him to the public assem-
bly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. —
PLUTARCH.

O D E III.
TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O Rustic herald of the spring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Fast by the brook I hear thee sing;
And, studious of thy homely tale,
Amid the vespers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy sage responses hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter Poet of the shade,
Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care
Some constant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I said, "While Philomela's song
Proclaims the passion of the grove,
"It ill beseems a cuckow's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove"---
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the sober truth to hear,
The sober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other blest'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and twain's consenting breast,
How cuckow-like in Cupid's school,
With store of grave prudential laws
On Fortune's power and Custom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom Love and Hope and Fancy sway,
Whom every harsher care disdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that, in April's fairest hours,
To warbling shades and painted flowers
The cuckow joins his lay.

O D E IV.
TO THE
HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND,
IN THE COUNTRY.

I. 1.

How oft shall I survey
This humble roof the lawn, the green-
wood shade,
The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee
stray?
When will thy cheerful mind
Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
Or, tell me, dost thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leisure which thou hadst resign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful sport the soul could
share,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her simple powers;
Oft as your winged train
Revisit here my friend in white array,
O fail not to display
Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,
That to his generous heart
The abode of even Friendship may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
I saw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet ascending to another home
Where public Praise and envied Greatness dwell.
But shall we therefore, O my lyre,
Reprove ambition's best desire?
Extinguish Glory's flame?
Far other was the task intwin'd
When to my hand thy strings were first at-
sign'd:
Far other faith belongs to Friendship's honor'd
name.

II. 1.

Thee, Townshend, not the arms
Of slumbering Ease, nor Pleasure's rosy chain,
Were destin'd to detain:
No, nor bright Science, nor the Muse's charms.
For them high Heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenser's hand
Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tufcan shell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to shield
The cause which Cromwell's impious hand
betray'd,
Or that, like Vere, display'd
His redcross banner o'er the Belgian field;
Yet where the will divine
Hath shut those lostiest paths, it next remains,
With reason clad in strains
Of harmony, selected minds to inspire,
And Virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never shall the herd, whom Envy sways,
So quell my purpose or my tongue controul,
That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,
Because its master's friendship mov'd my soul.
Yet, if this undissembling strain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleasing sound,
Remember thou that righteous Fame
From hoary age a strict account will claim
Of each auspicious palm with which thy youth was
crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is thy way
Where Heaven expects thee; nor the traveller
leads,
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.

The impartial laws of Fate
To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
Is there a man who shares
The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Ask him (for he can tell)
What storms beat round that rough laborious
height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold;
I know your perils hard.
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintery fears,
The night estrang'd from ease
The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The indignant heart disdain the reward.

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants, But, O renown,
O praise from judging heaven and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?
And now they sit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the sovran mind,
"Lo, these," he saith, "lo, these are they
Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
From violence and fear asserted human kind."

IV. 1.

Thus honor'd while the train
Of legislators in his presence dwell;
If I may aught foretell,
The statesman shall the second palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,
More glittering trophies raise:
But wisest heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favor and to love?
What, save wide blessings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the imbattled field
Shall the achievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valor, or the songs of conquest yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naseby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breast oppose
Than Pym's free virtue chose,
When the proud force of Strafford he control'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious
mind
When (blighted all the promise of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled twains,
Let mem'd London tell
How impious Guile made Wisdom base:
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place:
And how unblest'd he liv'd, and how dishonor'd
fell,

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muse
Around his tomb Pierian roses flung:
Nor shall one poet's tongue
His name for Music's pleasing labor chuse.
And sure, when Nature kind
Hath deck'd some favor'd breast above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To Guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-submitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise
Nothing can seem but Virtue: nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize.
There Somers fix'd his name,
Inroll'd the next to William. There shall Time
To every wondering clime
Point out that Somers, who from Faction's croud,
The slanderous and the loud,
Could fair assent and modest reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,
Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
Without his guidance, his superior hand.
And rightly shall the Mute's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whose mind's enamour'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever Sage or Poet saw,
Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideastamp.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
The Muse was never foreign to his breast:
On Power's grave seat confess'd,
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the blessed know
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenser, hear the enchanted echos round
Through farthest heaven rebound
With Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muse's powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of just and true.
They lend a nobler sway
To civil Wisdom, than corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure:
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloth'd in the fairest colours of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townshend, thus may Time, the judge se-
vere,
Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell:
And when I speak of one to Freedom dear
For planning wisely and for acting well,

Of one whom glory loves to own,
 Who still by liberal means alone
 Hath liberal ends pursued;
 Then for the guerdon of my lay,
 "This man with faithful friendship," will I
 "say,
 From youth to honour'd age my arts and me
 "hath view'd."

O D E V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

OF all the springs within the mind
 Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze,
 From none more pleasing aid we find
 Than from the genuine love of praise.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
 Such reverence to the public bears;
 Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
 So like to Virtue's self appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
 Without delight in glorious deeds?
 What man a charming voice can slight,
 Who courts the echo that succeeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
 More, than on virtue praise, depends;
 To which, of course, it's real price
 The judgment of the praiser lends.

V.

If praise then with religious awe
 From the sole perfect judge be sought,
 A nobler aim, a purer law,
 Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the same
 Though in an humbler sphere it lies,
 I count that soul of human fame,
 The suffrage of the good and wise.

O D E VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE:

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
 While, fluent as the sky-lark sings
 When first the morn allures it's wings,
 The epicure his theme pursues:
 And tell me if, among the choir
 Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
 So full, so free, so rich a strain
 E'er dictated the warbling Minstrel.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
 Admires the well-dissembled art
 That can such harmony impart
 To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
 While wit from affectation clear,
 Bright images, and passions true,
 Recall to thy assenting view
 The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not est his doctrine wrong?
 This priest of pleasure, who aspires
 To lead us to her sacred fires,
 Knows he the ritual of her shrine?
 Say (her sweet influence to thy song
 So may the goddess still afford)
 Doth she consent to be ador'd
 With shameless love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chrysippus here
 Need we in high indignant phrase
 From their Elysiac quiet raise;
 But pleasure's oracle alone
 Consult; attentive, not severe.
 O pleasure, we blaspheme not thee;
 Nor emulate the rigid knee
 Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V.

We own had fate to man assign'd
 Nor sense, nor wish, but what obey
 Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay,
 Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
 Most aptly govern human kind:
 Unless perchance what he hath sung
 Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung
 Some wrangling heretic should plead.

VI.

But now with all these proud desires
 For dauntless truth and honest fame:
 With that strong master of our frame,
 The inexorable judge within,
 What can be done? Alas, ye fires
 Of love: alas, ye rosy smiles,
 Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils,
 ---Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

O D E VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND
BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF
WINCHESTER.

I. I.

FOR toll which patriots have endur'd,
 For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
 In every nation Time displays
 The palm of honourable strife.
 Envy may rail; and faction fierce
 May strive: but what, alas, can those
 (Though bold, yet blind and fordid too)
 To gratitude and love oppose,
 To liberal charity and pious reverence?

I. 2.

O give'st off freedom, Albion, say,
Thou tamer of despotic sway,
What man, among thy sons around,
Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Hast thou with purer joy survey'd
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through impostur's solemn shade,
Through kingly and through sacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher blest'd,
Whose religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth
conceal'd,
To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd:
"Godson, and rescue my dishonour'd law
"From hands rapacious and from tongues im-
"pure:
"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
"To persecution's mortal snares to aid:
"Let not my words be impious chains to draw
"The freeborn soul in more than brutal awe,
"To faith without assent, allegiance unre-
"paid."

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
The world soon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the blest unfold
The rising hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sons of the Grecian name renown'd)
And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus subdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with sacred folly wage;
Could a whole nation disengage
From the dread bonds of many an age
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
Nor the strong powers to civil founders
known,
Were his: but truth by faithful search explor'd,
And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Nor regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine
Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage;
Nor the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
Nor tyrann'd by the papal Genius taught,
Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Austerbury's
Page.

III. 1.

But where shall recompence be found?
Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious scene;
What rugged spaces lie between
Adventurous Virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! The shade
Of death, mean nime, does oft invade
Her progress; nor, to us display'd,
Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
---O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
On earth arrive, with thankful awe
We own just heaven's indulgent law,
And proudly thy success behold;
We attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praise,
And hail Thee in our public ways
Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
Who rescued or preserv'd the rights of human kind,
O not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name:
O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
Which Thou hast kept intire from force and
factious guile

O D E VIII.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to please.
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excel?

II.

Behold that bright unsullied smile.
And wisdom speaking in her mien:
Yet (she so artless all the while,
So little studious to be seen)
We nought but instant gladness know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither music, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolick cheer,
Add half that sunshine to the hours,
Or make life's prospect half so clear,
As memory brings it to the eye
From scenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a satirist could there
Or fault or indiscretion find;
Nor any prouder sage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whose form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanor shows.

V.

This sure is beauty's happiest part:
This gives the most unbounded sway:
This shall enchant the subject heart
When rose and lily fade away;
And she be still, in spite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

O D E IX.

A T S T U D Y.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy stray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my studious theme?
From this philosophic page,
From the problems of the sage,
Wandering through a pleasing dream?

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned Wisdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour:
Nature bids a softer power
Claim some minutes for his own,

III.

Let the busy or the wise
View him with contemptuous eyes;
Love is native to the heart:
Guide its wishes as you will;
Without Love, you'll find it still
Void in one essential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;
Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame,
And the old heroic lyre;

V.

Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leisure known,
Or in social duty spent;
Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest;
Languishes for true content.

O D E X.

T O

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE,

ON THE LATE EDITION OF

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but seldom men obtain
By sense or wit, by prose or song:
A task for more Herculean powers,
Nor suited to the sacred hours
Of leisure in the Muse's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muse, the blameless queen, resides;
Fair Fame attends, and Wisdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides:
While, shut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, still repining, wait
Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would step one moment forth to heed
What impotent and savage sounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?
No: rather Spenser's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious strain
For Pope's dishonour'd shade complain.

IV.

Tell how displeas'd was every Bard,
When lately in the Elysian grove
They of his Mu'e's guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above;
And what with one accord they said
Of wit in drooping age mislaid,
And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the sordid fate
To that melodious lyre assign'd
Beneath a tutor who so late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By spiteful clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting sound,
Though listening realms admir'd around.

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's satiric line
Did farther fuel scarce require
From such a militant divine:
How Milton scorn'd the sophist vain
Who durst approach his hallow'd strain
With unwash'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakespeare debonnaire and mild
Trought that strange comment forth to view :
Conceals more deep, he laid and smil'd,
Than his own fools or madmen knew :
But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The same kind office thou wouldst pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future Bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auspicious name,
From each absurd intruder's claim,
To keep inviolate their fame.

ODE XI.

TO THE

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN
OF ENGLAND.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled ?
Where are those valiant tenants of her
shore,
Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore ?
Freeman and soldier was their common name,
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe ;
Who taught the steer the wintery plough to en-
Now in full councils check'd encroaching power.
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

II.

But who are ye ? from Ebro's loitering sons
To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine ;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye lost, ye self-deserted ? whose proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your
swords
To slavish ruffians, hir'd for their command :
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod :
These are the public will, the reason of the land.

III.

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas ! the while
Dost thou presume ? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms ?
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praise and envy of the nations round,
What care hast thou to guard from fortune's
sway ?
Amid the storms of war, how soon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day !
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IV.

No : thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales
Add industry's wise gifts to nature's store :
And every port is crouded with thy sails,
And every wave throws treasure on thy shore.
What boots it ? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Those gifts, that treasure is no longer thine.
Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will shine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy
bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee ?
Girt by the azure tide, and thron'd sublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canst see,
With scorn, the fury of each hostile clime
Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian
prow
No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand—
Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee ? Hast thou all thy hopes resign'd
To the sky's fickle faith ? the pilot's wavering
hand ?

VI.

For oh ! may neither fear nor stronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, last of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies station'd round the throne
To trust thy safety. Then farewell, the claims
Of freedom ! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's shrine ;
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithless Charles's
hand,
Or what great William seal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conquest, and from servile shame,
In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found :
The public voice bids arm your rural state,
Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth
around.

VIII.

Why are ye tardy ? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native post ?
Who most their country's fame and fortune share,
'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most.
Each man his task in social life sustains.
With partial labours, with domestic gains,
Let others dwell : to you indulgent heaven
By counsel and by arms the public cause
To serve for public love and love's applause,
The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath
given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
The Fabian sons? the Scipios, matchless line?
Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the swain
Met his lov'd patron's summons from the plain:
The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew;
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
The conquerors to their household gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine
plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be lost among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with scorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming nature now her sons inspire,
That, like some mystery to few reveal'd,
The skill of arms abash'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeless hearts
retire?

XI.

O shame to human life, to human laws!
The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell sword without affection draws,
Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the lessons of the field can learn:
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conquest: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are social arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irksome were the
pain.

XII.

Meantime by Pleasure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's
decay.

O blind of choice and to yourselves untrue!
The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields
renew, [friend;
The mansion asks its lord, the swains their
While he doth riot's orgies haply share,
Or tempt the gamester's dark, destroying snare,
Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng;
That the rude village-inmates now disdain
Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas! your fathers did by other arts
Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and heaven's due
rites fulfil.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light discord tear
A state? and impotent sedition's crime? [there;
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not
The powers who to command and to obey,
Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway

The rising race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marshal'd field their steps unite,
And in glad splendor bring before their sight
One common cause and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your task disown,
Though war's proud votaries look on severe;
Though secrets taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old simplicity, in vain:
To the time's warfare, simple or refin'd,
The time itself adapts the warrior's mind;
And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why shall they now renounce that generous
praise?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle
hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires, nor Mowbray's yeomen
brook'd: [narch bound.
They saw their standard fall, and left their mo-

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your father's won;
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntless breast:
—Is there no voice that speaks to every son?
No nobler, holier call to You address'd?
O! by majestic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly truths, by manly reason's cause,
Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
By Friendship, social Peace, domestic Love,
Rise; arm; your country's living safety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around
her shore.

ODE XII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS,
IN THE COUNTRY.

I.

THY verdant scenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd
breast
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler move-
ment play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awak'd I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the
grove,

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of Health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear. [cries;
" Droop not, nor doubt of my return," she
" Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
" Meet thee beneath yon chestnut bower,
" And lenient on thy bosom pour [skies."
" That indolence divine which lulls the earth and

IV.

The goddess promis'd not in vain,
I found her at my favourite time.
Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-slumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew [day.
Then first, O heavenly Muse, unseen for many a

V.

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden star of love.
I saw her hand in careless measures move;
I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
New colours clothe external things, [tire.
And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint re-

VI.

O Goulder's hill, by thee restor'd
Once more to this enliven'd hand,
My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, solemn and severe,
My Derian harp shall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And send a less-ambitious lay [ear.
Of Friendship and of Love to greet thy master's

VII.

For when within thy shady seat
First from the sultry town he chose,
And the tir'd senate's cares, his wish'd repose,
Thence wast thou mine; to me a happier home
For social leisure: where my welcome feet,
Estrang'd from all the entangling ways
In which the restless vulgar strays,
Through nature's simple paths with ancient faith
might roam.

VIII.

And while around his sylvan scene
My Dyson led the white-wing'd hours,
Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
Their sages came: oft heard our lingering walk
The Mantuan music warbling o'er the green:
And oft did Tully's reverend shade,
Though much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd ere long this favour'd grove;
Even the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spot-
less throne.

X.

I saw when through yon festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said;
" Receive that fairest wealth which Heaven
assign'd
" To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
" One wish, one utmost hope confess?
" Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless:
" Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy
mind."

O D E XIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE
HOUSE OF BRANDENBURG.

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in councils or in arms,
Have seldom turn'd their feet from Glory's
chace,
To dwell with books, or court the Muse's
charms.
Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine transcript of their calmer thought,
There still we own the wise, the great, or good;
And Caesar there and Xenophon are seen,
As clear in spirit and sublime of mind,
As on Pharsalian plains, or by the Assyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the student's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That if hereafter Envy shall presume
With words irreverent to inscribe thy tomb,
And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence posterity may try thy reign,
Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foresight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
With private honour or with public zeal?
Whence then at things divine those darts of
scorn? [borne
Why are the woes, which virtuous men have
For sacred Truth, a prey to laughter given?
What fiend, what foe of nature, urged thy arm
The Almighty of his sceptre to disarm?
To push this earth adrift, and leave it loose from
heaven?

IV.

Ye god-like shades of legislators old,
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise,
Ye first of mortals, with the blest inroll'd,
Say, did not horror in your bosoms rise,
When thus by impious vanity impell'd
A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld
Affronting civil order's holiest bands?
Those bands which ye so labour'd to improve?
Those hopes and fears of justice from above,
Which tam'd the savage world to your diviner
mands?

ODE XIV. THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!
Tempt me no more, insidious Love:
Thy soothing sway
Long did my youthful bosom prove:
At length thy treason is discern'd,
At length some dear-bought caution earn'd:
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I see
Her merit. Needs it now be shewn,
Alas! to me?
How often, to myself unknown,
The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! How often said,
What joy to call a heart like her's one's own.

III.

But, flattering god,
O squanderer of content and ease,
In thy abode
Will care's rude lesson learn to please?
O say, deceiver, hast thou won
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her stern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

(UNFINISHED.)

I.

MEET honour, female shame, [sky,
O! whither, sweetest offspring of the
From Albion dost thou fly;
Of Albion's daughters once the favourite fame?
O Beauty's only friend,
Who giv'st her pleading reverence to inspire;
Who selfish, bold desire
Dost to esteem and dear affection turn;
Alas! of thee forlorn, [tend?
What joy, what praise, what hope can life pre-

II.

Behold; our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happiness enquire:
Our maids no more aspire
The arts of bashful Hymen to attain:
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impassive, as they move along,
Ask homage of the throng.
The lover swears that in an harlot's arms
Are found the self-same charms,
And worthless and deserted lives and dies.

III.

Behold; unblest'd at home,
The father of the cheerless household mourns:
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at distance roam;
While she, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull task of cares,
To meet him she prepares, [art,
Through noise and spleen, and all the gamester's
A listless, harass'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus, along the shore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue prefer'd,
Of strife and grief the fond invective lore:
At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamant spear
Like thunder sounding near,
Smote the red cross upon her silver shield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

HYMN

TO THE NAIADS.

The Nymphs who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at day-break, in honour of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural, and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer-breezes; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise: which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medical springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive: In opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

O'ER yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness; and the God of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry; and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre
Go far into the splendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my observant hand
Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
The humid sands; to loosen from the soil
The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.
Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs? or
end?
Wide is your praise and copious—First of things,
First of the lonely powers, ere Time arose,

Were love and Chaos. Love the fire of Fate;
 Elder and Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
 Who many sons and many comely births
 Devour'd, relentless father: till the child
 Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,
 And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
 The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
 And spotless Vesta; while supreme of sway
 Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
 Of Tethys sprang the seditious crown'd race,
 Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
 Send tribute to their parent: and from them
 Are ye, O Naiads: Arethusa fair,
 And tuneful Aganippe; that sweet name,
 Bandusia; that soft family which dwelt
 With Syrian Daphne; and the honor'd tribes
 Belov'd of Pæon. Listen to my strain,
 Daughters of Tethys: listen to your praise. [old]

You, Nymphs the winged offspring, which of
 Aurora to divine Astræus bore,
 Owns; and your aid beseecheth. When the might
 Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
 Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
 They ask: Favonius and the mild South-west
 From you relief implore. Your fallying streams
 Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart.
 Again they fly, disporting; from the mead
 Half-ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
 To sweep the noxious mildew; or dispel
 Contagious steams, which oft the parched earth
 Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,
 Along the river and the paved brook,
 Ascend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
 Who, fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
 Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
 Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
 O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand
 The reverend scene delineates, broken fane,
 Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
 Of ancient Time; and haply, while he scans
 The ruins, with a silent tear revolves
 The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid
 The rural powers confess; and still prepare
 For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands,
 Oft as the Delian king, with Sirius holds
 The central heavens, the father of the grove
 Commands his Dryads over your abodes
 To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the god
 Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
 Your general dews to nurse them in their prime.

Pales, the pasture's queen, where-e'er ye stray,
 Pursues your steps, delighted; and the path
 With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
 The laughing Chloris, with profuse hand, [you
 Throws wide her blooms, her odors. Still with
 Pomona seeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
 And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with
 Thames

Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
 Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
 Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles
 Nyxæan or Atlantic. Nor canst thou,
 (Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock
 The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
 O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canst thou
 Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid,

With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
 Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
 Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
 Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band. [fire,
 For better praise awaits you. Thames, your
 As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
 Descend, the tribute stately Thames, receives,
 Delighted; and your pious applaus;
 And bids his copious tide roll on secure,
 For faithful are his daughters; and with words
 Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
 His banks forsaking, her adventurous wing
 Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
 Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
 When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
 To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
 Stoops lightly-falling; oft intent your springs
 He views: and waving o'er some new-born stream
 His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
 "Yet," cries the son of Mars, "though reclus
 "And silent be your stores, from you, fair Nymphs,
 "Flows wealth and kind society to men.
 "By you my function and my honor'd name
 "Do I possess; while o'er the Bætic vale, [palms
 "Or through the towers of Memphis, or the
 "By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
 "The English merchant: with the buxom fleece
 "Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
 "Sarmatian kings; or to the household gods
 "Of Syria, from the bleak Coraumbian shore,
 "Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
 "Sidonian pilots fought, when this fair land
 "Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
 "Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
 "Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven."
 Such are the words of Hermes: such the praise,
 O Naiads, which from tongues celestial waits
 Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth
 power:

And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
 Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
 With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,
 Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
 Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
 Not vainly to the hospitable arts
 Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye Nymphs,
 Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
 Of arms to court your friendship? You she owns
 The fair associates who extend her sway
 Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
 Of you she uttereth; oft as from the shore [banks
 Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green
 Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
 To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
 Cantabrian surge, her auspices divine
 Imparting to the senate and the prince
 Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,
 The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
 Was ever scorn'd by Pallas: and of old
 Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
 Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge,
 To drive her clouds and storms; o'erwhelming all
 The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
 Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
 When Libya's torrid campaign and the rocks
 Of cold Imaüs join'd their servile bands,
 To sweep the sons of liberty from earth.

In vain : Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And shook her burning ægis. Xerxes saw :
From Heraclem, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign
Cœstial; felt unrighteous hope forsake
His faltering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.

Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power;
Who arm the hand of liberty for war :
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs : yet benign,
Yet mild of nature : to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witness; she who saves,
From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,
The wretch devoted to the intangling snares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams :
And where his breast may drink the mountain
And where the fervor of the sunny vale [breeze,
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
His eager bosom, does the queen of health
Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, presiding; and the frugal powers
With joy sedate leads in : and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores;
While changing still, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread
The garden's banquet; you to crown his feast,
To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: and from your shelving seats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To flake his veins: till soon a purer tide
Flows down those loaded channels: washeth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds
Of crude disease; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads: hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to stooping age,
The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your
Will I invoke; and frequent in your praise, [urns
Abash the frantic Thyrsus with my song.

For not estrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine
My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain :
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the sun,
(To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast
Which pines with silent passion) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep mansions he descends,
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth: where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
Waits to his pale-ey'd suppliants; waits the seeds

Metallic, and the elemental salts
Wath'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink;
and soon

Flies pain; flies inauspicious care: and soon
The social haunt or unfrequented shade
Hears Io, Io Pæan; as of old,
When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for helpless mortals I implore
Your salutary springs, through every urn
Oh shed your healing treasures. With the first
And finest breath, which from the genial strife
Of mineral fermentation springs, like light
O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then
The fountain, and inform the rising wave.

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of cœstial powers,
I frame their language; and the Muses deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did not my wondering sense
Their secrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
In slumber felt their music: oft at noon
Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
In field or shady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preserve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful
mind,

And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell :
Where you their chaste companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd scene: where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
They mark the cadence of their confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefulest repose
To their consoled measure: till again,
With emulation all the sounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the song
Their voices through the liquid air exalt, [strings
And sweep their lofty strings: those powerful
That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares :
Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes,
Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone :
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease,
Most welcome ease. The fire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatso'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
Th' interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
And troubled at the sound. Ye, Naiads, ye
With ravish'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive

To drown the heavenly strains; of highest Jove
Irreverent, and by mad presumption fir'd
Their own discordant raptures to advance
With hostile emulation. Down they rush
From Nyfa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dæmons
O Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air
The ivy-mantled thyrsus, or the torch
Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian
pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpoilt ear avert
Their orgies! If within the seats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
And hearken to their accents; who aspires
From such instructors to inform his breast
With verse; let him, fit votarist, implore
Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
May sing in aptest numbers: he the fate
Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Must dwell the man whose'er to praised themes
Invokes the immortal Muse. The immortal Muse
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footsteps; and with your unsullied streams
His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In those unfading islands of the bless'd,
Where sacred Bards abide. Hail, honor'd Nymphs;
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaic shell
Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs
Be present ye with favourable feet,
And all profane audience far remove.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherd's call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend:
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,

Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my
bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
O stranger, undismay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
Wife Pallas and the immortal Muses own.

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER

AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand pourtraying. Though per-
chance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art
come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in summer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where
the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imbosoms. There dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round. And onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Fast by a silent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
Sweet-smelling flowers. For there doth Edmund
rest,
The learned shepherd; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave [Heaven
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
Avenge her falsehood. Nor could all the gold,
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a lofter husband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
The strokes of Death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful story. Haply some fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining old:
O pale Misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:

O sons of Sport and Pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious Guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the imbattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakespeare's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every passion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse
here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blest'd their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down intire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

VI.

THE WOOD NYMPH.

APPROACH in silence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The second age
Now hasteneth to its period, since I rose
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are all my offspring; and each Nymph, who
guards
The copses and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have I seen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of Justice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Against the tyrants of the land, against
The unhallow'd sons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of Wisdom, and erroneous Folly's end
Have oft presag'd: and now well-pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My shade, a while releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down
Beneath my branches. Then his musing mind

I prompt, unseen; and place before his view
Sincerest forms of good: and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of gods and men, with Freedom's generous deeds,
The lofty voice of Glory and the faith
Of sacred Friendship. Stranger, I have told
My function. If within thy bosom dwell
Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt not
leave
Unhonour'd my abode, nor shall I hear
A sparing benediction from thy tongue.

VII.

YE powers unseen, to whom the Bards of Greece
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if erewhile
Not quite unpleasing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft this lonely seat
To you I consecrated; then vouchsafe
Here with your instant energy to crown
My happy solitude. It is the hour
When most I love to invoke you, and have felt
Most frequent your glad ministry divine.
The air is calm: the sun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven. The harvest round
Stands quiet, and among the golden sheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring groves
Are mute; nor even a linnet's random strain
Echoeth amid the silence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven
Abide ye? or on those transparent clouds
Pass ye from hill to hill? or on the shades
Which yonder elms cast o'er the lake below
Do you converse retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inspiring powers:
And I will guard it well, nor shall a thought
Rise in my mind, nor shall a passion move
Across my bosom unobserv'd, untor'd
By faithful memory. And then at some
More active moment, will I call them forth
Anew; and join them in majestic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious strains;
That all mankind shall wonder at your sway.

VIII.

ME though in life's sequester'd vale
The Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from Glory's toilsome ways,
And the great scenes of public praise;
Yet let me still with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early music to my tongue supply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,
And, 'This be thy concern, he said,
At once with Passion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleasurable charms,
And sacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of man;
Till under one unblemish'd plan,
His reason, fancy, and his heart unite.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO*.

THRIE has the Spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth Winter rises on thy shame,
Since I exulting grasp'd the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that wak'd my song before,
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.

If to the glorious man, whose faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
Had aw'd ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate;

If every tongue its large applauses ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels every Muse bestow'd;
If public justice urg'd the high reward,
And freedom smil'd on the devoted Bard:
Say then, to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And sav'd Corruption at her hopeless hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow?
And public justice sanctify the award?

And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?
Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame, [eyes,
Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious
And wish'd and hop'd the light again would rise.
But since thy guilt still more intire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of party-hate is past;
Calm as the Judge of Truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my trust from all reproach be free,
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.

There are who say they view'd without amaze
Thy sad reverse of all thy former praise;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierc'd the foulness of thy secret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.

* Curio was a young Roman Senator of distinguished birth and parts, who, upon his first entrance into the Forum, had been committed to the care of Cicero. Being proud and extravagant, he soon dissipated a large and splendid fortune; to supply the want of which, he was driven to the necessity of abetting the designs of Cæsar against the liberties of his country, although he had before been a professed enemy to him.—Cicero exerted himself with great energy to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the first victims in the civil war. This epistle was first published in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot, after a long and at last a successful opposition to an unpopular minister, had deserted the cause of his country, and become the foremost in support and defence of the same measures he had so steadily and for such a length of time contended against. It was altered by the Author into the "Ode to Curio;" but the original poem is too curious to be omitted. N.

Vol. VII.

But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage;
I scorn'd the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's lustre blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of Vice,
And all who prove "that each man has his price,"
I still believ'd thy end was just and free,
And yet, even yet believe it—spite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dar'd disclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of shame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm and liberty decay'd;
Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the show;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
Her gross delusion when she held thee dear;
How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all—
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
For laws subverted, and for cities sold!
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you spilt;
Yet must you one untempted villain's own,
One dreadful palm reserv'd for him alone:
With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
Do robes of state the guarded heart inclose
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
To all that reason, all that sense, would hear?
Else could'st thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
In such unthankful baseness to be lost?
Else could'st thou wed the emptiness of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?

When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
When now of conquest and dominion sure,
They fought alone to hold their fruits secure;
When taught by these, Oppression hid the face
To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
By silent spells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the passive state,
Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
And Freedom loath to tread the poison'd shore:
Then, like some guardian god that flies to save
The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
Steals near and nearer through the peaceful brake,
Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.
Thee, Patriot, the patrician roof confess'd:
Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant blest'd
Of thee with awe the rural hearth rebounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns;
Touch'd in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires;
The learn'd recluse, who oft amaz'd had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead.

R.

With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame ;
And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of these dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
Rous'd by thy labours from the blest retreat,
Where social ease and public passions meet,
Again ascending treads the civil scene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.

Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
And the great end appear'd at last in view :
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice ;
We saw the senate bending to thy voice ;
The friends of freedom hail'd the approaching
reign

Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain ;
While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,
Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the shock, the Public Genius rose,
Abash'd and keener from his long repose ;
Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the spear
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear :
The city felt his call : from man to man,
From street to street, the glorious horror ran ;
Each croud'd haunt was stirr'd beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.

Lo ! the deciding hour at last appears ;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears !
Thou, Genius ! Guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame !
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement steady to the goal.
Ye spirits, by whose providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeable heart,
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind !
Ye shades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field, or on the scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne !
The sword submitted, and the laws her own :
See ! public Power chastis'd beneath her hands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands !
See private life by wisest arts reclaim'd !
See ardent youth to noblest manners fram'd !
See us acquire whate'er was sought by you,
If Curio, only Curio will be true.

'Twas then—O Shame ! O Trust how ill repaid !
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betray'd !—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reason stole ?
What spells unfinew'd thy determin'd soul ?
—Is this the man in Freedom's cause approv'd ?
The man so great, so honour'd, so lov'd ?
This patient slave by tinsel chains allur'd ?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd ?
This Curio, hated and despis'd by all ?
Who fell himself, to work his country's fall ?

O lost, alike to action and repose !
Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes !
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defy'd !
With all that habit of familiar fame,
 doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in flame !

The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art,
To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.
—Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile
When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
And cast their own impieties on you.
For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred power
My soul was vow'd from reason's earliest hour,
How have I stood exulting, to survey
My country's virtues opening in thy ray !
How, with the sons of every foreign shore [more !
The more I match'd them, honour'd her's the
O race erect ! whose native strength of soul,
Which kings, nor priests, nor fordid laws controul ;
Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
And seeks a nobler centre for its cares ;
Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end.
Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conscious reason judging every state,
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise :
Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
Fastidious grandeur lift his solemn brow,
Or, ail awake at Pity's soft command,
Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand :
Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,
When public toils to virtue stand approv'd,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Nor more indulgent the delighted fire ;
Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Where'er Oppression works her wanton sway,
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
But if, to purchase Curio's sage applause,
My country must with him renounce her cause,
Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod ;
Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail :
Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
To where the Gracchi,* where the Bruti stay !

O long rever'd, and late resign'd to shame !
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
Nor well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn ;
In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unresisted power,
Breaks the false optics ting'd with Fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare :
Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
And ask thyself—If all be well within.
Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of soul,
Which labour could not stop, nor fear controul ?

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, lost their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give stability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence. AKENSIDE.

Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half abash'd, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
Where the delightful taste of just applause?
Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,
On which the senate fir'd or trembling hung?
All vanish'd, all are sold—And in their room,
Couch'd in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous grandeur dwell,
Like some grim idol in a forcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted shrine thy honour bled;
With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crown'd,
Thy powerful tongue with poison'd philters bound,
That baffled reason straight indignant flew,
And fair persuasion from her seat withdrew;
For now no longer Truth supports thy cause;
No longer Glory prompts thee to applause;
No longer Virtue breathing in thy breast,
With all her conscious majesty confest,
Still bright and brighter wakes the Almighty flame,
To rouse the feeble, and the wilful tame,
And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;
But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
And formal passions mock thy struggling will;
Or, if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot through thy breast, and stab the generous
birth,

Till, blind with smart, from Truth to Frenzy tost,
And all the tenor of thy reason lost,
Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear;
While some with pity, some with laughter hear.
—Can Art, alas! or Genius, guide the head,
Where Truth and Freedom from the heart are fled?
Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
When the prime function of the soul is broke?

But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
For see the hand of Destiny display'd
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd!
See the dire fane of Infamy arise!
Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies?
Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.
Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
To warn the wanderer of the curst abode;
But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly.
There, black with frowns, relentless Time awaits,
And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates:
And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying Bards bestow'd,
Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
At last the gates his potent voice obey:
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
Where, ever arm'd with adamant chains,
The watchful dæmon o'er her vassals reigns,

O'er mighty names and giant-powers of lust,
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August*.
No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
No sound of honour hails their unblest ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childless sire and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From towns inflam'd and continents laid waste;
But long Posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
For ever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.

Ye mighty foes of Liberty and Rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
—Aw'd at the name, fiercest Appius rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
“He comes, they cry, to whom the fates assign'd
“With surer arts to work what we design'd,
“From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
“Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
“Till, own'd their guide and trusted with their
power,
“He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour:
“Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,
“And quench'd the spirit we provok'd in vain.”

But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep controul,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay;
Relume her sacred fire so near suppress'd,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast:
Though bold Corruption boast around the land,
“Let Virtue, if she can, my baits withstand!”
Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's shame;
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.
—O friend and father of the human mind,
Whose art for noblest ends our frame design'd!
If I, though fated to the studious shade
Which party-strife, nor anxious power invade,
If I aspire in public virtue's cause,
To guide the Muses by sublimer laws,
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verse might rouse her smother'd flame,
And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind;
Or dash Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that Vice was born to fear.

* Titles which have been generally ascribed to the
most pernicious of men. AKENSIDE.

† Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelia
Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion
in Rome, and both perished by the treason. AKENSIDE.

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

TOO much my heart of Beauty's power hath known,

Too long to Love hath Reason left her throne;
Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth consum'd in vain.
My wishes, lull'd with soft inglorious dreams,
Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes:
Through each Elysian vale and Fairy grove
Through all the enchanted paradise of Love,
Misled by sickly hope's deceitful flame,
Averse to action, and renouncing fame.

At last the visionary scenes decay,
My eyes, exulting, bless the new-born day,
Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road
In which my heedless feet securely trod,
And strip the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my soul from Wisdom's peaceful arms.

For silver streams and banks bespread wit flow'rs,
For mossy couches and harmonious bowers,
Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,
And rocks hang dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods!
For openness of heart, for tender smiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath disarming wiles,
Lo! fullen Spite, and perjur'd Lust of Gain,
And cruel Pride, and crueler Disdain.

Lo! cordial Faith to idiot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now transporting kind.
For graceful Ease, lo! Affectation walks;
And dull Half-sense, for Wit and Wisdom talks
New to each hour what low delight succeeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence, but by getting, known;
And all their courage in deceiving shown.

See next what plagues attend the lover's state,
What frightful forms of terror, scorn, and hate!
See burning Fury heaven and earth defy!
See dumb Despair in icy fetters lie!
See black Suspicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himself to view!
And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sink in those arms that point his head with shame!
There wan Dejection, faltering as he goes,
In shades and silence vainly seeks repose;
Musing through pathless wilds, consumes the day,
Then lost in darkness weeps the hours away.
Here the gay croud of luxury advance,
Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
On every head the rosy garland glows,
In every hand the golden goblet flows.
The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at bashful Virtue as she flies.
But see behind, where Scorn and Want appear,
The grave remonstrance and the witty sneer.
See tall Remorse in action, prompt to dart
Her snaky poison through the conscious heart.
And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious shame,
The fair memorial of recording Fame.

Are these delights that one would wish to gain?
Is this the Elysium of a sober brain;
To wait for happiness in female smiles,
Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles,
With prayers, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,
Bend her hard words, and boast to be her slave;

To feel, for trifles, a distracting train
Of hopes and terrors equally in vain;
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,
Can pride, can sense, can reason, stoop so low?
When Virtue, at an easier price, displays
The sacred wreaths of honourable praise;
When Wisdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous Folly, and be free.

I bid adieu, then, to these woeful scenes;
I bid adieu to all the sex of queens;
Adieu to every suffering, simple soul
That lets a woman's will his case controul,
There laugh, ye witty; and rebuke, ye grave!
For me, I scorn to boast that I'm a slave.
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone,
Joy to my heart! my wishes are my own!
Farewell the female heaven, the female hell;
To the great God of Love a glad farewell.
Is this the triumph of thy awful name?
Are these the splendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,
When first my bosom own'd thy haughty sway?
When thus Minerva heard thee, boasting, say,
"Go, martial maid, elsewhere thy arts employ,
"Nor hope to shelter that devoted boy.
"Go teach the solemn sons of care and age,
"The pensive statesmen, and the midnight
"sage;

"The young with me must other lessons prove,
"Youth calls for Pleasure, Pleasure calls for Love;
"Behold his heart thy grave advice disdains,
"Behold I bind him in eternal chains."

Alas! great Love, how idle was the boast!
Thy chains are broken, and thy lessons lost;
Thy wilful rage has tir'd my suffering heart,
And passion, reason, forc'd thee to depart.
But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way?
Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,
When crowds of vassals court thy pleasing joke,
And countless victims bow thee to the stroke?
Lo! round thy shrine a thousand youths advance,

Warm with the gentle ardours of romance;
Each longs to assert thy cause with feats of arms,
And make the world confess Dulcinea's charms.
Ten thousand girls, with flowery chaplets crown'd,
To groves and streams thy tender triumph sound;

Each bids the stream in murmurs speak her flame,
Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.
But, if thy pride such easy honour scorn,
If nobler trophies must thy toil adorn,
Behold yon flowery antiquated maid
Bright in the bloom of threescore years display'd;
Her shalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye,
With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

Turn then thy labours to the servile crowd,
Entice the wary and controul the proud;
Make the sad miser his best gains forego,
The solemn statesman sigh to be a beau.
The bold coquette with fondest passion burn,
The bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn:
And that chief glory of thy power maintain,
"To poise ambition in a female brain."

Be these thy triumphs. But no more presume
That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.
I know thy puny force, thy simple wiles;
I break triumphant through thy flimsy toils:
I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,
Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow.
I feel diviner fires my breast inflame,
To active science, and ingenuous fame:
Resume the paths my earliest choice began,
And lose, with pride, the lover in the man,

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS,
AND OUR PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

WHENCE this unwonted transport in my
breast?

Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the
Muse

Aspire with rapid wing? Her country's cause
Demands her efforts; at that sacred call
She summons all her ardour, throws aside
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each British ear;
And if one spark of honour or of fame,
Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue yet survive,
She means to wake it, rouse the generous flame,
With patriot zeal inspirit every breast,
And fire each British heart with British wrongs.

Alas, the vain attempt! What influence now
Can the Muse boast? or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The British spirit, generous, warm, and brave,
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the suppliant nations? Where, indeed!
If that protection, once to strangers given,
Be now withheld from sons? Each nobler
thought,

That warm'd our fires, is lost and buried now
In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try,
I'll aim to shake this vile degenerate sloth:
I'll dare to rouse Britannia's dreaming sons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A generous feeling of compatriot woes.

Come then the various powers of forceful
speech,

All that can move, awaken, fire, transport;
Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard!
The arousing thunder of the patriot Greek!
The soft persuasion of the Roman sage!
Come all! and raise me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cause!
Lest my best efforts failing should debase
The sacred theme; for with no common wing
The Muse attempts to soar. Yet what need
have?

My country's fame, my free-born British heart,
Shall be my best inspirers, raise my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my soul.
Oh! could I give the vast ideas birth

Expressive of the thoughts that flame within,
No more should lazy luxury detain
Our ardent youth; no more should Britain's sons
Sit tamely passive by, and careless hear
The prayers, sighs, groans (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons, with oppression sunk,
In bitterness of soul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of Liberty; so greatly fam'd
For just redress; the land so often dyed
With her best blood, for that arousing cause,
The freedom of her sons: those sons that now,
Far from the manly blessings of her sway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spanish lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquish'd sons of Spain,
Enslave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So soon forgot, the great, the immortal day,
When rescued Sicily with joy beheld
The swift-wing'd thunder of the British arm
Disperse their navies? when their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From swift impending vengeance fled in vain:
Are these our lords? And can Britannia see
Her foes oft vanquish'd, thus defy her power,
Insult her standard, and enslave her sons,
And not arise to justice? Did our fires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preserve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Britons ever sacred! that their sons
Might give them up to Spaniards?—Turn your
eyes,

Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boast
Call yourselves Britons, to that dismal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never
thought

Of joy or peace can enter; see the gates
Harsh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while still as death
A frightful silence reigns: There on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beasts of prey:
There mark your numerous glories, there behold
The look that speaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine sunk, the deep heart-burbling groan
Suppress'd in silence; view the loathsome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh! the stinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly priest triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worse damnation on their souls:
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to speak, yet eloquent of all
His native British spirit yet untam'd,
Raises his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and superior scorn,
Looks up and dies.—Oh! I am all on fire!
But let me spare the theme, lest future times
Should blush to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durst offer Britain such a tragic wrong,
Or Britain tamely bear it—

Descend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain, descend! Behold your sons,
See! how they run the same heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause,
How greatly proud to assert their British blood,
And in their deeds reflect their father's fame!

Ah! would to heaven! ye did not rather see
How dead to virtue in the public cause!
How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,
They shame your laurels, and belye their birth!

Come, ye great spirits, Ca'ndish, Raleigh,
Blake!

And ye of later name your country's pride,
Oh! come, disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,
Teach British hearts with British fires to glow!
In wakening whispers rouse our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war,
In all its splendors; to their swelling souls
Say how ye bow'd the insulting Spaniards' pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads,
Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,
Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve
For Right and Britain: Then display the joys
The patriot's soul exalting, while he views
Transported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil, sacred rights.
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death for others good! the radiant thoughts
That beam celestial on his passing soul,
The unfading crowns awaiting him above,
The exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected splendor; then descend,
Though to a lower, yet a nobler scene;
Paint the just honours to his reliques paid,
Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
While his fair fame in each progressive age,
For ever brightens; and the wise and good
Of every land in universal choir
With richest incense of undying praise
His urn encircle, to the wondering world
His numerous triumphs blazon; while with awe,
With filial reverence, in his steps they tread,
And, copying every virtue, every fame,
Transplant his glories into second life,
And, with unsparing hand, make nations blest,
By his example. Vast immense rewards!
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no.
I see ye are not; every bosom glows
With native greatness, and in all its state
The British spirit rises: Glorious change!
Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh! forgive
The muse, that ardent in her sacred cause
Your glory question'd: She beholds with joy;
She owns, she triumphs, in her wish'd mistake.

See! from her sea-beat throne in awful march
Britannia towers: upon her laurel crest
The plumes majestic nod; behold she heaves
Her guardian shield, and terrible in arms
For battle shakes her adamant spear:
Loud at her foot the British lion roars,
Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full soon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons, forth,
Your country's daring champions: tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate land
You were not born for slaves: Let all your deeds

Shew that the sons of those immortal men,
The stars of shining story, are not slow
In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
To assert their country's rights, avenge her sons,
And hurl the bolts of justice on her foes.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

"O Vitæ Philosophia Dux! O Virtutis indagatrix,
"expultrixque Vitiorum.—Tu Urbes peperisti;
"tu inventrix Legum, tu magistra Morum &
"Disciplinæ fuisti: Ad te confugimus, a te
"Opem petimus." Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

I.

SCIENCE! thou fair effusive ray
From the great source of mental day,
Free, generous, and refin'd!
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bless my labouring mind.

II.

But first with thy resistless light,
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
Those mimic shades of thee:
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
The visionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philosophy.

III.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy sway;
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where reason points the way.

IV.

Give me to learn each secret cause;
Let Numbers' Figures' Motion's laws
Reveal'd before me stand;
These to great Nature's scenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the sky,
Disclose her working hand.

V.

Next, to thy nobler search resign'd,
The busy, restless, human mind
Through every maze pursue;
Detect Perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they rise,
And all their changes view.

VI.

Say from what simple springs began
The vast, ambitious thoughts of man,
Which range beyond controul,
Which seek Eternity to trace,
Dive through the infinity of space,
And strain to grasp the whole.

VII.

Her secret stores let Memory tell,
 Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell,
 In all her colours drest;
 While, prompt her fallies to controul,
 Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
 To Truth's severest test.

VIII.

Then launch through Being's wide extent;
 Let the fair scale, with just ascent,
 And cautious steps, be trod;
 And from the dead, corporeal mafs,
 Through each progressive order pafs
 To Instinct, Reason, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
 Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
 In that divine abyfs;
 To Faith content thy beams to lend,
 Her hopes to assure, her steps befriend,
 And light her way to blifs.

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
 Mix with the policies of men,
 And social nature's ties;
 The plan, the genius of each state,
 Its interest and its powers relate,
 Its fortunes and its rise.

XI.

Through private life pursue thy course,
 Trace every action to its source,
 And means and motives weigh:
 Put tempers, passions, in the scale,
 Mark what degrees in each prevail,
 And fix the doubtful sway.

XII.

That last, best effort of thy skill,
 To form the life, and rule the will,
 Propitious power! impart:
 Teach me to cool my passions' fires,
 Make me the judge of my desires,
 The master of my heart.

XIII.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
 Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
 And all in life that's mean:
 Still true to reason be my plan,
 Still let my actions speak the man,
 Through every various scene.

XIV.

Hail! queen of manners; light of truth;
 Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth;
 Sweet refuge of distress:
 In business, thou! exact, polite;
 Thou giv'st Retirement its delight,
 Prosperity its grace.

XV.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou! the cause;
 Foundress of order, cities, laws,
 Of arts inventress, thou!
 Without thee, what were human-kind?
 How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind!
 Their joys how mean! how few!

XVI.

Sun of the soul! thy beams unveil?
 Let others spread the daring sail,
 On fortune's faithless sea:
 While, undeluded, happier I
 From the vain tumult timely fly,
 And sit in peace with Thee.

P O E M S

BY

MR. GRAY.

ODE

ON THE SPRING.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade*,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herd's repose;
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon†:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun ‡.

To contemplation's sober eye §
Such is the race of Man:

* " - - - a bank
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine,
Shakesp. Midf. Night's Dream.

† " *Nare per æstatem liquidam—*
Virg. Georg. lib. iv.

‡ " - - - " *sporting with quick glance
Shew to the sun the r' waved coats dropp'd with gold.*
Milton's Paradise Lost, book vii.

§ " *While insects from the threshold preach, &c.*
M. Green, in the Grotto.
Doddsley's Miscellanies, vol. v. p. 161.

And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day.
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply;
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolick while 'tis May.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize ;
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between.
(Malignant Fate fate by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd ;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution hold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Not all that glisters, gold.

ODE

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

Ἀνδρῶνος ἱερὰν ἀπόφασιν εἰς τὸ δούρειον.

MENANDER.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's * holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey.
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields below'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain ?
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, † redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

* King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.

† "And bees their honey redolent of spring."

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.
Vol. VII.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chace the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty ;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possess'd ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue ;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy,
The stings of Falshood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
And keen Remorse, with blood deil'd,
And moody Madness * laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

* "Madness laughing in his irreful mood."

Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate !
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; where Ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

HYMN

TO ADVERSITY.

— Ζῆνα
τὸν φρονεῖν ἀποδίδου ἰδὲ
σῶτα, τῷ πᾶσι μάθων
ὁδὸν κρείττων ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in AGAMEMNONE.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unselt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse ; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore :
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others
woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
By vain prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
liev'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the general Friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mein,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive.
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls* the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's thrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

* — "squilla di lontano

"Ce paia 'l giorno pianger, che se muore."

Dante. Purgat. l. 3.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
The peeling anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' appiause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
* Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His littleless length at noontide would he stretch,
"And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array [borne.
"Slow through the church-way path we saw him
"Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
"Gray'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear; [friend.
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(† There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

* " *Ch' i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
" Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi
" Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."*

Petrarch, Son. 169.

† — *preziosa speme.*

Ibid. 114.

THE
PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Θανάλα σονάσων. ἱς.
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἱππῶνται χαλίζει. Pindar. Olymp. II.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the
roar.

I. 2.

† Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the fullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul,
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War.
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
‡ Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

§ Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day

* Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.

David's Psalms.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολικὴς μουσική, Αἰολίδες χορδαί, Αἰολίδων ἀνοαὶ αὐλῶν Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all its touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject, (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

† Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

‡ This is a faint imitation of some incomparable lines in the same Ode.

§ Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:

To brisk notes in cadence beating

* Glance their many twinkling feet.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:

Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.

With arts sublime, that float upon the air,

In gliding state she wins her easy way:

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move

† The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of
Love.

II. 1.

‡ Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?

Night, and all her sickly dews,

Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky:

§ Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of
war.

II. 2.

|| In climes beyond the solar ** road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chib's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

†† Woods, that wave o'er D lphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,

* Μαρμαρυγὰς ἐν τῷ ποταμῷ Σαίματι δι' Ἑρμῆ.

Homer, Od. ε.

† Δάμπευ' ἐπὶ ποταμῷ

Παρυνίχῃ φῶς ἔρωτο Prynichus, ap. Athenæum.

‡ To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

§ "Or seen the morning's well-appointed star

"Come marching up the eastern hills afar."

Cowley.

|| Extensive influence of poetic genius over the most and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welch Fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]

* "Extra anni solique vias—"

Virgil.

†† Tutta lontana dal camin del sole."

Petrarch, Canzon 2.

†† Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Maeander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled
coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's * darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil.
Her awful face: The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he †, that rude sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy,
‡ He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
§ The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
¶ Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
¶ Two courses of ethereal race,
** With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-re-
founding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
†† Thoughts, that breathe, and words that burn.

Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

* Shakespeare.

† Milton.

‡ "—flammanitia mania mundi." Lucretius

§ For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. Ezekiel i. 26, 28

¶ Ὁφθαλμοὶ μὲν ἀμερσε: ἰδὼν δ' ἠδὲν αὐτοῦ.

Hom. Od

¶ Meant to express the stately march and founding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

** Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Job

†† Words, that weep, and tears, that speak. Cowley.

* But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
† That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glister in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 1.

RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though, fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
‡ They mock the air with idle state.
¶ Helm, nor § hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
¶ From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
Such were the sounds, that o'er the || crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of ¶ Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.

* We have had, in our language, no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a mysteriously hand, in some of his Choruses—above all, in the last of Caractacus.

Hark! heard ye not yon foolish dread? &c.

† Διδὼς ἡρώεα ὀπίχου Στόν. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to vultures that crouch and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

‡ Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakespeare's King John.

§ The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

|| —The crested adder's pride.

Dryden's Indian Queen.

¶ Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welsh themselves call Graigian-eryri; it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283,) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdonie fecit erigi castrum fortis."

Stout * Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance :
To arms! cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his
quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(‡ Loose his beard, and hoary hair
↓ Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
* Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
* Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
* O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they
weave,
* Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
* Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
* To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's
lay.

I. 3.

* Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
* That hush'd the stormy main;
* Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
* Mountains, ye mourn in vain
* Modred, whose magic song
* Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
* || On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
* Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
* Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
* The famish'd § eagle screams, and passes by.
* Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
* ¶ Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
* Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
* Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
* No more I weep. They do not sleep.
* On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
* I see them sit, they linger yet,
* Avengers of their native land:

* *Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.*

† *Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.*

They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in his expedition.

‡ *The image was taken from the well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel: there are two of these paintings (both believed original,) one at Florence, the other at Paris.*

↓ *Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.*

Milton's Paradise Lost.

|| *The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.*

§ *Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh Craigan-eryri, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called The Eagle's Nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willogby's Ornithol., published by Ray.]*

¶ *As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That visit my sad heart.*

Shakesp. Jul. Cæsar.

With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And * weave with bloody hands the tissue of
thy line.

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
" The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
" Give ample room, and verge enough
" The characters of hell to trace.
" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" † When Severn shall re-echo with affright
" The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs
that ring;
" Shrieks of an agonizing King;
" ‡ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
" That tears the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
" § From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round
him wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd;
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" † Low on his funeral couch he lies!
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obsequies,
" Is the fable ¶ Warrior fled?
" Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
" The Swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were
born;
" Gone to salute the rising Morn.
" Fair ** laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr
blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
" Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
" Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
" That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-
prey.

II. 3.

" †† Fill high the sparkling bowl,
" The rich repast prepare:
" Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
" Close by the regal chair
" Fell Thirst and Famine stowl
" A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
" Heard ye the din of ‡‡ battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse!

* *See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.*

† *Edward the second, cruelly butchered in Berkeley-castle.*

‡ *Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.*

§ *Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.*

† *Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments, by his courtiers and his mistresses.*

¶ *Edward the Black Prince, dead sometime before his father.*

** *Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.*

†† *Richard the Second (as we are told by archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was thrown to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.*

‡‡ *Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.*

" Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye towers of Julius †, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his || Consort's faith, his Father's § fame,
 " And spare the meek ¶ Usurper's holy head.
 " Above, below, the ** rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread:
 " The bristled †† boar in infant gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).
 " †† Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done)"
 " Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 " But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 " Descending flow, their glittering skirts unroll?
 " Visions of glory, spare my aching sight
 " Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 " No more our long-lost §§ Arthur we bewail.
 " All-hail, || ye genuine Kings; Britannia's issue,
 " hail!

† Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

¶ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

§ Henry the Fifth.

¶ Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

** The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

†† The silver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

‡‡ Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

§§ It was the common belief of the Welsh nation that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

|| Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.

III. 2.

" Girt with many a Baron bold
 " Sublime their starry fronts they rear:
 " And gorgeous Dames and Statesmen old,
 " In bearded majesty, appear.
 " In the midst a Form divine!
 " Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line
 " Her lion port †, her awe-commanding;
 " Attempter'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 " What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 " What strains of vocal transport round her play;
 " Hear from the grave, great Taliessin ||, hear;
 " They breathe a soul to animate thy clay,
 " Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 " Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

" The verse adorn again
 " § Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 " And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
 " In ¶ buskin'd measures move
 " Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 " With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 " A ** Voice, as of the Cherub-choir,
 " Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 " †† And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 " That lost in long futurity expire.
 " Fond impious Man, think'it thou, yon sanguine cloud,
 " Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
 " To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 " And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 " Enough for me: With joy I see
 " The different doom our Fates assign.
 " Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care;
 " To triumph, and to die, are mine.
 " He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 " Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

† Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princelike cheekes.

|| Taliessin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

§ Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Spenser's Proëme to the Fairy Queen.

¶ Shakespeare.

** Milton.

†† The succession of poets after Milton's time.

T H E

FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of Siötryg with the Silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and Siötryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore their web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south.

Note—The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies chusers of the slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

NOW the storm begins to lour,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)

* Iron-fleet of arrowy shower

† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the griesly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along;
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid,
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

* *How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them*
shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy shower—Milt. Par. Reg.

† *The noise of battle hurtled in the air.*

Shakespeare's Jul. Cæsar.

(Weave the crimson web of war,)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field:
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.

(Weave the crimson web of war)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain,

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands:
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.
Sisters, hence, with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

T H E

DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

(FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE.)

IN BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis;
HAFNIE, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUVR, &c.

U PROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode,

* *Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle; Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.*

Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd;
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he fate:
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime.
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

Pr. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb;
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

Pr. Mantling in the goblet, see
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the Drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given,
Pain can reach the sons of heaven!
Unwilling I my lips uncloset:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

Pr. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom:
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. O Prophetess, my spell obey.
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

Pr. In the caverns of the west
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam:
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile,

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Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.
O. Yet a while my call obey,
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

Pr. Ha! no traveller art thou
King of men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line—

O. No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant brood!

Pr. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron sleep again;
Till * Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN†.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welch Poetry.

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
§ Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
‡ Lochlin plows the watery way:

* Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink into the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755. Quarto.

† Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

§ North Wales.

‡ Denmark.

T t

There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
* The Dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

* * * * *

EPITAPH,

AT BECKENHAM, ON MRS. CLARKE †.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother, sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell:
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft Humanity, were there.
In agony, in death, resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe;
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along this lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear;
Till Time shall every grief remove.
With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW OF THE SEAT AND RUINS
AT KINGSGATE, IN KENT, 1766.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H——d took the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, fear to land.

* The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader,
which all his descendants bore on their banners.

† Wife to a physician at Epsom; she died
April 27, 1757.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the Feast,
Art he invokes new terrors still to bring.

Now mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monasteries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the fighting peer, "Had B——te been
true,

Nor G——'s, nor B——d's promises been vain,
Far other scenes than this had grac'd our view,
And realiz'd the horrors which we feign.

"Purg'd by the sword, and purify'd by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls should have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.

ODE

FOR
MUSICK.

Performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge,
July 1, 1769, at the Installation of his Grace
Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton,
Chancellor of the University.

I.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground),
"Comus, and his midnight-crow,
"And Ignorance with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue.
"Mad Sedition's cry prophane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain,
"Nor in these consecrated bowers
"Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in
"flowers.
"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
"Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
"While bright-eyed Science watches round
"Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay;
There sit the faintest Sage, the Bard divine,
The Few, whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

"Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,
"That Contemplation loves,
"Where willowy Camus lingers with delight
"Oft at the blush of dawn
"I trod your level lawn,
"Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright

" In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
" With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy."

IV.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
And mitred Fathers in long order go :
Great * Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn.
And † sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely ‡ Clare
And § Anjou's Heroine, and ¶ the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And ¶ either Henry there,
The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come ;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies.

V.

" What is Grandeur, what is Power ?
" Heavier toil, superior pain.
" What the bright reward we gain ?
" The grateful memory of the Good.
" Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
" The bee's collected treasure's sweet,
" Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
" The still small voice of Gratitude."

* Edward the Third: who added the *Fleur de lys* of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

† Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon Comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says, that her husband Audmar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or hall, under the name of *Aula Mariae de Valentia*.

‡ Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Aves, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of Princely. She founded Clare-Hall.

§ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former Ode.

¶ Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward the Fourth (hence called the paler Rose, as being of the House of York). She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

¶ Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the great benefactor to Trinity College.

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret see ! *
" Welcome, my noble Son (she cries aloud),
" To this, thy kindred train, and me :
" Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
" A † Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
" Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
" The flower unheeded shall descry,
" And bid it round heaven's altars shed
" The fragrance of its blushing head :
" Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
" To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
" Not obvious, not obtrusive she
" No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;
" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
" She reveres herself and thee.
" With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
" The laureat wreath, ‡ that Cecil wore, she brings,
" And to thy just, thy gentle hand
" Submits the Fasces of her sway,
" While Spirits blest above and Men below
" Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

" Through the wild waves as they roar
" With watchful eye and dauntless mien
" Thy steady course of honour keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
" The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
" And glids the horrors of the deep."

A LONG STORY.

IN Britain's isle no matter where,
An antient pile of building stands :
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands

To raise the cieling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements cloathing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls ;
The seal and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Poppe and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What in the very first beginning !
Shame of the versifying tribe !
Your history whither are you spinning !
Can you do nothing but describe ?

* Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

† The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

‡ Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in the r silks and tiffues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire :
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her.
Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre*.
Alas, who would not wish to please her !

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of * Mr. P—t,
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a poet :

Who prowld the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady hear'd their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each crack and cranny of his chamber.
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber ;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books a huge imbroglio !
Under a tea cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says : (who will, believe)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

* I have been told that this Gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name ; yet, surely, without any great reason. M.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of Magic was no fable ;
Out of the window, wisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The Poet felt a strange disorder :
Transparent bird-line form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel ;
But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was fat, the culprit there,
Forth from the gloomy mansions creeping
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping :

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
*(Stryack has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand centry :

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The Peerefs comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission :
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The Bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of † Squib,
And all that ‡ Groom could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen ;
A sudden fit of ague shook him.
He stood as mute as poor || Maclean.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
" How in the Park, beneath an old tree,
" (Without design to hurt the butter,
" Or any malice to the poultry,)

" He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet :
" Yet hoped, that he might save his bacon :
" Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
" He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

* The House-keeper.

† Groom of the Chamber. G.

‡ The Steward. G.

|| A famous highwayman, banged the week before. G.

The ghostly prudes with hagg'd * face
Already had condemn'd the finner.
My Lady rose, and with a grace—
She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner †.

* *Hagg'd*, i. e. the face of a witch or hag; the epithet *Hagg'd* has been sometimes mistaken, as conveying the same idea; but it means a very different thing, viz. wild and savage, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk, called an *haggard*. M.

† Here the story finishes; the exclamation of the Ghosts which follows is characteristic of the Spanish manners of the age, when they are supposed to have lived; and the 500 stanzas, said to be lost, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expostulation. M.

" Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
" Why, what can the Viscountess mean?
(Cried the square-hoods in woeful fidget)
" The times are alter'd quite and clean

" Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
" Her air and all her manners shew it.
" Commend me to her affability!
" Speak to a Commoner and Poet!"

[Here 500 Stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.

THE
P O E M S
O F

LORD LYTTLETON.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE,

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

(TO MR. POPE.)

UNCERTAINTY.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beachen shade,
The Nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And, while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?
To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid;
His flock, far off, unfed, untended lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd:
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.
" Ye nymphs, he cried, ye Dryads, who so long
" Have favor'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
" For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
" Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;

" In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
" To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
" Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage,
" No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
" Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
" Nor Calumny your innocence invades:
" Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
" Too often violates your boasted rest;
" With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
" And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
" Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
" On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
" Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
" Then reason, liberty, at once were lost:
" And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
" But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
" Then too she smil'd: can smiles our peace destroy,
" Those lovely children of Content and Joy!
" How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
" From the same spring at the same moment flow:
" Unhappy boy! these vain enquiries cease,
" Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy peace;
" Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
" And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure,
" Come, flattering Memory! and tell my heart
" How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
" She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
" Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
" If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
" To me alone she gave her willing hand:
" Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
" Still in my song found something to admire,
" By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
" By none but her my brows with ivy bound:

" The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
 " The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
 " When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
 " In words as soft as passion could inspire,
 " Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
 " Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
 " The frightened hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
 " Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
 " Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
 " Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
 " Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
 " To have my faithful service thus repaid?
 " Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
 " But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
 " Or did you only nurse my growing love,
 " That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
 " Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 " In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
 " A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
 " Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
 " No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
 " Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
 " 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 " And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."
 Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-sick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
 Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON:

[AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE REGIS.]

HOPE.

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
 Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds:
 From Love alone their melody proceeds.
 From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
 I learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
 Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
 Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
 Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
 My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join.*
 Danc'd on no longer sought the silent shade,
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
 But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
 And told his joy to all the rural throng.
 " Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,
 " When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power;
 " Then gloomy discontent and pining care
 " Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
 " Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
 " Delightful languors, and transporting fires.

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love verses, which have never been published. Lyttlet.

" Where yonder lines combine to form a shade,
 " These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
 " There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
 " When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
 " She led the dance—heavens! with what grace
 she mov'd!
 " Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
 " I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
 " But gloried in a happy captive's name:
 " Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
 " But leave to brutes their savage liberty.
 " And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy?
 " Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy?
 " Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store?
 " Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
 " Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy
 cheek?
 " Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
 " Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
 " The plaintive accents of thy sad despair?
 " From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 " Della who now compassionates my woes,
 " Who bids me hope, and in that charming word
 " Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
 " Begin my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;
 " A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
 " A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
 " Given with forc'd anger and disguis'd content,
 " No laureat wreaths I ask, to bind my brows,
 " Such as the Muse on lofty Bards bestows:
 " Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
 " I from her lips my recompence require.
 " Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
 " Light gales have chac'd the late impending shower;
 " Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
 " Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
 " Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
 " The birds renew their songs on every spray!
 " Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown:
 " All nature smiles—will only Delia frown?
 " Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
 " While every flower of every sweet they drain:
 " See, how beneath yon hillock's shady sleep,
 " The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep;
 " Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
 " If with my fond desires my love comply;
 " From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
 " And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.
 " Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms?
 " What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
 " A bird for thee in filken bands I hold,
 " Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
 " From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
 " And bears the fortunate Canaries' name;
 " In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
 " Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
 " Accept of this; and could I add beside
 " What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide:
 " If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,
 " On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
 " But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
 " Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove:
 " The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
 " Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite
 swain.

" For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
 " For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
 " Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
 " His music calls to dance the night away.
 " And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
 " With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove.
 " I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
 " And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
 " Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
 " And shew my merits in the fairest light;
 " My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 " And every friend shall claim a different lay.
 " But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
 " Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
 " Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
 " Adieu, my pipe; I go my love to meet—
 " O, may I find her as we parted last,
 " And may each future hour be like the past!
 " So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 " Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."

ECLOGUE III.

(TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.)

JEALOUSY.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere;
 Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear;
 Of all the passions that employ the mind,
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find:
 Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
 For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,
 In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantick mountain's airy head
 (While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
 Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress;
 Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
 The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
 Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
 Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
 Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
 Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
 A castle there the opening plain commands;
 Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound;
 So charming was the scene, a while the swain
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain:
 But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
 With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
 His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
 The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
 Then cried, " May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
 " Like these neglected roses, droop and fade!
 " May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,
 " That triumphs now in that deluding face!
 " Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
 " And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!

" Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
 " To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
 " Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
 " Against whose power no ties have strength to bind?
 " Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
 " To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
 " Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
 " And died with grief at each ungentle word?
 " Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
 " He pleas'd you, by not studying to please:
 " His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
 " And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.
 " O pain to think! another shall possess
 " Those balmy lips which I was wont to press:
 " Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 " And catch sweet madness from her swarming eye!

" I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 " I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
 " Would my clos'd eye had sunk in endless night;
 " Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
 " Where-e'er they pass'd, be blasted every flower,
 " And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!
 " Ah wretched swain, could no examples move
 " Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
 " Hast thou not heard how poor * Menaleas died
 " A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
 " Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 " Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phoebus lov'd in vain:
 " Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid;
 " And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
 " Would I could die like him, and be at peace?
 " These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
 " There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find
 " And rest, as if my Delia still were kind.
 " No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid:
 " Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 " Alas! what aid, fond swain, wouldst thou receive?
 " Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
 " Protect her, heaven! and let her never know
 " The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe;
 " I ask no vengeance from the powers above;
 " All I implore is never more to love.—
 " Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 " Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
 " Come, cool indifference, and heal my breast;
 " Wearied, at length, I seek thy downy rest:
 " No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 " My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
 " Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye sylvans, hear
 " What by your guardian deities I swear;
 " No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
 " No more I'll court the traitresses to my arms;
 " Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
 " And she shall find that reason conquers love!"—
 Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
 At once transported, he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

* See Mr. Gray's *Dione*.

ECLOGUE IV.

(TO LORD COBHAM.)

POSSESSION.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
 Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening
 plains:

Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were
 dear;

Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind:
 When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night.

The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er:
 And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covers of a myrtle wood,
 To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood.
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
 In friendly league to favour human-kind.
 With wanton Cupids, in that happy shade,
 The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd.
 Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
 Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
 Nor Force, nor Interest, join'd unwilling hands,
 But Love consenting tied the blissful bands,
 Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
 To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame:
 Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
 "Hail, bounteous god! before whose hallow'd
 shrine

"My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
 "While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
 "Sweet virgin modestly reluctant strove!
 "And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires
 "Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
 "Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
 "As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.
 "O the dear bloom of last propitious night!
 "O shade more charming than the fairest light!
 "Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
 "Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
 "Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
 "Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
 "Thou too, bright goddess, once, in Ida's grove,
 "Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love;
 "With him, while frisking lambs around you
 play'd,
 "Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade:
 "Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
 "And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
 "What are ye now, my once most valued joys?
 "Inspid trifles all, and childish toys—
 "Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
 "Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.
 "Ye Muses, skill'd in every winning art,
 "Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
 "Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
 "And crown her with the pride of all the spring;
 "On all her days let health and peace attend;
 "May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!
 "May some new pleasure every hour employ:
 "But let her Damon be her highest joy!

"With thee, my love, for ever will I stay;
 "All night care thee, and admire all day;
 "In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
 "To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
 "Together will we share the harvest toils,
 "Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
 "Delightful state, where Peace and Love combine,
 "To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
 "Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads;
 "Here rising forests lift their verdant heads;
 "Here let me wear my careless life away,
 "And in thy arms insensibly decay.
 "When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
 "And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
 "When Time no longer will thy beauties spare,
 "And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
 "Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death,
 "At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath!
 "May we beneath one common stone be laid,
 "And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
 "Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
 "Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse;
 "And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
 "Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd."

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN
THE COUNTRY.

Written at EATON SCHOOL.

TWAS night; and Flavia, to her room retir'd,
 With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
 There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town;
 On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd and thus in plaintive accents said:
 "Ah, what avails it to be young and fair;
 "To move with negligence, to dress with care?
 "What worth have all the charms our pride can
 boast,
 "If all in envious solitude are lost?
 "Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
 "Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;
 "Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
 "Both most are valued, where they best are known.
 "With every grace of nature or of art,
 "We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
 "The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
 "To love, exceeds a squire's capacity.
 "The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
 "That is our Heaven, and we are angels there:
 "In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
 "The court of Britain is the court of Love.
 "How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
 "How have my sparkling eyes their transport
 shew'd,
 "At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
 "The homage, due to Empire, paid to me!
 "When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
 "And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's
 frown;
 "When rival statesmen for my favour, strove,
 "Less jealous in their power than in their love.
 "Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories di;
 "Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky:
 "Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 "The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.

" In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 " Supinely calm and dully innocent:
 " Unless I wear my useless time away;
 " Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all
 " day;
 " Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer
 " (For dullness ever must be regular.)
 " Now with main a at tedious whist I play;
 " Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
 " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 " Secure from meeting any tempter there;
 " From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
 " And am (alas!) at leisure to improve!—
 " Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
 " Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 " These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would
 glow,
 " Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
 " Sure erring Nature never could design
 " To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
 " O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
 " Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
 " Let me revisit the dear town again:
 " Let me be seen!—could I that wish obtain,
 " All other wishes my own power would gain."

BLENHEIM.

Written at the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first
 taught
 The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
 With fair proportion; architect divine.
 Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
 Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
 Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
 Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
 Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
 In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
 Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
 Thalia, sylvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
 Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
 Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
 Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
 Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
 Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
 And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.
 When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
 Of Marlborough's hand; Britain, who sent him
 forth
 Chief of Confederate hosts, to fight the cause
 Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
 This palace, sacred to her leader's fame:
 A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd
 Vol. VII.

" If conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
 of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
 Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
 Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.
 Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
 Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
 Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed!
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
 The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
 And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
 Not thus Germania pays th' uncanceled debt
 Of Gratitude to us—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
 When thou behold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
 A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
 Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Still thy obdurate heart against the sense
 Of obligation infinite; and know,
 Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.
 Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
 Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
 With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
 Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
 Attracts her curious eye. Here lister rolls
 His purple wave; and there the Granick flood
 With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
 Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
 With glorious competition; equal both
 In valour and in fortune: but their praise
 Be different, for with different views they fought;
 This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.
 Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
 The Muse to foster glories turns, and seeks
 The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempe fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
 Of this romantic wilderness once stood
 The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
 Sacred to grief and Love; the crystal fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs,
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
 Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excell.
 But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
 Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
 Through which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn! Silent a while and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force
 Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
 In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
 Glitters reluctant in the dancing ray.
 In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
 Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
 Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
 Triumphant ever in his mind renew'd
 U u

The

The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
 With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
 So, by the rage of Faction home recall'd,
 Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
 Against the pride of Asia, and the power
 Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
 No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
 Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
 And in magnificent retirement past
 The evening of his life.—But not alone,
 In the calm shades of honourable ease,
 Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent
 Heaven

Gave a companion to his softer hours,
 With whom conversing, he forgot all change
 Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
 Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
 Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
 In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:
 Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
 In friendly union they together shone,
 Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
 Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
 Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
 Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
 To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
 Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
 Who now, regardless of thy fame, erects
 The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe
 With pious honours to thy sacred name
 Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
 Of yon ærial pillar, proudly stands
 Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
 And aves the subject plain: beneath his feet,
 The German eagles spread their wings; his hand
 Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
 Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
 Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
 A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
 The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
 A meaner trophy, by the Imperial hand;
 Extorted gratitude! which now the rage
 Of malice impotent, besecming ill
 A regal breast, has level'd to the ground:
 Mean insult! This, with better auspices,
 Shall stand on British earth to tell the world
 How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how re-
 paid

His services. Nor shall the constant love
 Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
 In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
 Of future Bards in ages yet unborn,
 Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
 First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
 His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
 Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
 Of travellers approaching shall not pass
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
 With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
 Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
 (My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
 Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
 Dwell'st in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd

Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
 This thy abode, while present here below,
 And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
 With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
 From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
 Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
 Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
 When honour calls them to the field of war,
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
 The proud reward of thy successful toils
 For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
 That fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
 To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
 Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
 With martial virtue; and to high attempts
 Excite their arms, till other battles won,
 And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
 And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

TO THE
 REVEREND DR. AYSCOUGH,
 AT OXFORD.

WRITTEN FROM PARIS IN THE YEAR 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
 Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
 Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
 At once exalts and polishes the mind?
 How different from our modern guilty art,
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
 Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty:
 How the same hands that tyrants durst control
 Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
 Each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire;
 Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
 And all the crimes, that giddy Faction knows;
 Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tutored of protecting Rome?
 Does calm Philosophy her aid impart
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?

Not,

Not, like a cloyster'd drone, to read and dose,
In undeserving, undeserv'd, repose;
But Reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vex with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthier of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good * Wor'ter thus supports his drooping
age,

Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
guide!

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
Nor basely servile, court the guilty great,
Nor, raise the church a rival to the state:
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the *law of love* by fear.
The priest who plagues the world can never
mend:

No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
(In courts a mean, in camps a generous band,)
From each low tool of power, content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though op-
prest)

With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
In the short sun-shine of a favouring court:

* Bp. Hough.

Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ,
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakespear's force and
fire!

Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor;
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style Ambition GREAT.
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew †;
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury ‡:
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind?
O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
When kifs, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood,
Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet, oh! what doubt, what sad presaging
voice,

Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see;
And tells me, These, like England, once were
free!

* The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted
in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

‡ St. Cloud.

U u 2

To

TO

MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF
SOISSONS IN 1728.

WRITTEN AT PARIS.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts
guide;

Thou to whom greatness, right'y understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then, to the shade of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Though wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
'That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest;

Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm:
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!
Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For Heaven shall ratify what they reveal:
"A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
"With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
"Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
"Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
"Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share;
"Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care;
"Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
"And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
"Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would
"prove,
"That happiness is near allied to love."

VERSES

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF
MR. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall find
A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere;
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distress to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

AN

AN

EPISTLE TO MR. POPE,

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has
wove

The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of antient wit;
For now no more these cliques their influence boast,
Fall'n in their glory, and their virtue lost;
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty!
Nor Baïæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's inauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence fadens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fates broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:

"Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear:
Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,

"No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each lost engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.
Of thee more worthy were thy task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phebus crown'd;
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.
If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire;
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

TO

LORD HERVEY.

IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE,

"Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
"Quadrigris petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic
est;
"Est Ulubrus, animus si te non deficit æquis."
HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore,
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?
'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's stile;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
But, in its proper channels gliding fair;
A common benefit, which all may share.

Yet

Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search
is vain.

So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemp'rd mind of aching care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ill, which from our passion
flow,

Be chang'd by Africk's heat, or Russia's snow?
Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
What from unthinking folly we endure?
Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
In generous love of others good, to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear.
This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire;
But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind.
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country gentleman at heart.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

M.DCC.XXXI.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.

Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours, sincerely to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and Ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason's beauteous Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams or fancied power amus'd,
When most ye tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonestly a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat:
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign:
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine;
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose; but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power :
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour ;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most :
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown :
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but encrease the anguish of their grief :
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain ;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey :
Nor aught avails the specious name of *wife* ;
A maid so wedded is a *whore for life*.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where favouring
Heaven

Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the Husband gain'd, that all is done :
The prize of happiness must still be won :
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost ;
The Graces might *alone* his heart *allure* ;
They and the Virtues *meeting* must *secure*.

Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it it your pride his *servant* to appear :
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife* ;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone :
Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known :
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,

Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius ; and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

S O N G.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love !

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

III.

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

V.

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

S O N G.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me :
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long ?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue ?

III.

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

V.

But, if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,

And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
Too well the Lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just:
Reason this faith may disapprove;
But I believe, because I love.

O D E.

IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

("O primavera gioventu del anno.")

WRITTEN ABROAD IN 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring,
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing!

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possess;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
Though on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear:
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint: for Delia is not there.

V. Cheer-

V.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
From thee while absent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED 1729-30.

("Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.")

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
And, much possessing, labour still for more;
Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure, and indolently blest;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
In Summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
In Autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour
Slumber assist by the beating shower!
Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;
But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat:
For what reward so rich could Fortune give,
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let Great Messala shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
Me Beauty holds, in strong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
How would I slight Ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy should I think the woodland bed!
The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair-one's
side,
Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repose.
Ver. VII.

Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could
leave
For all the honours prosperous war can give;
Though through the vanquish'd East he spread his
fame,
And Parthian tyrants tremble at his name;
Though, bright in arms, while hosts around him
bleed,
With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
No pomps like these my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faltering hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia then, thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair:
Wound not thy form; lest on th' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.
But now nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all business, but delightful Love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

S O N G.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
Which Pity and Esteem can move
Which can be just and kind?

II.

Is it, because you fear to share
The ills that Love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

X x

VERSES,

V E R S E S,

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

WRITTEN AT MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT
TWICKENHAM, WHICH HE HAD LENT
TO MRS. GREVILLE.

IN AUGUST 1735.

I.

GO, Thames; and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery side:

II.

Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
The Muses' green retreat,
With every smile of Nature grac'd,
With every art complete.

III.

But now, sweet Bard, thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still, for beauteous Greville's sake,
The Muses here remain;
Greville, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of every swain.

E P I G R A M.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair:
But Love can hope, where Reason would
despair.

TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM*.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.

To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and Love.

* See the Inscriptions in Mr. West's Poems.

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd
I sung my amorous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian choir
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH

HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be express'd,
In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

TO him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Then slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
Another day or year to live;
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

I.

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my absent fair
His richest treasure careful love had stor'd.

II.

II.

In every word a magic spell I found
Of power to charm each busy thought to rest ;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses every sorrow at the sight ;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV.

Ah ! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
Could thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid ;
My hand each dear memorial shall resign :

V.

Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
A painful witness of reproach to thee ;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS,

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOW.

TO THE SAME.

I.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
Its front reflected on the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious
take.

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
And there let sad Despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone ;
No other wish nor other object knows :
Oh ! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart secure repose !

IV.

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
No walls of brass, no steel-defended door :
Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme ;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet,
Beneath th' accusom'd lime :
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

III.

" It was not thus, inconstant maid !
" You acted once," (the shepherd said)
" When love was in its prime :"
She griev'd to hear him thus complain ;
And would have writ, to ease his pain,
But that she had not time.

IV.

How can you act so cold a part ?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.—
We soon must part for months, for years—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
But that she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the
same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame ;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole,
With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul ?
Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that Love alone inspires ?
These, these are lost ; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
I ought, but dare not try, to love you less ;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain ;
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain ;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can
move,
Were far more blest, when you like me could
love.

X x 2

T O

TO THE SAME.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before :
I say to my heart, " Be at rest, and believe
" That whom once she has chosen she never will
" leave."

II.

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face :
My heart beats again ; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my
love ;
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame ;
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME.

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies ;
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy !

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow ;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before, impart ?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose ?

Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
Of rural bliss, was here before :
Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.
No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe ?
Four times has the revolving sun
His annual circle through the zodiac run ;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms ;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, the Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,
When Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this strange encrease of joy ?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY, A. D. 1747,

" Ipse cavà solans ægrum testudine amorem,
" Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
" Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

I.

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry :
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief ;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-finiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:
 Nor will she now with fond delight
 And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
 Clost'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
 Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine,

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice;
 For her desiring, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring:
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And every shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attend'd to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell;
 For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she prefer'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
 To your sequester'd dales
 And flower embroider'd vales
 From an admiring world she chose to fly:
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns

By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
 O loss beyond repair!
 O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
 Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your favouring power, Aonian
 maids,
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit
 glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on * Mincio's bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where through hanging woods,
 Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where § Meles or § Ilissus stray.
 It does it now beset,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and
 Rome;
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

§ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called *Melesigenes*.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Italia's happy genius could produce ;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all those treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd !

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd
 tomb:
 But foremost thou, in fable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn ;
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace !
 How eloquent in every look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke !
 Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence !
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the softening influence
 Of more than female tenderness :
 How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of other's good destroy,
 Her kindly melting heart,
 To every want and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !
 Ev'n for the kid and lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind :
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile or frown ;
 That could without regret or pain
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize ;
 That, injur'd or offended, never tried
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.

A wit that, temperately bright
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone ; nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XII.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head :
 From every branch the balmy flowers rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend, and th' Italian queen.
 But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
 A sudden blast from Appenninus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows :
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and
 dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may ev'n things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity
 move.

XV.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain :
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

XVI.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
Then when thy virgin charms,
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live ?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give ?
Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could
raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find ?
On whom for consolation shall I call ?
Support me, every friend ;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas ! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all :
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy
dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind ;
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again ;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain :
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind :
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke !—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay ;
Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full blown joys at once should fade ;
Was his most righteous will—and be that will
obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,

That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss ;
Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power ne'er to divide you more.

ON THE SAME LADY.

To the
Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
Daughter of Hugh Fortescue of Filleigh
In the county of Devon, Esq.
Father to the present Earl of Clinton,
By Lucy his wife,
The daughter of Matthew Lord Aylmer,
Who departed this life the 19th of Jan. 1746-7.
Aged twenty-nine,
Having employed the short time assigned to
her here
In the uniform practice of Religion and Virtue.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
Though meek, magnanimous ; though witty, wife ;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IV.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, 1725*.

“ Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.”

I.

AS the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

* First printed with Mr. West's translation of
Pindar. See the Preface to that Gentleman's Poems.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to
Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical History.

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast ;

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe ;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The scaly snake and crested dragon know :

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood :

V.

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight ;
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd ;
So sunk their haughty spirit at the fight.

VI.

'Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame ;

VII.

A valiant son springs from a valiant fire :
Their race by mettle sprightly courfers prove ;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove,

VIII.

But education can the genius raise,
And wise instructions native virtue aid ;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
And Honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

IX.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witnesses that auspicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning
light,

XI.

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy ;
As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian sea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this prosperous field,
The Roman glory dates her rising power ;
From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to
wield,
Raise her fallen gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke :
" Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
" Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
" Whom to elude and 'scape were victory :

XIV.

" A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
" Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
" Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,
" Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore :

XV.

" As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
" Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
" Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
" Draws health and vigour from the wounding
" steel.

XVI.

" Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
" So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules ;
" Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
" Pregnant of hills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

" Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
" Brighter she rises from the depths below ;
" To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
" Recruits her strength, and foils the wondering foe.

XVIII.

" No more of victory the joyful fame
" Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly ;
" Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name !
" With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die !

XIX.

" What shall the Claudian valour not perform
" Which Power Divine guards with propitious care
" Which Wisdom steers through all the dangerous
" storm,
" Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war ?"

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to cross each other's way;
Said Virtue, "Hark ye! madam Fame,
"Your ladyship is much to blame;
"Jove bids you always wait on me,
"And yet your face I seldom see:
"The paphian queen employs your trumpet,
"And bids it praise some handsome trumpet;
"Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
"Ambition ties you to her car."
Said Fame, "Dear madam, I protest,
"I never find myself so blest
"As when I humbly wait behind you!
"But 'tis to mighty hard to find you!
"In such obscure retreats you lurk!
"To seek you, is an endless work."
"Well," answer'd Virtue, "I allow
"Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
"I know (without offence to others)
"I know the best of wives and mothers;
"Who never pass'd an useless day
"In scandal, gossiping, or play:
"Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
"Is lively cheerful innocence;
"Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
"Whose duty is her sole delight;
"Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
"Her parents' joy, her husband's passion."
Fame smil'd and answer'd, "On my life,
"This is some country parson's wife,
"Who never saw the court nor town,
"Whose face is homely as her gown;
"Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
"No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
"I beg you'll let me set you right—
"'Tis one with every beauty bright;
"Adorn'd with every possible art
"That rank or fortune can impart:
"'Tis the most celebrated soul
"That Britain's specious isle can boast;
"'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
"'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame."

ADDITION, EXTEMPORE.

BY EARL HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—straight replied,
"First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
"My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to sound
"Her modest praise the world around!
"But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
"A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
"Believe me, I can name but one,
"A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton."
VOL. VII.

LETTER

TO

EARL HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING VERSES.

My Lord,
A Thousand thanks to your Lordship for your
addition to my verses. If you can write such
extempore, it is well for other poet, that you chose
to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat.
They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The Muse, who, in my youthful days,
Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
She smil'd, and said, "once more I see
"My fugitive returns to me;
"Long had I lost you from my bower,
"You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
"With me no more your genius sported,
"The grave historic Muse you courted;
"Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes;
"Pursued Urania through the skies;
"But now, to my forsaken track,
"Fair Egremont has brought you back:
"Her bliss, my her and Virtue led,
"That lost, that pleasing path, to tread;
"For the e, beneath to morrow's ray,
"Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
"Lo! to my flowery groves and springs
"Her favourite for the goddess brings,
"The counsellor and the senate's guide,
"Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
"He comes, he joys with thee to join,
"In singing Wyndham's charms divine:
"To thee he adds his nobler lays;
"Ev'n thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
"Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
"His fame with burlesque or with wit;
"For sure one line from such a Bard,
"Virtue would think her best reward."

H Y M E N

TO

E L I Z A.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding-day,
The first indeed I ever made,
For writing Odes is not my trade:
Y y

My head is full of household cares,
 And necessary dull affairs;
 Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
 Will put me into doleful dumps.
 And then no clown beneath the sky
 Was e'er more ungallant than I;
 For you alone I now think fit
 To turn a poet and a wit—
 For you whose charms, I know not how,
 Have power to smooth my wrinkled brow,
 And make me, though by nature stupid,
 As brisk, and as alert, as Cupid.
 These obligations to repay,
 Whene'er your happy nuptial day
 Shall with the circling years return,
 For you my torch shall brighter burn
 Than when you first my power ador'd,
 Nor will I call myself your lord,
 But am, (as witness this my hand)
 Your humble servant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
 You, who are such a judge of style,
 To think that he these verses made,
 Without an abler penman's aid;
 Observe them well, you'll plainly see,
 That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS

IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wondering
 ear
 Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
 Of Siloe's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
 According to seraphic voices, sung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Resume the lyre,
 Chauntress divine, and every Briton call
 Its melody to hear—so shalt thy strains,
 More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
 The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
 Of boid Impiety.—Greece shall no more
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
 Like a false Siren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
 Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
 Of — to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount Edgumbe turn'd their eyes;
 "That place is mine," great Neptune cries:
 "Behold! how proud o'er all the main
 Those stately turrets seem to reign!
 No views so grand on earth you see!
 The master too belongs to me:
 I grant him my domain to share,
 I bid his hand my trident bear."
 "The sea is yours, but mine the land,"
 Pallas replies; "by me were plann'd
 Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
 That fort, which crowns those island rocks:
 The lady too is of my choir,
 I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
 With every charm her mind I grac'd,
 I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste."
 "Hold, madam," interrupted Venus,
 "The lady must be shar'd between us:
 And surely mine is yonder grove,
 So fine, so dark, so fit for love;
 Trees, such as in th' Idalian glade,
 Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade."
 Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
 Each Nymph alledg'd her lawful claim.
 But Jove, to finish the debate,
 Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate:
 "Nor god nor goddess, great or small,
 That dwelling his or hers may call:
 I made Mount Edgumbe for you all."

INVITATION

TO THE

DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
 To France and England Friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which Envy's self disarms
 Of jealous hatred: Come and love
 That nation which you now approve.
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)
 For having with seducing art
 From Britain stol'n her Hervey's heart.

TO

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's
 Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
 Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
 Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
 Think not that France shall borrow all thy name—
 From British fires deriv'd the genius came:
 Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
 But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
 The Graces there each ruder art refin'd,
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
 They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
 To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir,
 And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
 Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask:
 Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
 In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
 To cloath the spirit of the British lays.
 Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
 And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string,
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind:
 Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
 By pride unsullied, genuine dignity;
 A nobler and sublime simplicity.
 Such in thy verse shall Nemo be shown:
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own;
 And Albion fighting bid her sons aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE;*

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN
 1747.

YE weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
 If, since your all accomplish'd Sydney fell,
 You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
 A loss like that these plaintive lays record!

* These verses having been originally written
 when the author was in Opposition, concluded thus
 (much better, perhaps, than at present).

"But nobler far, and greater is the praise
 "So bright to shine in these degenerate days:
 "An age of heroes kindled Sidney's fire;
 "His inborn worth alone could Grenville's
 deeds inspire."

But some years after, when his Lordship was with
 Ministry, he erased these four lines. See GENT.
 MAG. vol. XLIX. p. 601. N.

Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth,
 Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
 So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
 The such heroic warmth and courage join'd;
 He too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
 For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
 Like him, possess'd of every pleasing art,
 The secret wish of every female's heart:
 Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
 He, unrepining, for his country dy'd.

ON

GOOD HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT EATON-SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
 Which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
 A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
 And prudes who spy all faults except their own.
 Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
 Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
 Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
 What is the thing in which you most excel?
 Hard is the question, for in all you please;
 Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
 Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
 For none can envy him whom all must love.
 His magic power can make ev'n folly please,
 This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
 And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

SOME

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

TO

ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,

IN ARIOSTO.

I.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
 Orlando's wits had safely brought away;
 He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
 Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

Of

II.

Ot finest crystal were those bottles made,
Yet what was there inclos'd he could not see:
Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

III.

"A wonderful thing it is," the Saint replied,
"Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
"An airy essence, not to be descried,
"Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

"From earth each day in troops they hither come,
"And fill each hole and corner of the Moon:
"For they are never easy while at home,
"Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon.

V.

"When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
"For fear they should evaporate again;
"And hard it is a prison to invent,
"So volatile a spirit to retain.

VI.

"Those that to young and wanton girls belong
"Leap, bounce and fly, as if they'd burst the
"glass:
"But those that have below been kept too long
"Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas!"

VII.

So spake the Saint, and wonder seiz'd the Knight,
As of each vessel he th' inscription read;
For various secrets there were brought to light;
Of which report on earth had nothing said.

VIII.

Virginities, that close confin'd the thought
In t' other world, he found above the sky;
His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,
Which made him swear, though good St. John
was by.

IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he espied
That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear;
"Ah, false and treacherous fugitive!" he cried,
"Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here.

X.

"Did not thy owner, when we parted last,
"Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
"Scarce of our absence three short months are past,
"And thou already from thy post art flown.

XI.

"Be not enrag'd," replied th' Apostle kind—
"Since that this maidenhead is thine by right,
"Take it away; and, when thou hast a mind,
"Carry it *thither* whence it took its flight."

XII.

"Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous Knight,
"The Moon shall be no loser by your grace:
"Let me but have the use on't for a night,
"And I'll restore it to its present place."

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF

VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving scenes we find
What power the gods have to your sex assign'd:
Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not propt her sinking state:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;
But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the subject main her towers she rears,
And stands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
Skillful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to Honour rais'd, to Virtue true,
In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.
But she, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

* "Hence may we learn, what passion fain would
"hide,

"That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied,
"Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
"If angry Fortune on their union frown:
"Soon will the flattering dreams of joy be o'er,
"And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
"Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
"With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain;

And

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in "Advice to a Lady," p. 200; but, as Lord Lyttelton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

" And that fond love, which should afford relief,
" Does but augment the anguish of their grief:
" While both could suffer their own sorrows bear,
" Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
May Heaven, that gave you Belvidere's charms,
Destine some happier Jossier to your arms,
Whose bliss misfortune never may alloy,
Whose fondness never may through care decay;
Whose wealth may place you in the sunniest light,
And force each modest beauty into flight!
So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
No tempest crush the tender buds of joy;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!

ELEGY.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to
prove,

Canst thou endure this calmly to erase
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place some meaner idol in her shrine?
O task, for feeble Reason too severe!
O lesson, nought could teach me but despair!
Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight,
They've view'd so oft with languishing delight?
Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming
found

Seem'd to relieve, while it encreas'd, my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
To the soft notes of elegant desire;
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains less exquisite thine mine,
'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

INSCRIPTION

FOR A BUST OF LADY SUFFOLK;

Designed to be set up in a Wood at Stow.

1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made:
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

IN HER SICKNESS.

FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
Alas! I only wish for health again,
Because I think my lover shares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myself I torture, while the world I cheat:
Though prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame;
Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

(" Quid queri, Labiene, jubes, &c.")

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire,
Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine enquire?
Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
Or basely live, and be a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay;
If impious force can honest minds dismay,
Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain;
If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
And right, dependant on itself alone,
Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.

Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of the Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipotent mind
Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd,

There,

There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

TO MR. GLOVER;
ON HIS
POEM OF LEONIDAS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harrafs'd poor to spare?
Is it like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and Freedom's sacred fire?
Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power re-
strain?

Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
With partial wantonness, the golden shower,
And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries!
Rouse, Britons, rouse! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of freedom shines,
Accept this friendly praise; and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to
sing,
But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
With tender trifles soothe some artless maid.

TO
WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS
LOSING HIS COMMISSION,
IN THE YEAR 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for
fame,
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

TO

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
 For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confin'd,
 No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
 He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
 Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)
 He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
 Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
 No words can speak it; but our tears may tell—
 O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
 O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
 O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
 Where will you find another breast like his?
 Such was the man—the poet well you know:
 Oft has he touch'd your heart with tender woe:
 Oft in this crouded house, with just applause,
 You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
 For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught
 lyre
 None but the noblest passions to inspire,
 Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
 One line, which dying he could wish to blot.
 Oh! may to night your favourable doom
 Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
 Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
 Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.

Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
 From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
 With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
 Shar'd all his little fortune could impart;
 If to those friends your kind regard should give
 What they no longer can from him receive;
 That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
 May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

EPILOGUE

TO

LILLO'S ELMERICK.

YOU, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
 In judgment here, unaw'd, unbiass'd, sit,
 The *palatines* and guardians of the pit;
 If to your minds this merely modern play
 No useful sense, no generous warmth convey;
 If *sustain* here, through each unnatural scene,
 In *strain'd conceits sound high*, and *nothing mean*;
 If *lofty dullness* for your vengeance call:
 Like *Elmerick* judge, and let the guilty fall.
 But if simplicity, with force and fire,
 Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire:
 If, like the action which these scenes relate,
 The whole appear irregularly great;
 If matter-strokes the nobler passions move;
 Then, like the king, *acquit us*, and *approve*.

P O E M S

BY

MR. GAY.

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE, 1713*.

"—Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus." NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows;
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,

To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties:
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And Honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,

Where fields and shades, and the refreshing clime,

Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove through flowery meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native strains;

* This poem received many material corrections from the Author after it was first published.

And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you. 30

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day, 35
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'er spreads the ground, 40
The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows, 45
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour;
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake; 50
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phoebus gains,

And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake, 55
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines;
And with the beech a mutual shade combines; 60
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazle overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast, 65
And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In every page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes; 70
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:

Here

Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles and rise in graceful row :
Now I behold the flood-curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground :
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein ;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims :
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew ;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies ;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend ;
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way :
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand ;
No warbling cheers the woods ; the feather'd choir,
To court kind simmers, to the sprays retire ;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day ;
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides :
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below :
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestow th' uncloudy skies ;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends ;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer ;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds ;
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays !

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake ;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare ;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tye.

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75 When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain ;
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide ;
Then soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
80 And drive the liquid burthen through the skies, 140
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds :
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook ;
85 Now expectation cheers his eager thought, 145
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.
Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
90 Which down the murmuring current gently flows ;
When, or if chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the falacious meat ;
Now happy fisherman, now twitch the line ! 155
How thy rod bends ! behold, the prize is thine !
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.
You must not every worm promiscuous use,
100 Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose : 160
The worm that draws a long immoderate size,
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies ;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
105 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains, 165
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains :
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss ;
Amid the verdant bed they twine they toil,
110 And from their bodies wipe their native soil. 170
But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day :
115 You now a more delusive art must try, 175
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride ;
Let nature guide thee ; sometimes golden wire
120 The shining bellies of the fly require ; 180
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail,
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings :
125 Silks of all colours must their aid impart. 185
And every fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, of air :
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays
130 Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays. 190
Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear ;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.

Z z

Oft have I seen the skilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly ;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the
brook,

And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw ; 200
When, if an insect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide ;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size,
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds, 205
And on the back a speckled feather binds ;
So just the colours shine through every part,
That Nature seems again to live in Art.

Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair ; 210
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves ;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supply'd,
Against the stream now gently let it play, 215
Now in the rapid eddy roll away,
The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air ;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate. 220

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy 225
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food ;
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away : 230
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake ;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
And now again, impatient of the wound, 235
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round ;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ; 240
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands ;
Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength, 245
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot
eyes ;

Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air : 250
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race ;
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous coter chase
(Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores, 255
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores) :

Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds 260

Perplex the fisher ; I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear ;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake ;
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine, 265
No blood of living insect stain my line.
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook.
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey 270

RURAL SPORTS.

CANTO II.

NOW, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing
reins,
Leave the clear streams awile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse ; 225
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch inclose the sea ;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the foal and turbot hide the sand ;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watry song. 230

Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair, 235
Haste ! save the product of the bounteous year :
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.
Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe. 240
With what delight the rapid course I view !
How does my eye the circling race pursue !
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws ;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws ;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound 245

Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground ;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford !
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board ! 250

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,

To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies, 305
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
 Wandering in plenty danger he forgets,
 Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets.
 The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;

Against the wind he takes his prudent way, 310
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
 Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud detect, 315
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,
 'Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
 And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,

His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes.
 Or, when the sun casts a declining ray,
 And drives his chariot down the western way,
 Let your obsequious ranger search around, 325
 Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
 Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
 But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
 When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
 And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade; 330
 Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
 Or driving mists deface the moistened plains;
 In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
 While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear, 335
 But what's the Fowier's be the Muses' care.
 See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
 The scent grows warm—he stops—he springs the

prey;
 The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
 And on swift wing divide the sounding skies: 340
 The scattering lead pursues the certain flight,
 And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
 Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
 Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
 Now to the copse the lesser spaniel take, 345
 Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
 Not closest coverts can protect the game:
 Hark! the dog opens: take thy certain aim.
 The woodcock flutters: how he wavering flies!
 The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
 Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
 Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
 And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
 Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain, 355
 That greets the morning with his early strain:
 When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass be-

trays,
 While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
 And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
 Pride lures the little warbler from the skies: 360
 The light-enchanted bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
 The hound must open in these rural strains.
 Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
 And edges eastern clouds with rosy light, 365
 The healthy huntsman, with the chearful horn,
 Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
 The jocund thunder wakes the enliven'd hounds,
 They rouse from sleep and answer sounds for

sounds;
 Wide through the furzy field their rout they take, 370
 Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
 The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
 No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
 The distant mountains echo from afar,
 And hanging woods resound the flying war: 375
 The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
 The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
 Hills, dales and forests, far behind remain, 380
 While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd

train.
 Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
 Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
 New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
 Now circling turns, and now at large she flies:

385
 Till, spent at last, she pants and heaves for breath,
 Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, adventurous Muse! hast thou the force
 To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
 To keep thy seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill, 390
 O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
 Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
 Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
 The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
 Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay. 395

O happy plains, remote from wars alarms,
 And all the ravages of hostile arms!
 And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
 On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
 Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store, 400

And whirling sails disjoint the cracking floor!
 No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
 Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
 No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
 Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain: 405
 No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
 The dreadful signal of invasive war:
 No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
 And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends, 410
 In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
 She gratefully receives what heaven has sent,
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
 (Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
 Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame): 415
 She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;

Her home-spun drefs in fimple neatnefs lies, 420
 And for no glaring equipage ſhe sighs :
 Her reputation, which is all her boaft,
 In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt ;
 No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
 And health, not point, the feading bloom re-
 pairs. 425
 If love's ſoft paſſion in her boſom reign,
 An equal paſſion warms her happy ſwain ;
 No homebred jars her quiet ſtate control,
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her ſoul ;
 With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race 430
 Hang on her breaſt, and her ſmall cottage grace ;
 The fleecy ball their buſy fingers cull,
 Or from the ſpindle draw the lengthening wool :
 Thus flow her hours with conſtant peace of
 mind,
 Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind. 435
 Ye happy fields, unknown to noiſe and ſtrife,
 The kind rewarders of induſtrious life ;
 Ye ſhady woods, where once I uſ'd to rove,
 Alike indulgent to the Muſe and Love ;
 Ye murmuring ſtreams that in meanders roll, 440
 The ſweet compoſers of the penſive ſoul ;
 Farewel!—The city calls me from your bowers :
 Farewel, amuſing thoughts and peaceful hours!

THE FAN,

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whoſe waving play
 With gentle gales relieves the ſultry day ;
 Not the wide fan by Perſian bames diſplay'd,
 Which o'er their beauty caſts a grateful ſhade ;
 Nor that long known in China's artful land, 5
 Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand.
 Nor ſhall the Muſe in Aſian climates rove,
 To ſeek in Indooſtan ſome ſpicy grove,
 Where ſtretch'd at eaſe, the panting lady lies,
 To ſhun the fervor of merian ſkies, 10
 While ſweating ſlaves catch every breeze of air,
 And with wide-ſpreading fans reſreſh the fair ;
 No buſy gnats her pleaſing dreams moleſt,
 Inſtame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breaſt ;
 But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
 And mitigate the fever of the ſky.
 Nor ſhall Bermudas long the Muſe detain,
 Whoſe fragrant foreſts bloom in Waller's ſtrain,

Where breathin ſweets from every field aſcend,
 And the wild woods with golden apples bend. 20
 Yet let me in ſome odorous ſhade reſoſe,
 Whilſt in my verſe the fair palmetto grows :
 Like the tall pine it ſhoots its ſtately head ;
 From the broad top depending branches ſpread ;
 No knotty limbs the taper body bears ; 25
 Hung on each bough a ſingle leaf appears,
 Which, ſhrivel'd in its infancy, remains
 Like a clos'd fan, nor ſtretches wide its veins,
 But, as the ſeaſons in their circle run,
 Opeſ its ribb'd ſurface to the nearer ſun : 30
 Beneath this ſhade the weary peaſant lies,
 Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes riſe.
 Stay, wandering Muſe! nor rove in foreign
 climes ;
 To thy own native ſhore confine thy rhymes.
 Aſſiſt, ye Nine, your loſtiefſt notes employ ; 35
 Say what celeſtial ſkill contriv'd the toy ;
 Say how this inſtrument of Love began,
 And in immortal ſtrains diſplay the Fan.
 Strephon had long confeſs'd his amorous pain,
 Which gay Corinna rallied with diſdain : 40
 Sometimes in broken words he ſigh'd hiſcare,
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair ;
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
 He drefs'd, he laugh'd, he ſung, he rhym'd, he
 danc'd ;
 Now call'd more powerful preſents to his aid, 45
 And, to ſeduce the miſtreſs, brib'd the maid ;
 Smooth flattery in her loſter hours apply'd,
 The ſureſt charm to bend the force of pride ;
 But ſtill unmov'd remains the ſcornful dame,
 Inſults her captive, and derides his flame 50
 When Strephon ſaw his vows diſpers'd in air,
 He fought in ſolitude to loſe his care ;
 Relief in ſolitude he fought in vain,
 It ſerv'd, like muſick, but to feed his pain.
 To Venus now the ſlighted boy complains, 55
 And calls the Goddeſs in theſe tender ſtrains :
 O potent Queen! from Neptune's empire
 ſprung,
 Whoſe glorious birth admiring Nereids ſung,
 Who 'midſt the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
 Whoſe radiant preſence gilds the Paphian grove, 60
 Where to thy name a thouſand altars riſe,
 And curling clouds of incenſe hide the ſkies :
 O beauteous Goddeſs! teach me how to move,
 Inſpire my tongue with eloquence of love !
 If loſt Adonis e'er thy boſom warm'd, 65
 If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
 Think on thoſe hours when firſt you felt the dart,
 Think on the reſtleſs fever of thy heart ;
 Think how you pine in abſence of the ſwain : 70
 By thoſe uneaſy minutes know my pain.
 Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
 And at her ſhrine renews her virgin vows,

The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame ;
 She reads his oaths, and feeds an equal flame.
 Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove !
 May Venus state, and reward my love !
 When crowds of suitors Atalanta try'd,
 She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd ;
 Each daring lover with adventurous pace
 Pursued his wishes in the dangerous race ;
 Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
 Strains to the goal, the distant lover dies.
 Hippomenes, O Venus ! was thy care,
 You taught the swain to stay the flying fair ;
 Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes ;
 She stoops, he rushes on, and gains the prize.
 Say, Cyprian Deity, what gift, what art,
 Shall humble into love Corinna's heart ?
 If only some bright toy can charm the sight,
 Teach me what present may suspend her flight.
 Thus the desponding youth his flame declares :
 The Goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
 Sacred to Venus and the God of Love ;
 Here the luxurious myrtle rears her head,
 Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread ;
 Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,
 And paints th' enamel'd ground with various
 flowers ;

Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
 Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,
 The rugged stone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
 And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
 Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart ;
 All share the toil ; while some the bellows ply,
 Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly :
 Some with joint force turn round the stony wheel,
 Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd
 steel ;

Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
 And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A different toil another forge employs :
 Here the loud hammer fashions female toys ;
 Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd ;
 Hence spring the glittering implements of pride ;
 Each trinket that adorns the modern dame
 First to these little artists ow'd its frame :
 Here an unfinish'd diamond croslet lay,
 To which soft lovers adoration pay ;
 There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
 That with quick scents invites the modish spleen ;

Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
 Which serves the rally'd fop for smart replies ;
 There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
 The future records of the lover's flames ;
 Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,

And in-laid tweezer-cases strow the ground ;
 There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
 Completely furnish'd with bright Beauty's arms ;
 The patch, the powder-box, pulville ; perfumes,
 Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs.

The toilsome hours in different labour slide,
 Some work the file, and some the graver guide ;
 From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
 And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
 Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
 Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise,
 A swarm of labourers different tasks attend :
 Here pulleys make the ponderous oak ascend ;
 With echoing strokes the craggy quarry groans,
 While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones ;

The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
 Till the proud battlements her towers enclose.
 Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
 And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains ;
 Straight to the grott with grateful step she goes,
 Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows :
 The swelling bellows heave for breath no more ;
 All drop their silent hammers on the floor ;
 In deep suspense the mighty labour stands ;
 While thus the Goddess spoke her mild commands :

Industrious Loves ! your present toils forbear ;
 A more important task demands your care :
 Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
 By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.

That glorious bird have ye not often seen,
 Who draws the car of the celestial Queen ?
 Have ye not oft' survey'd his varying dyes,
 His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes ?
 Have you not seen him in a sunny day
 Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display ;
 Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
 And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain ?
 Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art ;
 Thin taper sticks must from one centre part :

Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
 The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide ;
 Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
 And make a miniature creation grow.
 Let the machine in equal foldings close,
 And now its plaited surface wide dispose !
 So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
 And grace each motion with the restless toy ;
 With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
 While Love in every grateful zephyr flies.

The master Cupid traces out the lines,
 And with judicious hand the draught designs :
 Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
 And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
 Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
 And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart ;
 The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
 Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire ;
 Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
 And sounding hammers break its barbed frame :

Of this the little pin they neatly mold,
 From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold ;
 In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
 And at just distance the wide ribs extend ;
 Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
 And finish instantly the new machine.

The Goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales till then unknown play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will ye withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's
hand?

In ancient times, when maids in thought were
pure,

When eyes were artless, and the look demure;
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck inclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd;
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts!
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the javelin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful faulchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men whose less destructive arms despise;
Wide-wasteful death from thundering cannon
flies:

One hour with more battalions strows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
So Love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her drefs disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beauties shows;
Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires
A towery front of lace on branching wires;
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows,
How shall I soar, and on unwearied wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring!
What force of thought, what numbers can express
Th' inconstant equipage of female drefs!
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train!
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whale-bone bound!

But stay, presumptuous Muse! nor boldly dare

The toilet's sacred mysteries declare.
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteau's rattle in thy verse;
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold;
The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

THE FAN.

BOOK II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in heaven's high towers
Appear in council all th' immortal powers.

Great Jove above the rest exalted sat,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate;
His awful eye with ray superior shone;
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see fair Venus comes in all her state;
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her loose robe officious Zephyrs play,
And strew with odorous flowers the way;
In her right hand she waves the fluttering Fan;
And thus in melting sounds her speech began:

Assembled Powers! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth, preside;
Ye fountains! whence all human blessings flow.
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with generous wine;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year;
And fruitful Autumn is Pomona's care.

I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with drefs refin'd;
Celestial Synod! this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise.

With this she veils them from her lover's eyes;
No level'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.

The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears;
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strong bow points out the Cynthian Queen;
Henceforth the waving Fan my hands shall grace,
The waving Fan supply the sceptre's place.
Who shall, ye Powers! the forming pencil hold?
What story shall the wide machine unfold?

Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle-wreaths and flowry chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains
With unresisting nymphs and amorous swains:
May glowing pictures o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with a warm design!

Diana rose with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mein she rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said:
Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The wathful ogle, and delusive smiles?

Does man again! her charms too powerful prove?
Or are the sex grown novices in love?

Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush conquer by surprise?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows.

Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.

Have not the Gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supply'd?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;

The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;

Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.
Does not the diamond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?

From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet, if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be decreed,

May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe!

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevel'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind.

The perjurd youth unfurls his treacherous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
Be still! ye winds, she cries; stay, Theseus, stay!
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.

All desperate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His lessening vessel plows the foamy main;
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd;
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;

His sister Anna hovering o'er her stands,
Accuses Heaven with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.

View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe:
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the false youth wove for Oenone's brow;

The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled.

On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' wave with mournful look surveys;
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame:

"These streams shall sooner to their fountain move,
Than I forget my dear Oenone's love."

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Roll back, ye streams; back to your fountain
run!

Paris is false; Oenone is undone.

Ah, wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curst passion knew,

When groves could please, and when you lov'd the
plain,
Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.
Thus may the nymph, when'er she spreads the
fan,

In his true colours view perfidious man;
Pleas'd with her virgin state, in forests rove,
And never trust the dangerous hopes of Love.

The Goddess ended; merry Momus rose,
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws;
Then with a noisy laugh forestalls the joke,
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke

Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the Cynthia Queen.

On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies,
Feign'd sleep has clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes:
See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;

No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

Here let her on some flowery bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade;
Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face;

O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
(Stand off! ye shepherds; fear Actæon's head!)
Let vigorous Pan th' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please.

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face.

See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes;
To raise his passions, she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms:

Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force, his heart per-
suade;
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid.

Here let dissolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.

There let all-conquering gold exert its power,
And soften Danaë in a glittering shower.

Would you warn Beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face.

See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood:
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivel'd eyes;

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She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain 175
 Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain ;
 With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,
 What ! spoil her face ! No. Warbling strains, fare-
 wel.

Shall arts, shall sciences, employ the fair ?
 Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.
 From Venus let her learn the married life,
 And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
 Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
 Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame ;
 The God of War within her clinging arms
 Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
 Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
 And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear ;
 Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
 Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
 Let these amours adorn the new machine,
 And female nature on the piece be seen ;
 So shall the fair, as long as Fans shall last,
 Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

THE FAN.

BOOK III.

THUS Momus spoke. When sage Minerva
 rose ;

From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows ;
 Her skillful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
 Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
 As Gods are blest'd with a superior skill,
 And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will ;
 Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
 To bid the paint express her great design.
 Th' assembled powers consent She now began
 And her creating pencil stain'd the Fan.
 O'er the fair field trees spread, and rivers flow,
 Towers rear their heads, and distant mountains
 grow ;

Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
 And in each face some lively passion reigns.
 Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear, 15
 Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air,
 In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
 Through the small circle of a convex glass ;
 On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
 The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

She various fables on the piece design'd,
 That spoke the follies of the female kind.
 The fate of pride in Niobe she drew
 (Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue).
 In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood,
 Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood ;
 Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
 Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air ;
 A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
 Whose spacious border golden flowers surround ; 30

She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
 And of due honours robb'd her sacred name ;
 To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
 And adoration own her brighter eyes.
 Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
 Seven gaceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
 Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain, 180
 Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
 Here Phoebus his unerring arrow drew,
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw ; 40
 His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
 And the pale corpse falls headlong to the plain.
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend, 185
 See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend ;
 Diana's arrow joins them face to face, 45
 And death unites them in a strict embrace.
 190 Another here flies trembling o'er the plain
 (When Heaven pursues, we shun the stroke in
 vain) :

This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
 And 'midst his humble adoration dies 50
 As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
 A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart:
 While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
 The tender sisters, bath'd in grief appear, 55
 With sable garments and dishevel'd hair,
 And o'er their gasping brothers weeping flood ;
 Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood ;
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
 And in the pious action share their fate 60
 Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
 With her wide robe protects her only care ;
 To save her only care in vain she tries,
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows, 65
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose ;
 Fix'd in astonishment she weeping stood,
 The plain all purple with her children's blood ;
 She stiffens with her woes : no more her hair
 In easy ringlets wantons in the air ; 70
 Motion forsakes her eyes : her veins are dry'd,
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide ;
 All life is fled ; firm marble now she grows,
 Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted Fans display, 75
 And the just fate of lofty pride survey.
 Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
 And in celestial similes adore ;
 Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
 And goddesses confess inferior charms ; 80
 Do not, vain maid, the flattering tale believe,
 Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.
 Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
 Who to her jealous fears a victim sell.
 Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
 Who rolls her sickening eyes, and gasps for life ;
 Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
 And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes.
 25 What guilt, what horror, on his face appears !
 See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears ; 90
 With agony his wringing hands he strains,
 And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives ! bid vain suspicion cease,
 Lest not, in sudden discontent, your peace :
 For, when fierce love to jealousy ferments, 95
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents ;
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian queen expir'd,
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd. 100
 Gay Chloëus' arms attract her longing eyes,
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs ;
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way ;
 Down drops the martial maid ; the bloody
 ground 105

Floats with a torrent from the purple wound ;
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
 Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays ; 110
 His snowy feather, edg'd with crimson dyes,
 And his bright sword-knot, lure her wandering eyes ;
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood, 115
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood ;
 The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdued,
 Echo in vain the flying boy pursued, 120
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires :
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently
 flows, 125

And in a short-liv'd flower his beauty blows.
 Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.
 Like flowers it withers with th' advancing year ;
 And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair. 130
 Oh, Araminta ! cease thy wonted pride,
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide ;
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
 Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies !

Thus on the Fan the breathing figures shine, 135
 And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.
 To the low world she bends her sleepy way,
 Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day. 140
 She found him in a melancholy grove,
 His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love ;
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
 And every tree bore false Corinna's name :
 In a cool shade he lay with folded arms, 145
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms ;
 When Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
 And with these words relieves his amorous cares :

Rise ! happy youth ; this bright machine survey,
 Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway ; 150
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

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The Fan shall flutter in all female hands,
 And various fashions learn from various lands.
 For this shall elephants their ivory shed ; 155
 And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread :
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
 On this shall Indians all their art employ,
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy ; 160
 Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
 Their dress, their customs, their religion, show :
 So shall the British fair their minds improve,
 And on the Fan to distant climates rove.
 Here China's ladies shall their pride display, 165
 And silver figures gild their loose array ;
 This boasts her little feet and winking eyes ;
 That tunes the lute, or tinkling cymbal plies :
 Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine ;
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine. 170
 The peeping Fan in modern times shall rise,
 Through which unseen the female eye flies ;
 This shall in temples the fly maid conceal,
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
 Gay France shall make the Fan her artist's care, 175
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned orators, that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the listening throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue ; 180
 So shall each passion by the Fan be seen,
 From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes ;
 Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies :
 But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill, 185
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
 Which to Leander's panting bosom flew.
 Leander lov'd, and to the sprightly dame
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame : 190
 Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
 And for the fop in equal passion burns.

Lo, Strephon comes ! and, with a suppliant
 bow,

Offers the present, and renews his vow.
 When she the fate of Niobe beheld, 195
 Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd ?
 She sighing cry'd. Dido forsook her breast,
 And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
 She justly blames her own suspicious heart ; 200
 Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
 And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
 No more for show and equipage she burns :
 She learns Leander's passion to despise, 205
 And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
 Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
 Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies ;
 Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossoms dies. 210

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon wed the dame,
 And Hyacinth's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

A

THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK,
IN
SIX PASTORALS. 1714.

WITH
THE AUTHOR'S NOTES.

"—Libeat mihi fordida rura,
"Atque humiles habitare casae." VIRG.

PROLOGUE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

LO, I who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bunkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the queen;
That queen, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet peace that maketh riches flow;
That queen, who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state.

At this, in tears was Cicely seen,
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean,
Indoleful dumps stood every clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd queen Anne to Elizabeth,
I broke my reed, and, sighing, swore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our Liege was passing well.
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They said had wrought this blessed deed.
This leach Arbuthnot was yeapt,
Who many a night not once had slept;
But watch'd our gracious Sovereign still;
For who could rest when she was ill?
Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
Sheer, twains, oh sheer your softest sheep,
To swell his couch; for, well I ween,
He sav'd the realm, who sav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, please God, I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see.
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue;
My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my scrip, I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dread;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row,
Before their Queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Euxoma brown,
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;
Nor Chumfille nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lansdowne, fresh as flower of May,
And Berkeley, lady blithe and gay;

And Anglesea, whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or eaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare;
And Montague beyond compare:
Such ladies fair would I depaint,
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen,
In ribbon blue and ribbon green:
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our bibles fair;
Who for our traffick forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care;
Ye maids, your spinning wheels prepare;
Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and ferges grow;
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leavings lewd affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to church and queen;
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain;
St. John, right courteous to the swain.

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay;
And, certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did ev'n as my lord had said.

Lo, here thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of states and kings
Wait, while our Bowzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Should stay the trade of France or Spain;
Or, for the plaint of Parson's maid,
Yon' Emperor's packets be delay'd;
In tooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

MONDAY;

OR,
THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear:
Then why does Cuddy leave his cott so rear?

CUDDY.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is gueft,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;

Ver. 3. *Welkin*, the same as *Welken*, an old Saxon word signifying a cloud; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the element or sky, as may appear by this verse in the Dream of Chaucer,

"Ne in all the welkin was no cloud."
—*Shen* or *shine*, an old word for shining or bright.

Ver. 5. *Scant*, used in the ancient British authors for scarce.

Ver. 6. *Rear*, an expression in several counties of England, for early in the morning.

Ver. 7. *To ween*, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree :
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah, Blouzelind ! I love thee more by half, 15
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf :
Woe worth the tongue ! may blisters fore it gall,
That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise. 20
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain !
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, 25
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight en-

sue :

He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear. 30
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair, 35
Made of the skin of deepest fallow-deer.
This pouch that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting flout !
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows ;
Fair is the gillflower, of gardens sweet, 45
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet :
But Blouzelind's than gillflower more fair,
Than daisie, marygold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the fairest maid,
That e'er at wake delightfome gambel play'd. 50
Clean as young lamblers or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound, 55
And my our Tray play dearest feats around ;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near ;
O'er her breast, 'tis winter all the year.
With her nestling hummer's heat I glow :
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire.

CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay, 60
Even noon-tide labour seem'd at play :
And holidays, I say, she were gone
Like worky-days, I wish I would turn so soon.

Estfoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gamefome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I dily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss ;
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say, 75
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss ; at first, 'tis true, 80
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the chear ;
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind, 85
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

CUDDY.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife, 90
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at blindman's buff, it hapt 95
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, " Love is blind."

CUDDY.

As at hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown ; 100
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the flocken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rump'd garment rose, 105
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

CUDDY.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid.

Ver. 25. *Erst*, a contraction of *ere this* ; it signifies *some time ago*, or *formerly*.

Ver. 56. *Deft*, an old word, signifying *brisk* or *nimble*.

Ver. 69. *Estfoons*, from *est*, an ancient British word, signifying *soon*. So that *estfoons* is a doubling of the word *soon* ; which is, as it were, to say *twice soon*, or *very soon*.

Ver. 79. *Quaint* has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his *Miller's Tale*. " As Clerkes being full subtilie " and *quaint* " (by which he means *artful* or *swaggerish*) ; and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 85.

" *Populus Albia gratissima, Vitis laccho,*
" *Fernosa Myrtus Veneri, fua Laurea Phæbo,*
" *Phyllis amat Corylos. Thus dom Phyllis amabit,*
" *Nec Myrtus vinct Corylos, nec Laurea Phæbi.*"

Veneri.

High leap'd the plank ; adown Buxoma fell ;
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain.
"What flower is that which bears the *virgin's* name,
"The richest metal joined with the same?"

CUDDY.

Answer, thou carie, and judge this riddle right, 115
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
"What flower is that which royal honour craves,
"Adjoin the *virgin*, and 'tis strown on graves?"

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains !
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 120
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

TUESDAY:

OR

THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed ;
In every wood his carols sweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw, 5
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew ;
Or when assant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain ; 10
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow ;
Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd ;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares, 15
Nor yellow butter, nor sage-cheese, prepares ;
For yearning love the wileless maid employs,
And Love, say swains, "all busy heed destroys."
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart ;
A lass that Cicely hight had won his heart, 20
Cicely the western lass that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she.
In dre ry shade now Marian lies along,
And, mixt with sighs, thus wails in pining song :
Ah woeful day ! ah woeful noon and morn ! 25
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn ;
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart. 30

Ver. 103—110 were not in the early editions. N.

Ver. 113. Marygold.

Ver. 117. Rosemary.

"Die quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum

"N scantur Flores."

VIRG.

Ver. 120. "Et vitula tu dignus & hic." VIRG.

Ver. 21. *Kee*, a west-country word for *line* or *cow*.

Ah, Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true?
What I have done for thee, will Cicely do?
Will she thy linen wash, or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with hufwife's hand provide thy meat? 35
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait,
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cicely's eyes aside?

Where'er I gad, I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear. 40
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known.
Our neighbours tell me oft', in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather oatmeal, bran, and chalk ;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine, 45
And wilt not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To toil all day, and merry make at night. 50
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care ;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In missing days, when I my thresher heard, 55
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd ;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail :
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught supply ; 60
Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft' been fun burnt for thy sake :
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lag'd the last with Colin on the green ;
And when at eve returning with thy car, 65
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far,
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood'st *flaving*, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley-loaf ; 70
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three fallow gypsies met.
Upon my hand they cast a poring look, 75
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook :
They said that many crosses I must prove ;
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinner and a smock ; 80
I bore these losses with a christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies ; bring him home again, 85
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not sat with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When every creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I? 90
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought the costly present for thy sake ;
Could'st thou spoil o'er the posy on thy knife, 95
And with another change thy fate of life?

If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet:
"As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
"So is thy image on this heart of mine." 100
But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, *always sever love*.

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears she fought; 105
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a great.

WEDNESDAY:

OR,

THE DUMPS*.

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No mag-pye chatter'd, nor the painted jay, 5
Nor ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while, O D'Urfey, lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain; 10
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or eke at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice, 15
Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in every voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen laid at rest forgot the goad, 20
The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his
spade,
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;

* *Dumps*, or *dumbs*, made use of to express a fit of the *fullens*. Some have pretended that it is derived from *Dumops*, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So *mopes* after the same manner is thought to have come from *Me-rops*, another Egyptian king that died of the same distemper. But our English antiquaries have conjectured that *dumps*, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word *dumplin*, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 5.

"Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
"Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynceæ,
"Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus."

Ver. 9.

"Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
"Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris—" VIRG.

Ver. 11. An opera written by this author, called, "The World in the Sun, or The Kingdom of Birds;" he is also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse-race, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

Ver. 17. *Meed*, an old word for *fame* or *renown*.

Ver. 18

—"Hanc sine tempore circum

"Inter victimæ ederaui tibi serpente lauros."

When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and strait with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in mournful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumfilis put on. 30
Sure if he'd eyes (*but love, they say, has none*)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah, well a-day! I'm shent with baneful snart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid, 35
"Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Shall heavy Clumfilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne! 40
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight grow
sour,

Before it ever felt the thunder's power:
No hufwifry the dowdy creature knew; 45
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
"Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make: 50
Though Clumfilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black shoe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.

Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek, 55
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.

Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite; 60
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose;
For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
"Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Ver. 25.

"Incumbens tereti Damon sic caput olivæ." VIR.
Ver. 33. *Shent*, an old word, signifying *hurt* or *harmed*.

Ver. 37.

"Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus aman-
tes?" VIRG.

Ver. 49.

"Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in littore
vidi." VIRG.

Ver. 53.

"Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur." VIRG.

Ver. 59.

"Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
"Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ." VIRG.

Ver. 67.

"Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,
"Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces—
"Quàm nostro illius labatur pectore vultus." VIR.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackrel graze the meadows fair :
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow aspen trees, like squirrels, play ; 70
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove ;
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

" My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Ah ! didst thou know what proffers I withstood
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood !
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame ;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took, 80
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick, in livery striped with lace,
Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace ;
But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee ; 85
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee ?

" My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Now plain I ken whence Love his rife begun ;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain
Erst taught him mischief, and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the fillier shepherds destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do ? 95
The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

" My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that
flow ;

A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.
What ! shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd ?
No—To some tree this carcase I'll suspend.
But worrying curs find such untimely end !
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool 105
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of every scolding quean ;
Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean !
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the parish say I've lost my wits ; 110
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.

" Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,
" And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own."

The sun was set ; the night came on apace, 115
And falling dews bewet around the place ;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings ;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.

Ver. 89. *To ken*. Scire. Chaucer, *to ken* and *kende* ; notus A. S. *cunnan*. Goth. *kunnan*. Ger-
manis *kennen*. Danis *kende*. Islandis *kunna*. Bel-
gis *kennen*. This word is of general use, but not
very common, though not unknown to the vulgar.
Ken for *prospicere* is well known and used to *discover*
by the eye. RAY, F. R. S.

" Nunc scio quid sit amor, &c.

" Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille ?

" Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater."

Ver. 99.

" —vivite sylvæ :

" Præceps aerii speculâ de montis in undas

" Delerat."

VIRG.

THURSDAY ;

OR, THE SPELL.

HORNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale ;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe !
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love ;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains. 10
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear ;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

When first the year I heard the cuckow sing, 15
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a-running with such haste,
Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast ;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20
Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought ;
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30
" This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
" Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow."
I straight look'd back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find ;
I nearly rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away ; 40
A-field I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for so should hufwives do) ;
Thrice first I spy'd ; and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take ; 45
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake ?

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal. 50
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).
I seiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and, if I right can spell, 55
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L ;

Ver. 2. *Dight*, or *bedight*, from the Saxon word
dightan, which signifies *to fit in order*.

Ver. 21. *Doff* and *do*, contracted from the words
do off and *do on*.

Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove !
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around." 60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the lowdest bounce me fore amaz'd,
That in a flame of-brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow; 65
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

As pease-cods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three, 70
Which when I cropp'd I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when, who should first come
in, 75

But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin.

I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sight:

So may again his love with mine unite! 80

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

This Lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass,
"Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West, 85
"Fly where the man is found that I love best."
He leaves my hand; see to the West he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around." 90

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
Ifling th' untbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen 95
Than what the paring makes upon the green.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take, 100
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Booby-clod on t' other side is borne.
But Booby-clod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unfound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last 105
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Ver. 64.—*ἔγω δ' ἐπὶ Δάφνιδι δάφραν*
Αἰὼν. ὥς αὖτις λαλῶν, μέγα καυτρεῖσθαι.
THEOC.

Ver. 66.
"Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide." 110
VIRG.

Ver. 93. "Transque caput jace; ne respexeris." 115
VIRG.

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee. 110
He wist not when the hempen string I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.

Together fast I tie the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:

"Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure, 115

"Firm by the knot, firm may his love endure!"

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market day

To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay. 120

I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.

Strait to the 'pothecary shop I went,

And in love-powder all my money spent.

Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers 125

When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,

And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around." 130

Put hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,

O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.

He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,

Nor shall the crown'd with willow die a maid.

He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown: 135

Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

FRIDAY.

OR

THE DIRGE.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.

'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,

And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;

From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne, 5

And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.

Yet ev'n this season pleasure blithe affords,

Now the squeez'd pears foams with our apple

Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl, [hoards.

Let cyder new "wash sorrow from thy soul." 10

GRUBBINOL.

Ah, Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,

From these sad plains all merriment is flown;

Ver. 109.

"Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:

"Necte, Amarylli, modo; et Veneris dic vincula

"necto. VIRG.

Ver. 123.

"Has herbas, atque hanc Ponto mihi lecta venena

"Ipse dedit Mæris." VIRG.

Ver. 127.—Ποτὸν κακὸν αἴψου αἰσῶ THEOC.

Ver. 131.

"Nescio quid certe est; & Hylax in limine latrat."

VIRG.

* *Dirge*, or *Dyrge*, a mournful ditty, or song of la-

mentation, over the dead; not a contraction of the

Latin *Dirige* in the Popish Hymn, *Dirige gressus meos*,

as some pretend. But from the Teutonic *Dyrke*, *La-*

dare, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their

Dyrke, and our *Dirge* was a laudatory song to com-

memorate and applaud the dead.

COWLEY'S Interpret.

Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

"Hang sorrow!" Let's to yonder hut repair, 15
And with trim sonnets "cast away our care."
"Gillian of Croydon" well thy pipe can play:
Thou sing'st most sweet, "O'er hills and far away."
Of "Patient Griffel" I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring. 20
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter, come;
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woe shall distant vallies ring.
The tale shall make our kiddings droop their head, 25
For, woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead!

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood-pigeon coos without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And evening tears upon the grass be spread;
The rolling streams with watery grief shall flow, 35
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft' as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
The season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd. 40

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide, 45
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown; 50
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55
I shall her goodly countenance espy;
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound. 60
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream:
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door;
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly; 70

Ver. 15.

"Incipe, Mopse, prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri."

VIRG.

Ver. 27. *Glee, Joy; from the Dutch Glooren, to
recreate.*

The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.

No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass, 75
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch'd the sheaves, (oh, could I do so now!)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deal of my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd. 80
Ah, Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show;
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds, instead of butter-flowers, appear, 85
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread;
For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid, is dead!
Lament, ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verie upon her stone: 90
"Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
"Weep, shepherds—and remember flesh is grass."

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;
Or winter porridge to the labouring youth, 95
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The boding raven on her cottage fate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, 105
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
When on her darling's bed her mother fate! 110
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:

"Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed:
Be these my sister's care—and every morn 115
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf, 120
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid;
Be ten the Parson's, for my sermen paid.

Ver. 84.

"Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso,
"Carduus & spinis surgit paliurus acutis." VIRG.

Ver. 90.

"Et tumultum facite, & tumulto superaddite carmen."

VIRG.

Ver. 93.

"Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
"Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per aësum
"Dulcis aquæ saliente litim restringere rivo.
"Nos tamen hæc quocunque modo tibi nostra vicissim
"Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra." VIRG.

Ver. 96. An imitation of Theocritus.

The lad, with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was untied;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen, 15
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the last dif-
may'd. 20

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the robin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers' speed, 25
Could call soft warblings from the breathing
reed;

That bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung;
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?

The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous
strong!

Thou should'st have left the Fair before 'twas
night;

But thou sat'st toying till the morning light.

Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout, 35
And kiss'd with smacking lip the roaring lout:
(For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture
proves,

"For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stammering speech be-
spoke:

To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,
As for the maids---I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song, 45
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-finger plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm to clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes th' attentive ear. 50

Ver. 22.

"Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant,"
VIRG.

Ver. 40.

"Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit."
VIRG.

Ver. 43.

"Carmina, quae vultis, cognoscite: carmina
vobis;

"Huic aliud mercedis erit." VIRG.

Ver. 47.

"Nec tantum Phæbo gaudet Parnassia rupes:
"Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus
"Orphea." VIRG.

Ver. 51. Our swain had possibly read Tupper, from
whence he might have collected these philosophical
observations:

"Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane
"colu." &c.

VOL. VII.

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below; 55
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his
tail. 60

He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed
(Some think to northern coasts their flight they
tend,

Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend);
Where swallows in the winter's season keep, 65
And how the drowly bat and dermouse sleep;
How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close
'Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose
(For huntmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are
blind). 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine, 75
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lads, knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of
gold. 80

The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balms, and his ague-pells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs, 85
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. 90
Then sad he sung "the Children in the
Wood:"

(Ah, barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering faulchion smil'd;
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts
found. 95

And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
(Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.)

For "Buxom Joan" he sung the doubtful strife,
How the fly sailor made the maid a wife. 100
To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in "Chevy-chace" befell.

Ver. 97.

"Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
"Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo."
VIRG.

Ver. 99. A Song in the Comedy of "Love for
"Love," beginning "A Soldier and a Sailor," &c.

3 B

When "Percy drove the deer with hound and
 "horn;
 "Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
 Ah, Witherington, more years thy life had
 crown'd, 105
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
 Yet shall the Squire, who fought on bloody
 stumps,
 By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
 "All in the land of Essex" next he chaunts,
 How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gal-
 lants: 110
 How the grave brother stood on bank so green—
 Happy for him if mares had never been!
 Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
 And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.
 He sung of "Tassey Welch," and "Sawney
 "Scot," 115
 "Lilly-bullers" and the "Irish Trot."
 Why should I tell of "Bateman," or of "Shore,"
 Or "Wantley's Dragon" slain by valiant Moore,
 "The Bower of Rosamond," or "Robin Hood,"
 And how the "grass now grows where Troy
 "town stood?" 120
 His carols ceas'd: the listening maids and
 swains
 Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
 Sudden he rose; and, as he reels along,
 Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
 The dam'sels laughing fly: the giddy clown 125
 Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
 The power that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
 Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

T R I V I A ;
 OR, THE
ART OF WALKING THE STREETS
 OF
L O N D O N .
 IN THREE BOOKS.

"Quo te Marti pedes? an, quoviaducit, in urbem?"
 VIRG.

B O O K I .

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE
 STREETS AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course
 aright,
 How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
 How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
 When to assert the wall, and when resign,

Ver. 109. *A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his
 Poems.*

Ver. 112.

"Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent,
 "Pasiphaen." VIRG.

Ver. 117. "Quid loquar aut Scyllum Nisi, &c.

VIRG.

Ver. 117—120. *Old English ballads.*

I sing; Thou, Trivia, Goddess, aid my song. 5
 Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
 By thee transported, I securely stray
 Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
 The silent court and opening square explore,
 And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 20
 To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
 Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
 For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
 Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
 For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide 15
 Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
 My youthful bolom burns with thirst of fame,
 From the great theme to build a glorious name,
 To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
 And bind my temples with a civic crown: 20
 But more my country's love demands my lays;
 My country's be the profit, mine the praise!

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
 And "clean your shoes" resounds from every
 voice;

When later their mirthy sides stage-coaches show, 25
 And their stiff horses through the town move
 slow;

When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
 And damsels first renew their oyster-cries:
 Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
 Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide; 30
 The wooden heel may rail the dancer's bound,
 And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:
 Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
 Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking
 sleet.

Should the big last extend the shoe too wide, 35
 Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
 The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
 Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
 And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,
 You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Nor should it prove thy less important care,
 To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
 Now in thy trunk thy D'Oilly habit fold,
 The fulken druggist ill can fence the cold;
 The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain, 45
 And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled
 grain;

True Witney * broad-cloth, with its shag unhorn,
 Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
 Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
 Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear? 50
 Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands, that, stretch'd forth, invading harms pre-
 vent.

Let the loop'd bavary the hip embrace,
 Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends, 55
 Whose ample form without one plait depends;
 By various names † in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true furout alone;
 Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60
 If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chaitmen no longer shall the wall command;

* A town in Oxfordshire.

† A Joseph, Wrap-rascal, &c.

Ex'a sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, 65
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaux their canes with amber tip produce ;
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
 In gilded chariots while they loiter at ease,
 And lazily insure a life's disease ; 70
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To court, to White's †, assemblies, or the play ;
 Roly-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
 Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane : 75
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane ;
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
 And mucky spots the clean cravat disgrace.
 Oh ! may I never such misfortune meet !
 May no such vicious walkers crowd the street ! 80
 May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
 While the bold Muse experienc'd danger sings !
 Not that I wander from my native home,
 And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
 Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse, 85
 Where Slavery treads the streets in wooden shoes.
 Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
 And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme ;
 Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
 No mucky ways industrious steps offend ; 90
 The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
 And blackens the canals with dirty showers.
 Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
 And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
 Where frequent murders wake the night with 95
 groans,
 And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones.
 Nor shall the Muse through narrow Venice stray,
 Where gondolas their painted oars display.
 O happy streets ! to rumbling wheels unknown,
 No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town ! 100
 Thus was of old Britannia's city blest'd,
 Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd ;
 Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
 Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way :
 Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town, 105
 And suck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown ;
 Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
 And exercise unartful charms bestow'd :
 But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
 And a long training mantua sweeps the ground ; 110
 Her shoe disdains the street ; the lazy fair
 With narrow step affects a limping air.
 Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
 And the streets flame with glaring equipage ;
 The tricking gamester insolently rides, 115
 With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides ;
 In saucy state the griping broker sits,
 And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
 For you, O honest men, these useful lays
 The Muse prepares ; I seek no other praise. 120
 When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries ;
 From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,
 Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain ;
 Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.

† A chocolate-house in St. James's-street.

When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 125
 Let the worst wig, long us'd to storm, be worn ;
 This knows the powder'd footman, and with care
 Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
 Be thou for every season justly dress'd,
 Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast ; 130
 And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
 Let thy turnout defend the drenching shower.
 The changing weather certain signs reveal.
 Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
 You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire, 135
 And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire ;
 Your tender skins the scorching heat decline,
 And at the dearth of coals the poor repine ;
 Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,
 In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame ; 140
 Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,
 And all around the grateful warmth ascends.
 Nor do less certain signs the town advise
 Of milder weather and serenest skies.
 The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn 145
 With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn :
 The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
 And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change ;
 * Not that their minds with greater skill are
 fraught,
 Endued by instinct, or by reason taught : 150
 The seasons operate on every breast ;
 'Tis hence the fawns are brisk, and ladies dress'd.
 When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
 And dreams of fancy'd fares ; when tavern doors
 The chairmen idly crowd ; then ne'er refuse 155
 To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.
 But when the swinging signs your ears offend
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
 And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames. 160
 The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
 Foresees the tempest, and with early care
 Of learning strips the rails ; the rowing crew,
 To tempt a fore, clothe all their tilts in blue ;
 On hosier's poles depending stockings ty'd 165
 Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side ;
 Church-monuments foretell the changing air,
 Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
 And sweats with sacred grief ; you'll hear the
 sounds
 Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their
 bounds ; 170
 Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse,
 And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
 Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
 And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.
 All superstition from thy breast repel : 175
 Let credulous boys and prattling nurses tell,
 How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
 Plenty from liberal horn shall strew the year ;
 When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
 The labouring hind shall yoke the steer in vain ; 180
 But, if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
 Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.

* " *Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
 " Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.*"
 VIRG. GEORG. 2.

How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces
drain, 185

And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190
Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,
Or double-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street;
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
Shun every dashing pool, or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.
But business summons; now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud 200
Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you cower,
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd admits the shower.
So fierce Alect's snaky tresses fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of
hell;

Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew 205
Clotted and strait, when first his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frightened maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise; 210
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load, 215
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad:
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays; 220
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter blest'd his nuptial bed, 225
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid; 230
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the
skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears, 235
And singing to the distant field repairs;
And, when the plains with evening dews are
spread,

The milky burthen smokes upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay. 240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.

Ah, Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows, 245
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse,
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian Power forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love; 250
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;

No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew, 255
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise? 260

At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood;
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore, 265
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.

Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost. 270

This Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows, 275
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.

No more her lungs are shook with dropping
rheums,

And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his suit: though flattery fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

T R I V I A . B O O K II.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

THUS far the Muse has trac'd in useful lays
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies:
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the
town, 5

And for the public safety risk thy own.
For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the streets molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffick bear; 10
On doors the fallow milk-maid chalks her gains:
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians with their milky chear 15
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace? 20

Now industry awakes her busy sons;
Full-charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black you tread the busy town, 25
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid: oft' in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh. 30
Ye walkers too, that youthful colours wear.
Three sully'ing trades avoid with equal care:
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser
throat, 35

From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat;
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;
But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne, 40
With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray.
Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's
foul stain,

And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid: 45
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded
road. 50

But, above all, the groping blind direct;
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head;
At every step he dreads the walt to lose, 55
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd
lace, 60

Yield not the way, defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by business to a street unknown, 65
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way
Those sabling boys will turn thy steps astray; 70
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives—but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day, 75
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft' the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.

Thus hardy Theseus with intrepid feet
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete;
But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay, 85
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold thief, confide
Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy sob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted beefom ply,
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands: some heedless first
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
Where porters hogheads roll from carts alope, 95
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen toft,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gathering mire thy feet be-
lmeat,

The voice of industry is always near. 100
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muse, fatigued amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youth the secret rise to trace, 105
And shew the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of
change)

Of old was wont this nether world to range,
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd:
And ev'n the proudest Goddesses now and then
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then * Cloacina (Goddess of the tide, 115
Whose fable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd,
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace: 120
She gaz'd; she sigh'd; (for love can beauties spy
In what seem faults to every common eye.)

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart (for well she knows 125
That pleasing thunder): swift the Goddess rose,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she pass'd,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast: 130
In the black form of cinder-wench she came.
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd
shame;

To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy. 140

* Cloacina was a Goddess, whose image Totius
(a king of the Sabines) found in the canon's shore;
and, not knowing what Goddess it was, he called it
Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and
paid to it divine honours. LACERT. l. 20. Minuc.
Fel. Oct. p. 232.

The child, thro' various risks in years improv'd,
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths! your limbs can
bear. 145

The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air;
While the rich infant nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with every
rain!

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's
distress,

And long had sought his sufferings to redress, 150
She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets: the Gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd;
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe 155
With nimble skill the glossy black renew,
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar,
Diana forms his brush; the God of Day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way 160

To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil,
Prest from th' enormous whale; the God of Fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part, 165
And aids with hot the new japaning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes; 170
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face!
At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own: 180
But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts:
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they
bear. 185

And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flaggon charge their hand, 190
See them puff off the froth, and gulp again,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the beaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either side:
The Goddess rose amid the inmost round, 195
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd
Now reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind 200
Now beckoning to the boy, she thus begun:
Thy prayers are granted; weep no more my son:

Go thrive. At some frequented corner-stand;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
Temper the foot within this vase of oil, 205
And let the little tripod aid thy toil:

On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe;
The foot grows black that was with dirt im-
brown'd,

And in thy pocket glingling halfpence sound, 210
The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud:
The youth straight chose his post: the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing-cross di-
vide;

His treble voice resounds along the Mause, 215
And Whitehall echoes—"Clean your Honour's
"shoes!"

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The busy city asks instructive song. 220

Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Botimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain: some random throw 225
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.
Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow
street; 230

The lashing whip re'ounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous men! your cruel breasts assuage;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?
Does not his service earn your daily bread? 235
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed:
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives;
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horse, the town to range: 240
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.
Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
Or who that rugged street * would traverse o'er, 245
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here steams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers' cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea: 250
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil;
And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil;
Thy breathing nostril hold; but how shall I
Pass, where in piles Carnavian † cheeses lie;
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, 255
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise?

O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach; 260
No lers would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of laziness and pride:

* *Thames-street.* † *Chefins, anciently so called.*

Stop: breathe perfumes, through fashes ribbons
glow,

The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains: the passage hide, 265
Oft the loose stone spirits up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,
Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there
pensive stray,

In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face, 275
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks by-streets, and saves th' expensive
coach. 280

Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the town, 285
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they condemn the juggler's feats,
Pals by the Music, nor try the thimble's cheats.
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind: 290
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'quire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward
throws, 295

And as he flies infests pursuing fires.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam where summer's sultry rays 315
Patch the dry ground, and spread with dust the
ways;

With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320

* A cheat commonly practised in the streets with
three stimbles and a little ball.

She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
But, if thy footstep slide with clotted frost, 325
Strike off the breaking balls against the post,
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dextrous
throw. 330

Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless paws the matron's tread?
How can you laugh to see the dandel spurn,
Sink in your fronds, and pierce her green stocking
mourn?

At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands, 335
And swings around his waist his tingling hands;
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose,
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye
prove,

Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?
Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft, my course I bend; when lo! from far
I spy the series of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high?
The dextrous glazier strong returns the bound, 355
And glingling fashes on the pent-house sound.

O, roving Muse! recal that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted oars crown'd,
Was three long rooms in icy fetters bound. 360
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar;
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, nor their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly
glide, 365

And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets ap-
pear,

And numerous games proclaim the crowded
fair. 370

So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain:
Thick rising tents a canvass city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. 380

Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous roads,
Her neck grew warp'd beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; she now a basket bore;
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent pass, in quest of gain, 385
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah, Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death!

The cracking crystal fields; she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cry'd; but death her voice confound,
And *pip-pip-pip* along the ice resounds.

So, when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395
His yet warm tongue for his lost comfort cry'd;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer
winds; 400

The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his pienteous
waves;

From every post-house streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the payments flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the postil walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves, majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull. 410
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red speckled trout, the salmon's silver jowl, 415
The jointed lobster, and un'caly foal,
And luscious scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays you'll observe from
hence,

Days when our fires were doom'd to abstinence.

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dextrous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the seasons' change declare, 425
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring!
Sweet-smelling flowers, and elders' early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the
blood; 430

And, when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
E'en Sundays are profan'd by mackerel cries.

Walnuts the fruiterer's hand in autumn stain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice, 435
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries through all the town
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year. 440
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and faced mistletoe.

Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head;
Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl 445
In humble roofs ne'er be glad the needy soul!
See, see the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd 455
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.

Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsy hand.
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are teas'd because they still delay. 460

If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;
With Heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his
score, 465

Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.

Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath; 470
As vultures o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.

Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a prayer,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienced friend, 475
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend;
Come let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing, I forget the way. 480

Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.

Where Titian's glowing paint the canvass warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd
Now hangs the bellman's song, and paled here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias'
hands,

A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stand.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers' now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.

Beneath his eye declining art revives, 495
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein;
There oft' I enter (but with cleaner shoe),
For Burlington's belov'd by every Muse. 500

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your state what happiness attends!
What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;
Yet still your nerves Rheumatic pains defy, 505
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;

No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or sedentary stone. 510

Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet;

Still let me walk; for oft' the sudden gale 515
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail;
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;

The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the
shower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain 525
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws
near;

Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.

So, when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd 535
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong couriers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills: 540
From hence he learns the seventh born doctor's
fame,
From hence he learn- the cheapest taylor's name.

Shall the large mutton smook upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords.
Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy
meal?

Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's sends thee veal;
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-street old
suits.

Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife. 550
Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;

The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts
groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown:

Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing 555
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers, at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;

May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage: 560
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;

Pleas'd scampfireflies the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold;
And * Squirts read Garth, till apozems grow cold

O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie, 565
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye!
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six? 570
Let the vain virgin, lured by glaring show,
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.

See you bright tchariot on its braces swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring.
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place, 575
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.

This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon
glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps; 580
There flames a fool, begirt with rinsel slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;

Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind!
This next in court-fidelity excels, 585
The publick rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate!

Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good surcoat! 590

TRIVIA. BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O TRIVIA, goddess! leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celestial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee, the villain sheathes his sword, 5
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from heaven's high bower
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air, 10
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread,
Where the shop-windows * falling threat thy head;
Now labourers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length:
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15
And, as the passes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding
tread; 20

Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's reeds 25
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds ap-
pear.

And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mix'd hurry barricades the street. 30

* An Apothecary's boy in "The Dispensary"
Vol. VII.

* A species of window now almost forgotten. N.

Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a ponderous beam
Lies over-turn'd athwart; for slaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar, 35
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their skins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they
try,

And the blood gushes down their painful eye. 40
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with
blood,

Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene * bred, 45
Or on Westphalia's fattening chefnuts fed,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng:
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn; 55
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the fly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light. 60
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.

But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dextrous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst every honest tongue "stop thief" resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries. 70
Breathless, he tumbling falls: ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:
Or, plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies, 75
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these Syrens stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand; 80
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide, 85
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the crowd in
vain,

But with a ch. with careful eye the passing train. 90
Yet (perhaps too fond), if chance the ride
Fumantous bear my partner from my side,

* New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called

Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan fought in vain 95
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills
of slain.

Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more. 100

That walker, who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft' to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aching breast against a post;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain 105
His hapless coat with spirits of scaly rain.

But, if unwarily he chance to stray
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side;
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous night,
Nor need th' officious linkboy's smoky light.

Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road, 115
Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless thins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft' the truant school-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120

Let not thy venturesome steps approach too nigh,
Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie.
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huxter's stall;
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan, 125
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner allies wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety, and condemn the mire. 130
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturesome step; there oft' is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall 135
wound

Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall; 140
In the mid way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy Augusta! law defended town! 145
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes beset,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land; 150
No bravos here protect the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet 155
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the fashies of Pall-mall,

When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame? 160
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, their poles (unseen below)
Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.
Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road, where streets are
cross,

With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat or harsh commands obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll; 170
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risque the kennel's spacious stride;
Stray till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone, 175
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels inclose the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulph they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands, 185
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;
There may'st thou pass with safe unmired feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows 190
Are rang'd beside the polls; there stay thy haste,
And with the favoury fish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er 195
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare! 200
Blood stuff'd in skins is British christian's food;
And France robs marishes of the croaking brood!
Spongy morsels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the stony snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall:
For, should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing
throng

All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risque thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' distressed state, 215
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his fire un-
known;

(Unhappy fire, but more unhappy son!)
Each claim'd the way, then sword the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and died! 220
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy
reign,

Thy cursed insect! and thy children shew!

Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Through Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy
way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years; 225
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in fable state,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb: 230
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.

How short is life! how frail is human trust! 235
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall:
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket foil. 240

Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant, 245
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various city frauds * recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care, 255
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box left,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes! 260
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catherine-street defends into the Strand!
Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts:
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 265
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-founc'd manteau, and the flattern air; 270
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With fluttering founds she soothes the credulous ear,
"My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!"

In fiding hood near tavern coors she plies, 275
Or muffled pinnars hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And signs a distant errand from the 'Change;
Nay, she will oft' the Quaker's hood profane,
And judge demure the r.unds of Drury-lane. 280
She darts from farthest umbra wily leers,
Twiches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these sncers disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirst of gain, 285
To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold.

* Various - that formerly in practice.

Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd :
 Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290
 She leads the willing victim to his doom,
 Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
 Thence through the street he reels from post to post,
 Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
 The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies,
 He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
 Deep in the round-house pent, all night he snores,
 And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah, hapless swain! unus'd to pains and ills!
 Canst thou forego roast beef for nauseous pills?
 How wilt thou lift to Heaven thy eyes and hands,
 When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
 Or else (ye Gods avert that worst disgrace!)
 Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face!
 Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain, 305
 And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
 Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
 For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
 And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm.
 But, if they shake their lanterns, from afar
 To call their brethren to confederate war,
 When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
 Should chance to wander with the scowering crew;
 Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
 But seek the constable's considerate ear;
 He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
 Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee.

Thus would you gain some favourite courtier's word,
 Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord. 310

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
 Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
 His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker * flings,
 And with the copper shower the casement rings.
 Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame?
 Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
 Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
 Safe from their blows, or new invented wounds?
 I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done,
 Where from Snow hill black steepy torrents run;
 How matrons, hoop'd within the hoghead's womb,
 Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
 O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side :
 So Regulus to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
 O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
 Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
 Or the dark caves to common shores descend
 Oit' by the winds extinct the signal lies,
 Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies, 340
 Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
 In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
 Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
 And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
 So, when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray, 345
 That led the sailor through the stormy way,
 Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
 And the high turret in the whirlwind borne;
 Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
 And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. 350

Who then thro' night would hire the harness'd
 steed?

And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?
 * Gentleman who delighted to break windows
 with haltpence.

But hark! distress with screaming voice draws
 nigher,

And wakes the slumbering street with cries of fire.
 At first a glowing red inwraps the skies, 355
 And borne by winds the scattering sparks arise;
 From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
 The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
 Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
 And splitting tiles descend in rattling showers. 360
 Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement
 swarms,

The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms;
 A leathern casque his venturous head defends,
 Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;
 Mov'd by the mother's fireaming eyes and prayers,
 The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
 With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
 The Dardan hero bore his aged fire.

See forceful engines spout their level'd streams,
 To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
 The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
 And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruin falls;
 Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
 Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
 The heavens are all a-blaze, the face of night 375
 Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light.

'Twas such a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome!
 The dire presage of mighty Caesar's doom,
 When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
 And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread. 380

Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds, retire;
 Behold! the ready match is tip'd with fire,
 The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
 With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;
 Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
 The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoaky ground.
 So, when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
 Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
 Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
 And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake; 390
 Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
 And in th' abyss her plunging towers descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known;
 The toils, the perils, of the wintry town;
 What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bore, 395
 How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar:
 Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
 Their future safety from my dangers find.
 Thus the bold traveller (inur'd to toil,
 Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil, 400
 The barbarous Arabs haunt; or saivering coast
 Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
 Whom Providence in length of years restores
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores)
 Sets forth his journals to the public view, 405
 To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.

And now complete my generous labours lie,
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
 Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
 But never reach th' eternal part, my fame. 410
 When W— and G—, mighty names[†] are dead;
 Or but at Chelsea under custards named;
 When critics crazy handboxes repair,
 And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
 High rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
 This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

* Probably Ward and Gilder.

EPISTLES
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

EPISTLE I.
TO A LADY.

OCCASIONED BY
THE ARRIVAL OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ.

You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme:
No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,
Nor lavish verse, to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damsels sport;
But sing the glories of the British court.

By your commands and inclination sway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid:
Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the poem rose.

"Aid me, bright Phœbus! aid, ye sacred Nine!

"Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.

"My strains with Carolina's name I grace,

"The lovely parent of our royal race.

"Breathe soft, ye winds! ye waves, in silence sleep!

"Let prosperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,

"Sweet the white sails, and with the streamers play,

"To waft her gently o'er the watery way."

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous prayer,
To rein the winds, and guard the Royal Fair;
Bid the blue Tritons sound their twisted shells,
And call the Nereids from their pearly cells.

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her song:

I then resolv'd some model to pursue,

Perus'd French criticks, and began anew.

Long open panegyric drags at best,

And praise is only praise when well address'd.

Straight Horace for some lucky ode I sought:

And all along I trac'd him thought by thought.

This new performance to a friend I shew'd:

For shame! says he; what, imitate an ode!

I'd rather ballads write, and Grub street lays,

Than pilage Cæsar for my patron's praise:

One common fate all imitators share,

To save mince pies, and cap the grocer's ware.

Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit

Rhymes, similes, Lords' names, and ends of wit.

In blotted stanzas scraps of odes expire,

And suttan mounts in pyramids of fire.

Ladies! to you I next inscrib'd my lay,

And writ a letter in familiar way:

For, still impatient till the princess came.

You from description wish'd to know the dame.

Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,

For still new graces open'd to my view.

Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme;

And then I thus pursued the growing scheme:

"Beauty and wit were sure by nature join'd,

"And charms are emanations of the mind;

"The soul, transpiercing through the shining frame,

"Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame:

"Benevolence her conversation guides,

"Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.

"Such harmony upon her tongue is found,

"As softens English to Italian sound:

"Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,

"As charm the judgment, while they sooth the ear.

"Religion's cheerful flame her bosom warms,

"Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.

"Henceforth, ye Fair, at chapel mind your prayers,

"Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;

"Refrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,

"Nor most devoutly criticise on drefs.

"From her form all your characters of life,

"The tender mother, and the faithful wife.

"Oft' have I seen her little infant-train,

"The lovely promise of a future reign;

"Observ'd with pleasure every dawning grace,

"And all the mother opening in their face.

"The son shall add new honours to the line,

"And early with paternal virtues shine:

"When he the tale of Oudenard repeats,

"His little heart with emulation beats;

"With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,

"He dreams of triumphs, and of vanquish'd foes;

"Each year with arts shall store his ripening brain,

"And from his grandfire he shall learn to reign.

Thus far I'd gone: Propitious rising gales

Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails.

Fair Carolina lands; the cannons roar;

White Albion's cliffs resound from shore to shore:

Behold the bright original appear,

All praise is faint when Carolina's near.

Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,

The princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were balk'd (my last resort),

I left the Muses, to frequent the Court:

Pensive each night from room to room I walk'd,

To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;

Inquir'd what news, or such a lady's name,

And did the next day, and the next, the same.

Places, I found, were daily given away,

And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay.

I ask'd a friend what method to pursue;

He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.

Another ask'd me, why I had not writ;

A poet e'en his fortune to his wit.

Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace

Flows easy verse from him that has a place!

Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his strains,

He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;

And, had not Horace sweet preferment found,

The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once Ladies fair in homely guise I sung,

And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.

O teach me now to strike a softer strain!

The Court refines the language of the plain.

You must, cries one, the Ministry rehearse,

And with each Patriot's name prolong your verse.

But sure this truth to Poets should be known

That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd success,

To some distinguish'd Lord I must address;

One whose high virtues speak his noble blood.

One always zealous for his country's good;

Where valour and strong eloquence unite,

In council cautious, resolute in fight.

Whose generous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble patron shown;
But I, alas! am to Argyll unknown.

Still every one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to succeed;
But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
That scarce I could produce a single strain:
Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connection, as without design.
One morn upon the Princess this I writ,
An Epigram that boasts more truth than wit.

"The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
"She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:
"For this on earth the British crown was given,
"And an immortal crown decreed in heaven."
Again, while George's virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetic fancy wrought.

"Methinks I see some Bard, whose heavenly
 rage
"Shall rise in song, and warm a future age:
"Look back through time, and, wrapt in wonder,
 trace
"The glorious series of the Brunswick race.
"From the first George these godlike kings descend,

"A line which only with the world shall end.
"The next a generous Prince renown'd in arms,
"And bless'd, long bless'd, in Carolina's charms;
"From these the rest. 'Tis thus, secure in peace,
"We plough the fields, and reap the year's increase:
"Now Commerce, wealthy Goddess, rears her head,
"And bids Britannia's fleets their canvasses spread;
"Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,
"And wealth returns with each revolving tide."

Here paus'd the fullen Muse; in haste I dress'd,
And through the crowd of needy courtiers press'd;
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see
Those eyes, that glad a nation, shine on me.

EPISTLE II.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A JOURNEY TO EXETER. 1716.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chifwick bowers enjoy your friend;

Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach;
I journey far.—You knew fat Bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire.

'Twas on the day when city-dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-park air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infect,
For still on Sundays country horses rest.
Thy gardens, Kensington, we leave unseen;
Through Hammer-smith jog on to Turnham-green.
That Turnham-green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for * Solomon is dead.
Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known:
Thence, o'er wide shrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes,
We come where Thames divides the meads of
 Staines.

* A man once famous for feeding pigeons.

We ferry'd o'er: for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft' repair their loss.
At Hartley-row the foaming bit we press,
While the fat landlord welcom'd every guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at every round;
Relates the justices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking
 more.

Let travellers the morning-vigils keep:
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And Popham-lane was scarce in sight by one:
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold;
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And sent her home a belle to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood:
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For, should the maiden mother nurse her son,
'Twould spoil her match when her good name is
 gone.

Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
Be just, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear:
Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy every village wears;
What! no election come in seven long years!
Of all our race of mayors, shall Snow * alone
Be by Sir Richard's dedication known?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded
 plain,

Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bowers a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art, he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's o'clock.

How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays!
From her no listening echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend;
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.

Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire?
What sempstresses has not prov'd thy scissars good?
From hence first came th' intriguing riding hood.

* Sir Richard Steele, member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise called "The Importance of Dunkirk considered," and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge. Gay.—Dr. Swift wrote a humorous treatise in answer to it, called "The Importance of the Guardian considered, in a second Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge," 1713. N.

Amid * three boarding-schools well stock'd with
milles,

Shall three knight-errants starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reckoning paid,
And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
And, as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions eyes suppress'd,
And propt in elbow chairs they slumbering rest:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true Roman way our horses found,
Gravious would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile valleys lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our route we take,
And the proud steep descend to Morcombe's lake.
As hearers pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pail,
And with the mournful 'scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.
The maid, subdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas-smocks.
Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, every night!
We rise, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus stroak'd the beard of Jove.

Now from the steep, midst scatter'd farms and
groves,

Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the
road:

When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horse's side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands:
"This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;
"Here is for horses hay, and meat for men."
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearse
Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse.
But, were his Muse for Elegy unfit,
Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit;
If Epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tuttle fields record his simple lays;

* There are three boarding-schools in this town.

Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses'
eyes,

While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies:
"Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
"For pies and cheescakes are for damsels meet."
Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great William's
sign:

"This is the man, this the Nassavian, whom
"I nam'd the brave deliverer to come *."
But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land!—but I forbear
What other counties must with envy hear.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq. 1717.

PULTENEY, methinks you blame my breach of
word;

What! cannot Paris one poor page afford?
Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,
And each amusement, which we shar'd, review,
Pleas'd with mere talking, since I talk to you.
But how shall I describe in humble prose
Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaux?
In prose? you cry: oh no, the Muse must aid,
And leave Parnassus for the Thuilleries' shade:
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,
Through dirty lanes, and alleys' doubtful ways)
Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays!

Well then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow shine,
Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn;
So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
And at the opera claim the foremost place.

Travellers should ever fit expression choose,
Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.
When they describe the state of eastern lords,
Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
And, when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly slide;
But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
Describe alike Mockaws and Great Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
Dress forth in simple style the *Petit-maitre*:

"In Paris, there's a race of animals
"(I've seen them at their operas and balls):
"They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
"Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;
"They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
"And, like camelions, daily change their hue:
"From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
"And with vermilion lacquer o'er their faces.
"This custom, as we visibly discern,
"They, by frequenting ladies' toilettes, learn."
Thus might the traveller easy truth impart,
Into the subject let me nobly start.

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot enbroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance:

While wretched is the wit, contempt'd, forlorn,
 Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;
 No broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
 Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;
 No lady's favour on his sword is hung;
 What though Apollo dictate from his tongue,
 His wit is spiritless and void of grace.
 Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace.
 While the gay fop genteely talks of weather,
 The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;
 Like a court lady though he write and spell,
 His minuet-step was fashion'd by Marcell *;
 He dresses, fences. What avails to know?
 For women choose their men, like silks, for snow.
 Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boasts?
 Is this the thing renown'd among our toasts?
 For such a fluttering fight we need not roam;
 Our own assemblies shine with these at home.

Let us into the field of beauty start;
 Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
 Think not, ye fair, that I the sex accuse:
 How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?
 (The Muses all are *prudes*!) She rails, she frets,
 Amidst this sprightly nation of coquettes:
 Yet let not us their loose coquetry blame;
 Women of every nation are the same.

You ask me, if Parisian dames, like ours,
 With rattling dice profane the Sunday's hours;
 If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
 And stake their honour while their husbands sleep?
 Yes, Sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
 Will risque their income on a single chance.
 Nannette last night a tricking *pharaon* play'd,
 The cards the *Taillier's* sliding hand obey'd:
 To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
 Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
 Why does o'd *Chloris* an assembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns,
 And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns.
 Ah, too rash virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
 She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
 Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
 Whose debts of honour are so duly paid?

But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
 Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
 This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
 Madame to-day puts on her opera face;
 From this we scarce extract the milk-maid's bloom:
 Bring the deep dye that warms across the room:
 Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms pre-
 vail,

That on her gown the filken rose looks pale!
 Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
 Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts.
 When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,
 Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
 Then Tottenham fields with roving beauty swarm,
 And Hampstead balls the city virgin warm?
 Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
 And the prest grass defrauds the grazing cows.
 'Tis here the fame; but in a higher sphere,
 For ev'n court-ladies sin in open air.

* A famous dancing-master.

What cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
 Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs?
 What peer of France would let his dutchess rove,
 Where Boulogne's closest woods invite to love?
 But here no wife can blast her husband's fame,
 Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
 Stretch'd on the grass, the shepherd sighs his pain;
 And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain?
 On *Chloe's* lap her *Damon* laid along,
 Melts with the languish of her amorous song;
 There *Iris* flies *Palamon* through the glade,
 Nor trips by chance—till in the thickest shade;
 Here *Celimene* defends her lips and breast,
 For kisses are by struggling closer prest:
 Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
 Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold:
 Be wife, Alexis; what, so near the road!
 Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
 Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
 When amorous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;
 The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
 And Love in couples peopled every shade.
 But, since at court the rural taste is lost,
 What mighty fums have velvet couches cost!
 Sometimes the *Tuilleries'* gaudy walk I love,
 Where I through crowds of rustling mantuas rove.
 As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
 And gaz'd on all the glittering train that past,
 Sudden a fop steps forth the rest;
 I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.
 He thus accosts me with familiar air,
 "Parbleu! on a fait c. t. habit en Angleterre!"
 "Quelle manche! ce galon est grossièrement rangé;
 "Voilà quelque chose de fort beau et degagé."
 This said: on his red heel he turns, and then
 Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds again:
 "Well; now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly
 own

"Your boasted London seems a country town.
 "Has christianity yet reach'd your nation?
 "Are churches built? Are masquerades in fashion?
 "Do daily soups your dinners introduce?
 "Are music, snuff, and coaches, yet in use?"
 Pardon me, Sir; we know the Paris mode,
 And gather *politesse* from courts abroad.
 Like you, our courtiers keep a numerous train
 To load their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.
 Nor has religion left us in the lurch;
 And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church:
 Our ladies too support the masquerade;
 The sex by nature love th' intriguing trade.
 Straight the vain fop in ignorant raptures cries,
 "Paris the barbarous world will civilize!"
 Pray, Sir, point out among the passing band
 The present beauties who the town command.
 "See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
 "Mark in her eye demure the prude protest;
 "That frozen bosom native fire must want,
 "Which boasts of constancy to one gallant!
 "This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
 "Rich *Dandin's* brilliant favours grace her ears;
 "The necklace *Florio's* generous flame bestow'd,
 "Citander's sparkling gem her finger load;

" But now her charms grow cheap by constant use,
 " She fims for scarfs, clock'd-stockings, knots, and shoes
 " This next, with sober gait and serious leer,
 " Wears her knees with morn and evening prayer;
 " She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
 " But with three abbots in one night engages
 " This with the cardinal her nights employs,
 " Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.
 " Why have I promis'd things beyond my power?
 " Five assignations wait me at this hour!
 " The sprightly countess first my visit claims,
 " To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
 " Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave;
 " Gay Florimella flily twitch'd my sleeve "
 Adieu, Monsieur!—The opera hour draws near.

Not see the opera! all the world is there;
 Where on the stage th' embroider'd youth of France
 In bright array attract the female glance:
 This languishes, this struts to show his mien,
 And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.
 But hark! the full orchestra strike the strings;
 The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
 Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.
 Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,
 That in rough quavers bellow'd every note.
 Pray, Sir, says I, suspend a while your song;
 The opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong;

I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,
 While he with rooted forests throws the plain.
 Sudden he shrugs surprise, and answers quick,
 " Monsieur apparemment n'aime pas la musique!"
 Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise;

And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O sooth me with some soft Italian air,
 Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!
 When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,
 The melting warble thrills through every vein;
 Thought stands suspense, and silence pleas'd attends,

While in her notes the heavenly choir descends.

But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,
 Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
 So strongly with this prejudice possess'd,
 He thinks French music and French painting best.
 Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
 Some scraping fiddler of their ball he quotes;
 Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
 Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
 Yes, Sir, says he, in colour and design,
 Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine

'Tis true his country's love transports his breast
 With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profess.
 Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
 Yet that sage traveller left his native shore.
 What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines!
 He to dear Paris all his life confines.

VOL. VII.

I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
 Things which might make me love my country less.

I should not think my Britain had such charms,
 If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms.
 France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known;
 And then, I grant it, France in science shone.
 We too, I own, without such aids may chance
 In ignorance and pride to rival France.

But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
 Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's humorous scene.

Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
 Whose maxims, Pulteny, warm thy patriot breast,
 In Mentor's precepts wisdom strong and clear
 Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
 Hear, all ye princes, who the world control,
 What cares, what terrors, haunt the Tyrant's soul;

His constant train are, Anger, Fear, Distrust.
 To be a king, is to be good and just;
 His people he protects, their rights he saves,
 And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy shall the monarch reign,
 Where guardian laws despotic power restrain!
 There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn land,

And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:
 There Liberty her settled mansion boasts,
 There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
 O Britain! guard thy laws, thy rights defend:
 So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You'll think 'tis time some other theme to choose,

And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muse:
 Should I let satire loose on English ground,
 There fools of various character abound;
 But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
 All Frenchmen are of *petit-maitre* kind.

EPISTLE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 PAUL METHUEN, * Esq.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes science spread,

Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often said.

When learning droops and sickens in the land,
 What patron's found, to lend a saving hand?
 True generous spirits prosperous vice detest,
 And love to cherish virtue when distress:
 But, ere our mighty lords this scheme pursue,
 Our mighty lords must think and act like you.

Why must we climb the Alpine mountain's sides

To find the seat where harmony resides?
 Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
 The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
 'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the sound;
 But there the patrons of her sons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great Augustus' reign?
 He and Maecenas lov'd the Muse's strain.
 But now that wight in poverty must mourn
 Who was (O cruel stars!) a poet born.

Who

3 D

* Afterwards Sir Paul, K. B.

Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write rancorous libels to reform the state:
Or, if you choose more sure and ready ways,
Spatter a minister with fulsome praise:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not—all men are dedication proof.
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He, who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Lifts an hir'd bravo to support the cause;
He must indulge his patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er had seen.
Why then should authors mourn their desperate
case?

Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? Exert the gifts to rise,
And banish timorous virtue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're
told

That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves because they're poor.
Yet why should learning hope success at court?
Why should our patriots virtue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of gr evances complain,
Who (though the meanest of the Muses' train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask painting, why she loves Hesperian air?
Go view, she cries, my glorious labours there;
'Here in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temples lofty domes create.
The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the science, and the painter prize.
Why didst thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand?
Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And Raphael live again in thy design.
Yet stay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington unbias'd knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire, and Guido's softer grace.
But, oh, consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear?
Censure will blame; her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the eminent.

While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandos with a liberal hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had Pope with groveling numbers fill'd his
page,

Dennis had never kindled into rage.

'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope, un-
known

Poor Sander selling Curll would be undone.

He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain.
The crow bespoke him thus, with solemn grace:
"Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race!
"What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet
you sing!

"And no bird soars upon a stronger wing."
The lark, who scorn'd soft flattery, thus replies:
"True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise;
"Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
"For what advantage are these gifts to me?
"My song confines me to the wiry cage,
"My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
"But, as you pass, I hear the fowls say,
"To shoot at crows is powder flung away."

EPISTLE V.

To her Grace, HENRIETTA, DUTCHESS of
MARLBOROUGH. 1712.

EXCUSE me, madam, if amidst your tears
A Muse intrudes, a Muse who feels your
cares;

Numbers, like music, can ev'n grief controul,
And lulls to peace the tumults of the soul.

If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your loss ten thousands grieve;
Th' affliction burthens not your heart alone;
When Marlborough died, a nation gave a groan.
Could I recite the dangerous toils he chose,
To bless his country with a fixt repose;
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame,
To raise his country to the pitch of fame;
His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
To save his country's laws and native rights;
No father (every generous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown.
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.

Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes. Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
She saw her frontier towers in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly:
Then Marlborough came defeated Gallia fled;
And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head;
In him secure, as in her strongest mound
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.

O Germany; remember Hockstet's plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at every vein:
Think on the rescue of th' imperial throne,
Then think of Marlborough's death without a
groan!

Apollo kindly whispers me: "Be wise:
"How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
"The force of verse another theme might raise,
"But here the merit must transcend the praise."
Hast

"Hast thou, presumptuous bard! that godlike
flame

"Which with the sun shall last, and Marlborough's fame?

"Then sing the man. But who can boast this
fire?

"Relinquish the task, and silently admire."

Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse:
Let punctual history his deeds rehearse;
Let truth in native purity appear,
You'll find Achilles and Æneas there.

Is this the comfort which the Muse bestows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.
Is it not barbarous, to the fighting maid
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd?
Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease,
With talk of sands, and rocks, and stormy seas?
Ev'n while I strive on Marlborough's fame to
rise,

I call up sorrow in a daughter's eyes.

Think on the laurels that his temples shade,
Laurels that (spite of time) shall never fade.
Immortal honour has enroll'd his name:
Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to shame.
Say, who can soar beyond his eagle flight;
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height?
What could he more, had Heaven prolong'd his
date?

All human power is limited by fate.

Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
I wake your sorrow, and again offend.
Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime,
Which will be spread through every age and clime;
Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
And though you compass earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They'll mention Marlborough's and Cæsar's name.

But vain are all the counsels of the Muse,
A soul like yours could not a tear refuse:
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still sighs must rise, and generous sorrow flow;
For, when from earth such matchless worth re-
moves,

A great mind suffers. Virtue virtue loves.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. POPE.

ON HIS HAVING FINISHED HIS TRANSLATION OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

A WELCOME FROM GREECE.

LONG hast thou, friend, been absent from my
soil,

Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;

I have been witness of thy six years toil,

Thy daily labours, and thy nights annoy,

Lost to thy native land with great turmoil,

On the wide sea, oft' threatening to destroy:

Methinks with thee I've trod Sigeæan ground,

And heard the shores of Hellepont resound.

II.

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail

To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?

Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail

And wish thy bark had never left the strand?

Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,

And oft' lift up thy holy eye and hand,

Praying the Virgin dear, and faintly choir,

Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

Chear up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;

Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;

Hark! how the guns salute from either shore,

As thy trim vessel cuts the waves to fair:

Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,

And bells break loud through every gust of air:

Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,

As at the coming of some mighty king.

IV.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,

And Tilbury's white fort, and long Black-
wail;

Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human
kind,

More visited than or her park or hall,

Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)

Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all:

I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,

Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for
Gay.

V.

Come in, my friends! here shall ye dine and lie,

And here shall breakfast, and here dine again;

And sup and breakfast on, if ye comply.

For I have still some dozens of champagne:

His voice still lessens as the ship sails by:

He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;

For now I see, I see proud London's spires;

Greenwich is lost, and Deptford-dock retires.

VI.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!

The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy:

By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's day;

I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy—

No, now! see them near—Oh, these are they

Who come in crowds to welcome thee from
Troy.

Hail to the bard, whom long as lost we mourn'd;

From siege, from battle, and from storm, return'd!

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view

The luten petticoat, and broder'd vest;

Yea peers, and mighty dukes, with ribband blue

(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast),

Others I see, as noble, and more true,

By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest

First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,

As Arthur grave, as soft as woman-kind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?

Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's
eyes:

How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!

For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongu'd Murray near her side attends;
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Le-
pell.

IX.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown;
Midge Bellenden, the tallest of the land,
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the cheerful dutchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithsome humours
known:

Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamilton's are in her train.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelsea, still meditating song:
With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why she comes
along.

Far off from these see Santlow, fam'd for dance;
And frolick Bicknell, and her Sister young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

XI.

But now behold the female band retire,
And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!
Methinks I see fam'd Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hast not been kill'd;
Sheffield who knows to strike the living lyre
With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd,
Bathurst impetuous hastens to the coast,
Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce
(But Bruce comes waisted in a soft sedan);
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muse;
And friendly Congreve, unreprouchful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse);
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken;
And Laughton whispering asks—Is Troy town ta-
ken.

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind;
Bold, generous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er
disguis'd:
Ah why, sweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
St. John, for every social virtue priz'd—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or else to see thee here I well surmis'd:
Thou too my Swift, dost breathe Boeotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour
here?

XIV.

Harcourt I see, for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beside him found,
Another Simon, like as straw to straw.

How Lansdown smiles, with lasting laurel
crown'd!

What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rochester approving nods his head,
And ranks our modern with the mighty dead.

XV.

Carleton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
Hannier, whose eloquence th' unbias'd sways;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
And shews his heart the seat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
In haste, but sauntering, hearty in his ways:
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and
cousins.

XVI.

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art,
As Galen learn'd, or fam'd Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his medicines dissipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create;
What can th' extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critick, engineer, divine!

XVII.

Thee Jervashails, robust and debonair,
Now have [we] conquer'd Homer. friends, he
cries;
Darteneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wondering Maine, so fat with laughing
eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions
dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size)
Yea Dennis, Gildon (hearing thou hast riches),
And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd
hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent;
"Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer
there,
"For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
"Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
"But hither me hath my mecke lady sent:—
"In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke same,
"But book yprint best plesyth myn gude dame."

XIX.

Yonder I see, among th' expecting crowd,
Evans with laugh jocose, and tragic Young;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wander-
ing Frowde,
And Titcomb's belly waddles flow along.
See Digby faints at Southern talking loud.
Yea Steele and Tickle mingle in the throng;
Tickell, whose skiff (in partnership they say)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

XX.

Lo the two Doncastles in Berkshire known!
Lo Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land!
Lo Hooker, Eckerhall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand!

Ayer,

Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done ;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the
sand ?

Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome !
Lo thousands more ; but I want rhyme and room !

XXI.

How lov'd ! how honour'd thou ! yet be not
vain .

And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.

What from contending cities did he gain ?

And what rewards his grateful country pay ?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me !
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

MR. THOMAS SNOW, GOLDSMITH,

NEAR TEMPLE-BAR.

A PANEGRIC, occasioned by his buying and
selling of the third South-Sea Subscriptions,
taken in by the Directors at a Thousand per
Cent.

DISDAIN not, Snow, my humble verse to
hear :

Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear:

Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,

And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with
gold ;

Whether thy mien erect, and fable locks,

In crowds of brokers over-awe the stocks ;

Suspend the worldly business of the day,

And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O though, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands
drown'd !

When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,

Thou stood'st ; nor sent'st one bill unpaid away

When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,

And Atwell's self was drain'd of all his boards,

Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue),
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

Why did 'Change-Alley waste thy precious hours

Among the fools who gap'd for golden showers ?

No wonder if we found some poets there,

Who live on fancy, and can feed on air ;

No wonder they were caught by South-Sea
schemes,

Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams ;

No wonder they their third subscriptions sold,

For millions of imaginary gold ;

No wonder, that their fancies wild can frame

Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,

Though chang'd throughout in substance and
in name.

But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)

With contracts furnish boys for paper-kites.

Let Vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,

Who'd ruin thousands for a single groat.

I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid mind ;

Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.

Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more ?—
The wretch was born to want, whose soul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,

And still believe the fleeting vision true ;

They sell the treasure which their slumbers get,

Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.

If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,

Yet be diverted by this moral tale.

Through fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious
seat,

Where mortals of exalted wit retreat ;

Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,

The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.

There, in full opulence, a banker dwelt,

Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt :

His side-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate ;

And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours,

In raising piles of straw and twisted bowers ;

A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,

And with fix'd eyes observ'd the structure well ;

A sharpen'd skewer cross his bare shoulders bound

A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

The banker cry'd " Behold my castle-walls,

My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals ;

With land of twenty thousand acres round !

" All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."

The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,

So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law).

The banker's brain was cool'd, the mist grew
clear ;

The visionary scene was lost in air.

He now the vanish'd prospect understood,

And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good :

Yet, loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,

" Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."

The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd :

" Shall I, ye Gods (he cries), my debts com-
pound !"

So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes,

And on the sick ten equal notches makes ;

With just repentment sings it on the ground ;

" There, take my tally of ten thousand pound !"

EPISTLE VIII.

MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL
GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, some time after his return, being
retired to Mr. Symphon's in the country ; Mrs.
Gulliver, apprehending some estrangement of
his affections, writes him the following expos-
tulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining
Epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native
place !

—What, touch me not ? What, shun a wife's
embrace ?

Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,

And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy re-
turn ?

In five long years I took no second spouse;
 What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
 Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
 Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
 'Tis said that thou should'st cleave unto thy wife;
 Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
 Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan:
 Be kind at least to these—they are thy own!
 Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
 The honest number that you left behind.
 See how they pat thee with their pretty paws;
 Why start you? are they snakes? or have they
 claws?

Thy Christian feed, our mutual flesh and bone:
 Be kind at least to these—they are thy own!
 * Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove;
 He chang'd his country, but retains his love:
 There's Captain * Pannel, absent half his life,
 Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
 Yet Pannel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
 And Mistress Biddel sure is fifty-three!

Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me flat:
 Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
 I've no red hair, to breathe an odious fume:
 At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
 Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
 What mean these visits to the sorrel mare?
 Say, by what withcraft, or what dæmon led,
 Prefer'st thou litter to the marriage-bed!

Some say the devil himself is in that mare:
 If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
 Some think you mad; some think you are possess'd;
 That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
 Vain means, alas, this phrenzy to appease!
 That straw, that straw would heighten the dis-
 ease.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
 Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
 Alone I press; in dreams I call my dear,
 I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
 I wake, I rise, and shivering with the frost,
 Search all the house: my Gulliver is lost!
 Forth in the streets I rush with frantic cries;
 The windows open; all the neighbours rise:
 Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
 The neighbours answer, 'With the sorrel mare!'

At early morn, I to the market haste
 (Studious in every thing to please thy taste);
 A curious fowl an' 'sparagus I chose
 (For I remember'd you were fond of those):
 Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
 Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.

Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
 Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
 My only token was a cup like horn,
 That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
 'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
 The groom and sorrel mare prefer'd to me!

These for some moments when you deign to
 quit,
 And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
 'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
 For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.

* Names of the Sea Captains mentioned in the
 Travels.

At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
 And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
 How did I tremble when, by thousands bound,
 I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
 When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
 Each step they trod I felt upon my heart
 But, when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful
 blaze,

King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
 Full in my view how all my husband came!
 And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
 Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
 Were once my present; Love, that armour gave.
 How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
 For, when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.

When folks might see thee all the country round
 For six-pence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
 Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
 Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
 When in the marrow-bone I see thee ramm'd,
 Or on the house-top by the monkey cram'd,
 The piteous images renew my pain,
 And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
 But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
 Pray Heav'n 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
 Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case:
 Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
 O may the king that one neglect forgive,
 And pardon her the fault by which I live!
 Was there no other way to let him free?
 My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, Dear, new words to speak my
 flame!

Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd name.
 Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
 So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
 When on the monarch's ample hand you sat,
 And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of state;
 Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
 When like a mountain you look'd down on kings;
 If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
 Or Glumblum's humbler title sooth thy ear;
 Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
 To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the
 nose,

I'd call the Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding
 name,

Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
 So might I find my loving spouse of course
 Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

EPISTLE IX.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

FROM

A DOG AT TWICKENHAM,

TO

A DOG AT COURT.

TO thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send,
 Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
 Though once my tail in wanton play,
 Now frisking this and then that way,

Chanc'd

Chanc'd, with a touch of just the tip,
To hurt your lady-lap dog-ship;
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And what's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up strings and sticks.
We country dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come
To fart and piss about the room,
To lay your head in every lap,
And when they think not of you—snap:
The worst that envy, or that spite,
E'er said of me is, I can bite;
That sturdy vagrants, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to touze such things as *flutter*,
To honest Bounce is bread and butter.

While you and every courtly fop
Fawn on the devil for a chop;
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat:
And, let me tell you, have a nose
(Whatever stinking fops suppose)
That, under cloth of gold or tissue,
Can smell a plaster, or an issue
Your pilfering lord, with simple pride,
May wear a pick-lock at his side:
My master wants no key of state,
For Bounce can keep his house and gate.

When all such dogs have had their days,
Asknavish Pams, and fawning Trays:
When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Veni's,
And motley, squinting Harlequini's *,
Shall lick no more their lady's breech,
But die of looseness, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames from either echoing shore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd
With thundering offspring all around,
Beneath, beside me, and at top,
A hundred sons! and not one Fop.
Before my children set your beef,
Not one through Bounce will be a thief:
Not one without permission feed
(Though some of J——'s hungry breed);
But whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldest-born resides not far
Where shines great Strafford's glittering star;
My second (child of fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates;
A third majestically stalks
(Happiest of dogs) in Cobham's walks!
One ushers friends to Bathurst's door,
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race:

* Alii legunt *Harvequini's*.

And, oh! would fate the bliss decree
To mine (a bliss too great for me),
That two my tallest sons might grace
Attending each with stately pace
Julus' side, as erst Evander's *,
To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders;
To let no noble slave come near,
And scare lord Fannies from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at least a friend—or two;
A treasure, which, of royal kind,
Few but himself deserve to find:
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.
And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
Except the sect of Pythagoreans,
Have immortality assign'd
To any beast but Dryden's hind †:
Yet master Pope, whom Truth and Sense
Shall call their friend some ages hence,
Though now on loftier themes he sings,
Than to bestow a word on kings,
Has sworn by Styx ‡, the poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poet's both,
Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

EPISTLE X.

TO THE
LEARNED INGENIOUS AUTHOR §

OF
LICENTIA POETICA DISCUSSED;
OR, THE
TRUE TEST OF POETRY.

WRITTEN IN 1709.

THE vulgar notion of poetic fire
Is, that laborious Art can ne'er aspire. }
Nor constant studies the bright bays acquire;
And that high flights the unborn Bard receives,
And only Nature the due laurels gives:
But you, with innate shining flames endow'd,
To wide Castalian springs point out the God;
Through your perspective we can plainly see
The new-discover'd road of poetry;
To steep Parnassus you direct the way
So smooth, that venturous travellers cannot stray,
But with unerring steps rough ways disdain,
And, by you led, the beauteous summit gain,
Where polish'd lays shall raise their glowing flames,
And with their tuneful guide enrol their ho-
nour'd names.

EPISTLE

* Virg. *Æn.* viii.

† "A milk white hind, immortal and un-
chang'd." Hind and Panther, ver. 1.

‡ Orig. *Sticks*; purposely mis-spelt, to make it
"the dread of dogs."

§ Dr. William Coward, a physician of some
eminence.

EPISTLE XI.

TO MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND

WILLIAM LOWNDS, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED TREATISE IN
FOLIO, CALLED THE LAND-TAX BILL.**W**HEN poets print their works, the scrib-
bling crew

Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas-pew:

Can meagre poetry such fame deserve?

Can poetry, that only writes to starve?

And shall no laurel deck that famous head,

In which the Senate's annual law is bred?

That hoary head, which greater glory fires,

By nobler *ways and means* true fame acquires.

O had I Virgil's force, to sing the man,

Whose learn'd lines can millions raise *per ann.*Great Lownds's praise should swell the trump of
fame,And *res per* and *wapentakes* resound his name!

If the blind poet gain'd a long renown

By singing every Grecian chief and town;

Sure Lownds's prose much greater fame requires,

Which sweetly counts five thousand knights
and squires,

Their seats, their cities, parishes, and shires

Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs,

Taxes no more appear like legal duns:

Lords, Knights, and Squires, th' Assessor's power
obey;

We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.

Ah! why did Coningsby thy works defame!

That author's long harangue betrays his name.

After his speeches can his pen succeed?

Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what science shall thy works be read?

All know thou wert not poet born and bred.

Or dost thou boast th' Historian's lasting pen.

Whose annals are the acts of worthy men?

No. Satire is thy talent; and each lash

Makes the rich miser tremble o'er his cash.

What on the Drunkard can be more severe,

Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n Button's wits are nought, compar'd to
thee,Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his
tea;While thou through Britain's distant isle shalt
spread,In every *hundred and division* read.

Criticks in classes oft' interpolate,

But every word of thine is fix'd as fate.

Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
In blazing fringes round a tallow-light.

Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,

Like Steele (when unassisted by a friend):

But thou shalt live a year, in spite of Fate;

And where's your author boasts a longer date?

Poets of old have such a wondrous power,

That with their verses they could raise a tower:

But in thy prose a greater force is found:

What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?

Cadmus, by sowing dragons' teeth, we read,

Rais'd a vast army from the poisonous seed.

Thy labours, Lownds, can greater wonders do;
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way;
When once they're rais'd, they're curst hard to
lay.

EPISTLE XII.

TO A

YOUNG LADY.

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.
Fair Aralanta, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her Hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her;
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to shew their absent flame,
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In posied lockets, bribe the fair.
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from diamond-rings and watches?
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a poet's pocket;
He should send songs that cost him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.
Why then send Lampreys? Fye, for shame!
'I will set a virgin's blood on flame,
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty-five a list.

I know your maiden aunt will scold:

And think my present somewhat bold.

I see her lift her hands and eyes:

"What! eat it, nice; eat Spanish flies!"

"Lamprey's a most immodest diet:"

"You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet."

"Should I to night eat Sago-cream,

"I would make me blush to tell my dream:"

"If I eat lobster, 'tis so warming,

"That every man I see looks charming,

"Wherefore had not the filthy fellow

"Laid Rochester upon your pillow?"

"I vow and swear, I think the present

"Had been as modest and as decent."

"Who has her virtue in her power?"

"Each day has its unguarded hour;

"Always in danger of undoing,

"A prawn, a shrimp, may prove our ruin!"

The shepherds, who lives on fallad,

"To cool her youth, controls her palate,

"Should Dian's maids turn liquorish livers,

"And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,

"Then, all beside each glade and visho,

"You'd see Nymphs lying like Calisto."

"The man, who meant to heat your blood,

"Needs not himself such vicious food—"

In this, I own, your aunt is clear,

I sent you what I well might spare:

For,

For, when I see you (without joking),
Your eyes, lips, breasts, are so provoking,
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole seas of craw-fish soup.

EPISTLE XIII.
TO A LADY,

ON HER

PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

WHAT ecstasies her bosom fire !
How her eyes languish with desire !
How blest, how happy, should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me !
New doubts and fears within me war :
What rival's near ? a china jar.

China's the passion of her soul :
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.

Some gems collect, some medals prize,
And view the rust with lovers' eyes ;
Some court the stars at midnight hours ;
Some doat on nature's charms in flowers ;
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face ;
My stars are in this brighter sphere,
My lily and my rose is here.

Philosophers, more grave than wife,
Hunt science down in butterflies ;
Or, fondly poring on a spider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Fossils give joy to Galen's soul ;
He digs for knowledge, like a mole ;
In shells so learn'd, that all agree
No fish that swims knows more than he !
In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
Who, Laura, shall thy taste despise ?

When I some antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold ;
Vessels so pure, and so refin'd,
Appear the types of woman-kind :
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine, for household duty ?
With flowers and gold and azure dy'd,
Of every house the grace and pride ?
How white, how polish'd is their skin,
And valued most when only seen !
She, who before was highest priz'd,
Is for a crack or flaw despis'd.
I grant they're frail ; yet they're so rare,
The treasure cannot cost too dear !
But man is made of coarser stuff,
And serves convenience well enough ;
He's a strong earthen vessel, made
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade ;
And, when wives lose their other self,
With ease they bear the loss of self.
Husbands, more covetous than sage,
Condemn this china-buying rage ;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.

Vol. VII.

But are those wise men's inclinations
Fix'd on more strong, more sure foundations ?
If all that's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak ?
They swell like bubbles, shine, and break.
A Courtier's promise is so slight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure's sure ? The Mifs you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
The man who loves a country-life
Breaks all the comforts of his wife ;
And, if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm ;
And woman's not like china sold,
But cheaper grows in growing old ;
Then quickly choose the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

EPISTLE XIV.

ON A

MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

TO BERNARD LINTOTT.

" Ipsa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia allis,
" quædam fortasse omnibus placeant."

PLIN. Epist.

AS when some skilful cook, to please each
guest,

Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his dish with different sorts of fare,
Fishes and fowls deliciously unite.
To feast at once the taste, the smell and sight.

So, Bernard, must a Miscellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry ;
The Muses' olio, which all states may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.

Would'st thou for Miscellanies raise thy fame,
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
Let all the Muses in the piece conspire ;
The lyric bard must strike th' harmonious lyre ;
Heroic strains must here and there be found,
And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound ;
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill some pages with melodious woe ;
Let not your amorous songs too numerous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love ;
Satire must interfere, whose pointed rage
May lash the madness of a vicious age ;
Satire ! the Muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Those swell the piece, but very rarely please ;
Let short-breath'd epigram its force confine,
And strike at follies in a single line.
Translations should throughout the work be sown,
And Homer's god-like Muse be made our own ;

3 E

Horace

Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
 And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue.
 Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
 And at her door in melting notes complain;
 His tender accents pitying virgins move,
 And charm the listening ear with tales of love.
 Let every classic in the volume shine,
 And each contribute to thy great design;
 Through various subjects let the reader range,
 And raise his fancy with a grateful change.
 Variety's the source of joy below,
 From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow.
 In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
 And only *change* th' expiring flame renews.

Where Buckingham will condescend to give,
 That honour'd place to distant times must live;
 When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
 The little Loves rejoice, and clap their wings;
 Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious swain;
 Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain.
 'Tis he—our lost Anacreon lives again.
 But when th' illustrious poet fears above
 The sportive revels of the God of Love,
 Like Maro's Muse, he takes a loftier flight,
 And towers beyond the wondering Cupid's sight.

If thou would'st have thy volume stand the test,
 And of all others be reputed best,
 Let Congreve teach the listening groves to mourn,
 As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.

Let Prior's Muse with softening accents move,
 'Tis as the strains of constant Linnæa's love:
 Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,
 As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;
 Prior th' admiring reader entertains
 With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenser's strains.

Waller in Granville lives; when Mira sings,
 With Wallers hand he strikes the sounding strings.
 With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
 And manly sense adorns his easy lines.

On Addison's sweet lays attention waits,
 And silence guards the place while he repeats;
 His Muse alike on every subject charms,
 Whether she paints the god of love, or arms:
 In him pathetic Ovid sings again,
 And Homer's Iliad shines in his Campaign.

Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
 Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue;
 Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
 Alike in physic, as in poetry.

When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure roves
 Amidst the plains, the murmuring streams and groves,
 Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his songs,
 Through the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;

His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
 His steady judgment far out-shoots his years,
 And early in the youth the god appears.

From these successful bards collect thy strains;
 And praise with profit shall reward thy pains:
 Then, while calves-leather-binding bears the sway,
 And sheep-skin to its sleeker gloss gives way;

While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
 Than Pirate Hill's brown sheets and scurvy letter;
 While print-admirers careful Aldus choose,
 Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
 So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,
 And Tenson yield to Lintott's lofty name.

EPISTLE XV.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE THE
 EARL OF OXFORD,

THE LORD HIGH TREASURER.

The Epigrammatical Petition of your
 Lordship's most humble Servant,
 JOHN GAY.

I'M no more to converse with the swains,
 But go where fine people resort:
 One can live without money on plains,
 But never without it at court.

If when with the swains I did gambol,
 I array'd me in silver and blue;
 When abroad and in courts I shall ramble,
 Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

ECLOGUES.

THE
 BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

YE sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite:
 Not all in shades and humble cots delight.
 Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
 The driving gales convey the swelling sounds;
 Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
 With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
 What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
 To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
 Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all ye beasts of
 chase;

This hour destruction brings on all your race:
 See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
 Turkeys and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
 With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
 And old October reddens every nose.
 Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
 Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand.
 He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
 And learns to list the names of all the hounds.
 With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
 Barley shall in paternal acres grow;
 The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flowers,
 To give metheglin for his morning-hours;
 For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
 And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
 The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;

How

How, when youth strung his nerves and warm'd
his veins,

He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this stag through three whole coun-
ties fled,

What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he
bled,

Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day, beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven courfers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the
ditch,

When the hound tore the haunches of the
witch!

Those stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws
nigh,

That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace;
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'er shades his
chin,

And every female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pang and watery qualms shall own thy
crime.

How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast?
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young Squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweep-
ing hand

With level'd harvests has bestrown the land;
On fam'd St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the
morn;

This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar bone.
O venturous youth, thy thirst of game allay;
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive; and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in parliament.

The time shall come, when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A Justice with grave Justices shall sit;
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.

No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd
game.

Affix me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours!

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when Phoebus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?
Think on the mischiefs which from thence have
sprung!

It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd!
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clumny beer,
Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious fires,
In copious gulphs of potent ale expires.

THE TOILETTE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty springs had cloth'd the park
with green,
Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her toilette half-drest;
The thundering knocker wakes the street no more,
No chairs, no coaches, crowd her silent door;
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.
Around her wait Shocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaux;
In these she views the mimicry of man,
And smiles when grinning Pug galls her fan;
When Poil repeats, the sounds deceive her ear
(For sounds like his once told her Damon's care);
With these alone her tedious mornings pass;
Or, at the dumb devotion of her glass,
She smooths her brow and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs;
With crimson wool she fixes every grace,
That not a blush can discompe her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm, she pensive fate,
And curs'd th' inconstancy of youth too late.

O Youth! O Spring of life! for ever lost!
No more my name shall reign the favourite toast;
On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
And rhymes mis-pelt record a lover's flame:

Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
With humble bows; nor white-lov'd beaux en-
croach

In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah, hapless nymph! such conquests are no more;
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!

'Tis true, this Chloe boasts the peach's
bloom.

But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
I own, her taper shape is form'd to please,
Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
Alike we read it in her face and sense.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe?

Her eyes can, like your perjurd tongues, deceive.

What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?

Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And grey religious maids? My presence there
Amid that sober train would own despair;
Nor am I yet so old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.

Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted
range

Through every Indian shop through all the
Change;

Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
With antick shapes in china's azure dy'd;
There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd;
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold:
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false Damon threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize;
'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes.
Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart;
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But soon thy perjury in the gift was found,
The shiver'd china dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
Frail was thy present, frailer was thy love.

O happy Poll, in wiry prison pent;
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant,
And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear!
How am I curst (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn!
False are the loose coquette's inveigling airs,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
False is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
False are the dice when gamesters stamp the board,
False is the sprightly widow's public tear;
Yet these to Damon's oaths are all sincere.

Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain;
Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
He games; he swears; he drinks; he fights; he
roves;

Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and wife can well supply his need;
A mistress for pleasure, and a wife for breed.

But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold.
Powder'd with diamonds; free from thought and
care,

A husband's sullen humours she can bear.

Why are these sobs? and why these streaming
eyes?

Is love the cause? No, I the sex despise;
I hate, I loathe his base perfidious name.
Yet if he should but fain a rival flame?
But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains;
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.

Thus love-sick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her steady hand she bears.
How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face!
She cries, in raptures; then, so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.
Straight Lydia smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks,
And at the play-house Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS and MELANTHE.

SAIN'T James's noon-day bell for prayers had
toll'd,
And coaches to the patron's levee roll'd.
When Doris rose. And now through all the room
From flowery Tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sip, and talk'd by fits,
For Doris here, and there Melanthe sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others' fame:
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And sooner gave than sunk a circumstance;
Lock'd in her memory, secrets never dy'd.
Doris begun: Melanthe thus reply'd,

DORIS.

Sylvia the vain fantastic Fop admires;
The Rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires;
Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves;
In liking them, she but herself approves.

MELANTHE.

Laura rails on at men, the sex-reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at their folly smiles.
Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

DORIS.

Last Masquerade was Sylvia nymph-like seen,
Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
An amorous shepherd led her through the crowd,
The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust;
So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

MELANTHE.

Name but the licence of the modern stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;

The

The whining tragic love she scarce can bear,
But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear;
Yet, in the gallery mobb'd, she sits secure,
And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

DORIS.

Trust not, ye Ladies, to your beauty's power,
For beauty withers like a shrivel'd flower;
Yet those fair flowers, that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fades not with sudden blights, or winter's wind;
Like those, her face defies the rolling years;
For art her roses and her charms repairs.

MELANTHE.

Laura despises every outward grace,
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has deny'd:
If affectation shews a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

DORIS.

Sylvia be sure defies the town's reproach,
Whose dishabille is soil'd in hackney coach;
What though the fash was clos'd, must we con-
clude,
That she was yielding, when her fop was rude?

MELANTHE.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a cost.
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost?
Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS.

Though Laura's homely taste descends so low;
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MELANTHE.

Yet why should Laura think it a disgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders
lace?

DORIS.

What though for music Cynthia boasts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an Opera air.
Cynthia can bow, takes snuff, and dances well;
Robin talks common sense, can write and spell.
Sylvia's vain fancy drest and show admires;
But 'tis the man alone whom Laura fires.

MELANTHE.

Plato's wife morals Laura's soul improve:
And this no doubt must be Platonic love!
Her soul to generous acts was still inclin'd.
What shews more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS.

What though young Sylvia love the park's cool
shade,
And wander in the dusk the secret glade?
Masqu'd and alone (by chance) she met her
spark;
That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

MELANTHE.

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in sense.
Al prudes I hate; and those are rightly curst
With scandal's double load, who censure first,

DORIS.

And what if Cynthia Sylvia's garter ty'd?
Who such a foot and such a leg would hide;
When crook-knee'd Phyllis can expose to view
Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

MELANTHE.

If pure devotion center in the face,
If censuring others shew intrinsic grace,
If guilt to public freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS.

Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought, a Saint.

MELANTHE.

Love is a trivial passion, Laura cries:
May I be blest with friendship's stricter ties!
To such a breast all secrets we commend:
Sure the whole Drawing-room is Laura's friend.

DORIS.

At marriage Sylvia rails? who men would fault?
Yet husbands' jealousies are sometimes just.
Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind:
Such generous love should never be controll'd:

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thundering raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura and Sylvia came; the nymphs and so;
"This unexpected visit" Doris cries,
"Is doubly kind!" Melanthe Laura led:
"Since I was last so blest, my dear," she said,
"Sure 'tis an age!" They late; the hour was
set;
And all again that night at Ombre met.

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her earthly
race,
Since first the veil o'ercast Sabina's face.
Then died the tender partner of her bed.
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives.
But see the tribute of her tears she gives:
Their absent Lord her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of state the penfive lies,
While oft' the snowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy: trusty Lucy knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a billet doux;
Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd,
With equal fluency spoke truth or ly'd;
She well could flush or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidant!
A letter from her faithful stays she took:
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in hasty words her grief confess'd:
While Lucy strove to soothe her troubled breast.

SABINA.

SABINA.

What, still Myrtillo's hand ! his flame I scorn ;
 Give back his passion with the seal untorn.
 To break our soft repose has man a right ?
 And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write ?
 Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move ;
 My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.
 May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
 And Celia's paleness sicken o'er my face ;
 May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boast,
 And coquettes triumph in my honour lost ;
 May cards employ my nights, and never more
 May these curst eyes behold a matadore ;
 Break China, perish Shock, die Parroquet ;
 When I Fidelio's dearer love forget !
 Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train ;
 His air was easy, and his dress was plain ;
 His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
 And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
 Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue
 fled ?
 Alas ! they're now no more ; Fidelio's dead ?

LUCY.

Yet, when he liv'd, he wanted every grace ;
 That easy air was then an awkward pace .
 Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
 His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bred ?
 Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
 Call that sweet converse fullen and severe ?
 Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part ;
 Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, share his heart ;
 Let Chloe's love in every ear express
 His graceful person and genteel address.
 All well may judge what shaft has Daphne hit,
 Who suffers silence, to admire his wit.
 His equipage and liveries Doris move ;
 But Chloe, Daphne, Doris, fondly love.
 Sooner shall cits in fashions guide the court,
 And beaux upon the busy Change resort ;
 Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
 And fops' apartments smoke with India's weed ;
 Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunnery grates ;
 Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

SABINA.

Because some widows are in haste subdued ;
 Shall every fop upon our tears intrude ?
 Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
 Soft as the warbling of Italian song ?
 Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
 Fragrant as steams from tea's imperial bloom ?

LUCY.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curse
 Than squalls of children for an absent nurse.
 Have you not fancy'd, in his frequent kisses,
 Th' ungrateful leavings of a fussy miss ?

SABINA.

Love, I thy power defy ; no second flame
 Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
 Fannia without a tear might lose her Lord,
 Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board.
 And why should sorrow sit on Lefbia's face ?
 Are there such comforts in a fop's embrace ?

No friend, no lover, is to Lefbia dead ;
 For Lefbia long had known a separate bed.
 Gush forth, ye tears ; waste, waste, ye sighs, my
 breast ;

My days, my nights, were by Fidelio blest !

LUCY.

You cannot sure forget how oft' you said,
 His teasing fondness jealousy betray'd !
 When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
 You thought you read suspicion in his look,
 When cards and counters flew around the board,
 Have you not wish'd the absence of your Lord ?
 His company was then a poor pretence,
 To check the freedoms of a wife's expence.

SABINA.

But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
 Since Love's a fierce, involuntary flame ?

LUCY.

Could he the fallies of his heart withstand,
 Why should he not to Chloe give his hand ?
 For Chloe's handsome ; yet he slights her flame ;
 Last night she fainted at Sabina's name
 Why, Laphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms ?
 Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
 At crimp Myrtillo play'd ; in kind regards
 Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards ;
 Doris was touch'd with spleen : her fan he rent,
 Flew from the table and to tears gave vent.
 Why, Doris, dost thou curse Sabina's eyes ?
 To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize

SABINA

Yet say, I lov'd ; how loud would censure rail !
 So soon to quit the duties of the veil !
 No, sooner Plays and Operas I'd forswear,
 And change these China jars for Tunbridge ware,
 Or trust my mother as a confidant,
 Or fix a friendship with my maiden-aunt ;
 Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
 Yet let me see him, if he comes to-day !

THE ESPOUSAL.

A SOBER ECLOGUE.

BETWEEN TWO OF THE PEOPLE CALLED
QUAKERS.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat,
 Meek Caleb at a silent meeting sat ;
 His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
 While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
 The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
 And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

CALEB

Beloved, see how all things follow love ;
 Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove
 Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
 And none can call that turtle's bill impure.
 O fairest of your sisters let me be
 The billing dove and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

TABITHA.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
 Elect a mate among the sober kind;
 Not the Mockers, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
 Entice their mild and modest hearts aside:
 But thou, vain man! beguil'd by Popish shows,
 Dearest on ribbands flounces, furbelows.
 If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
 Go wed the painted arch in summer-skies;
 Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
 Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

CALEB.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
 When vice mislead me through the harlot's ways;
 When I with wanton look the sex beheld,
 And Nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
 Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
 With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
 All such-like love is fading as the flower,
 Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
 But now I feel the spousal love within,
 And spousal love no sister holds a sin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid,
 Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd;
 The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
 But truth is ever read in woman's eyes.
 O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
 Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to tease,
 I too might blame—but love delights to please.
 Why should I tell thee, that, when last the sun
 Painted the downy peach of Newington,
 Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
 And mingled melting kisses with his talk?
 Ah, jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside:
 How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
 For verily no gift the sisters take
 For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABITHA.

I own, Josiah gave the golden toy,
 Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ.
 When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
 I look on this, and chide the hours delay:
 And, when Josiah would his love pursue,
 On this I look and shun his wanton view.
 Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
 The only present love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah, Tabitha, to hear these words of thine,
 My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
 When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
 The spirit mov'd the yearnings to reveal,
 How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
 Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree!
 When ecstacy had arm'd thy look so meek,
 Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek!

With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine
 eyes!

How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs!
 Words that with holy sighs might others move,
 But, Tabitha, my sighs were sighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest?
 Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?
 Then hear me, Caleb, witness what I speak,
 This solemn promise death alone can break:
 Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
 And with immodest favourites shade my face,
 Sooner like B. bylon's lewd whore be drest
 In flaming diamonds and a scarlet vest,
 Or make a curtsie in Cathedral pew,
 Than prove incontinent, while my Caleb's true.

CALEB.

When I prove false, and Tabitha forsake,
 Teachers shall dance a jig at country-wake;
 Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
 And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA.

If that Josiah were with passion fir'd,
 Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
 In steady love though he might persevere,
 Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
 And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
 Light as the feather on the head of beaux;
 Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign.
 Sisters, take all the rest—be Caleb mine.

CALEB.

Though I had all that sinful love affords,
 And all the concubines of all the lords,
 Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful
 shame,
 Whose velvet chairs are with adultery lame;
 Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not sip
 The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
 I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
 More sweet than powder which the merchants
 sell.

O solace me with kisses pure like thine!
 Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
 The spring now calls us forth; come, sister,
 come,
 To see the primrose and the daisy bloom.
 Let ceremony bind the worldly pair;
 Sisters esteem the brethren's words sincere.

TABITHA.

Esponsals are but forms. O lead me hence,
 For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates with-
 draw:

True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
 This tenet all the holy sect allows;
 So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse.

E L E G I E S.

PANTHEA.

LONG had Panthea felt Love's secret smart,
 And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
 Consenting glances had her flame confest;
 In woman's eyes her very soul's exprest.
 Perjur'd Alexis saw the blushing maid,
 He saw, he swore, he conquer'd, and betray'd.
 Another love now calls him from her arms,
 His fickle heart another beauty warms;
 Those oaths, oft' whisper'd in Panthea's ears,
 He now again to Galatea swears.
 Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
 In grateful solitude enjoys the shade;
 There with faint voice she breath'd these moving strains,
 While sighing Zephyrs shar'd her amorous pains.
 Pale sett'ed sorrow hangs upon my brow,
 Dead are my charms; Alexis breaks his vow!
 Think, think, dear shepherd, on the days you knew,
 When I was happy, when my swain was true;
 Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move;
 And think yet more—that all my fault was love.
 Ah, could you view me in this wretched state,
 You might not love me, but you could not hate.
 Could you behold me in this conscious shade,
 Where first thy vows, where first my love was paid,
 Worn out with watching, fullen with despair,
 And see each eye swell with a gushing tear;
 Could you behold me on this mossy bed,
 From my pale cheek the lively crimson fled,
 Which in my softer hours you oft' have sworn,
 With rosy beauty far outblush'd the morn;
 Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
 And would not lost Panthea claim a tear?
 You could not, sure—tears from your eyes would steal,
 And unawares thy tender soul reveal.
 Ah, no! thy soul with cruelty is fraught,
 No tenderness disturbs thy savage thought;
 Sooner shall tigers spare the trembling lambs,
 And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
 Sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly;
 Then false Alexis for Panthea sigh.
 Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confest,
 Sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast;
 But hardest flints are worn by frequent rains,
 And the soft drops dissolve their solid veins;
 While thy relentless heart more hard appears,
 And is not soften'd by a flood of tears.
 Ah, what is love! Panthea's joys are gone,
 Her liberty, her peace, her reason, flown!
 And when I view me in the watery glass,
 I find Panthea now, not what she was.
 As northern winds the new-born roses blast,
 And on the ground their fading ruins cast;
 As sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
 And of its verdure spoil the mournful plain;

So hapless love on blooming features preys,
 So hapless love destroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle sleep, relieve these weary'd eyes,
 All sorrow in thy soft embraces dies:
 There, spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
 Faithless Alexis languishingly kind:
 Sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
 And pleasingly deludes me in my dream;
 Sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
 Where all our looks, and all our talk is love.
 Oh, could I thus consume each tedious day,
 And in sweet slumbers dream my life away.
 But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes,
 To my sad soul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the sun dart forth its cheerful rays?
 Why do the woods resound with warbling lays?
 Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
 And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?
 Why do the streams with murmuring music flow,
 And why do groves their friendly shade bestow?
 Let sable clouds the cheerful sun deface,
 Let mournful silence seize the feather'd race;
 No more, ye roses, grateful fragrance yield,
 Droop, droop, ye cowslips, in the blasted field;
 No more, ye streams, with murmuring music flow,

And let not groves a friendly shade bestow:
 With sympathizing grief let nature mourn,
 And never know the youthful spring's return.
 And shall I never more Alexis see;
 Then what is spring, or grove, or stream, to me?

Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain?

Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain?
 Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove?
 Their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh! lead me to some melancholy cave,
 To lull my sorrows in a living grave;
 From the dark rock where dashing waters fall,
 And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall;
 Where I may waste in tears my hours away,
 And never know the seasons or the day!
 Die, die, Panthea—fly this hateful grove;
 For what is life without the swain I love?

ARAMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

NOW Phœbus rose, and with his early beams
 Wak'd slumbering Delia from her pleasing dreams;

Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
 And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
 With secret joy she saw the morning ray
 Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
 The happy morn that shall her bliss complete,
 And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
 In haste she rose, forgetful of her prayers,
 Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs:
 Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
 Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
 Some round her neck a circling light display,
 Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;

The

The silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlin lace,
And adds becoming beauty to her face;
Brocaded flowers o'er the gay mantua shine,
And the rich stays her taper shape confine;
Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
And sporting Loves surround th' expecting bride;
For Daphnis now attends the blushing maid,
Before the priest the solemn vows are paid;
This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears.
Cease, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canst thou from Hymen's bonds the youth re-
trieve?

Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn:
Recall my love, and find a sure return.

But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with resentment cherishes her woes;
Alone she pines, and, in these mournful strains,
Of Daphnis' vows, and her own fate complains:

Was it for this I sparkled at the Play,
And loiter'd in the Ring whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle shown,
Our mutual passion by our looks was known:
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I pass'd, thy grateful eyes pursue.

"Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
pain;

"For eyes the language of the soul explain."

I think, Daphnis, think that scarce five days are
fled.

Since (O false tongue!) those treacherous things
you said;

How did you praise my shape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame.
And in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name?
Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
And with an awful trembling, say—I love?

"Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
pain;

"For eyes the language of the soul explain."

How couldst thou thus, ungrateful youth, de-
ceive?

How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe?
Sure thou canst well recal that fatal night,
When subtle love first enter'd at my sight:
When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
My look spoke love; while you, with answering
eyes,

In killing glances made as kind replies.
Think, Daphnis, think what tender things you said!
Think what confusion all my soul betray'd.
You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air
And, when I sung, the Syrens charm'd your ear:
My flame, blown up by flattery, stronger grew;
A gale of love in every whisper flew.

"Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
pain;

"For eyes the language of the soul explain."

Where'er I dress'd, my maid who knew my
flame,

Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name;

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Thy picture in her talk so lovely grew.
That thy dear image rest before my view;
She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
And wounded Delia's fame, to sooth my spleen:
When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
Straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
And, when thy matchless charms were quite run
o'er,

'bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.
Oh, Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!
Like death, his nuptials all my joy remove,
And ever part me from the man I love.

"Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
pain;

"For eyes the language of the soul explain."

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
In some retreat far from this hateful town!
Vain dress and glaring equipage, adieu!
Let happier nymphs thote empty shows pursue.
Me let some melancholy shade surround,
Where not the print of human stev is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove.
No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,
And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound:
Music, adieu! farewell, Italian airs!

The croaking raven now shall sooth my cares.
On some old ruin, lost in thought, I rest,
And think how Araminta once was blest;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
And all my grief in one kind sentence lose:
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
Why is this dawn of joy? flow, tears, again!
Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain;
Daphnis, alas! the Gordian-knot has ty'd;
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.

"Ah, faithless youth! since eyes the soul ex-
plain,

"Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?"

AN

ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

SHOCK's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no
more:

Ye Muses, mourn; ye chambermaids, deplore.
Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
And tie the favourite ribband round his neck;
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendant ear.
Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid;
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade;
Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd;
And love, best gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I see her frantic with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing
hair;
Her Mechlin pinnars, rent the floor bestrow,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.

3 F

Hence

Hence Superstition, that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward
breast ;

No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.
'T' hough certain omens oft' forewarn a state,
And dying lions show the monarch's fate ;
Why should such fears bid Cælia's sorrow rise ?
For, when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.

Cease, Cælia, cease ; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground !
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd :

" Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid :
" Who sawn'd like man, but ne'er like man be-
tray'd."

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL

TO

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard.

Oh ! where shall I my true-love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing
hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds : my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail.

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.

Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his Dear return.

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard :

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land :
Adieu ! she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.

A BALLAD,

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look :
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover rest ;
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast ?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear ;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd ;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

THE
LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the stream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas! should fill her head,
But a fountain, or a mead,
Water and a willow?

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which sweet woodbine covers,
What are your assemblies then?
There 'tis true we see more men;
But much fewer lovers.

Oh! how chang'd the prospect grows!
Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
Concubines without number!
Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at ombre.

Pleasant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

Though the favourite toast I reign;
Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and scar,
Every day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation?

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay.
Nymph, ah! cease thy sorrow,
Though curst fortune frown to night,
This odious town can give delight,
If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

THE sun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds home were sped;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her silver mantle spread;
When Damon stay'd behind,
And saunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

Oh! those were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bowers
Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs;

But now from wood and plain
Flies every sprightly lass;
No joys for me remain,
In shades, or on the grass.

The winged boy draws near,
And thus the swain reproves:
While Beauty revel'd here,
My game lay in the groves:
At court I never fail
To scatter round my arrows;
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like sparrows.

Then, swain, if me you need,
Straight lay your sheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haste away to town.
So well I'm known at court,
None asks where Cupid dwells;
But readily resort
To Bellenden's or Lepell's.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
With arms across, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay;
Looks, sighs, and actions, seem'd to say,
My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why should you your song forbear?
Your mates delight your song to hear;
But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the sound; my heart-strings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what says my love?

How foolish is the nymph (she cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone thou simple swain;
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
That lip should other pleasures seek;
Much, much thy music I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that 'm betray'd,
Daphnia, I fear, is ever gone;
Last night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah, Chloe, thou art won!

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd she knew not what to say.
At last, in broken words, she cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to-day!

The COQUETTE MOTHER and DAUGHTER.

A SONG.

AT the close of the day,
When the bean-flower and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind;
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstacy swam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near;
Hark! she calls thee to hear
What age and experience advise.

Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again:
What follows, you need not be told.

Look ye, mother, she cry'd,
You instruct me in pride,
And men by good-manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one.

Pr'ythee, Molly, be wise,
Lest by sudden surprise
Love should tingle in every vein:
Take a shepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You safely may trifle again.

Molly smiling reply'd,
Then I'll soon be a bride:
Old Roger has gold in his chest.

But I thought a'l you wives
Chose a man for your lives
And trifled no more with the rest.

MOLLY MOG:

OR, THE
FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A BALLAD.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes;
Why you pine and you whine like a lover!
—I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women are best at a clog;
But I am not so easily frightened
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

The school boy's desire is a play-day;
The school-master's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on may-day;
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

Will-a-wisp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and
bog;

But no light can set me a-madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other mens' breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog;
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log:
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

Those

Those who toast all the Family Royal,
 In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
 Have hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.
 Were Virgil alive with his Phyllis,
 And writing another Eclogue;
 Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis
 He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.
 When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
 Then jealousy sets me agog;
 To be sure she's a bit for the Vicar,
 And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

BALLAD.

OF all the girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as Nelly,
 For charming face, and shape, and mien,
 And what's not fit to tell ye;
 Oh! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin,
 O lovely dearest Nelly!
 For many a swain it well had been
 Had she ne'er been at Calai-
 For when as Nelly came to France
 (Invited by her cousins),
 Across the Tuilleries each glance
 Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens,
 The king, as he at dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his huffar,
 And bid him bring his tabby cat,
 For charming Nell to buss her.
 The ladies were with rage provok'd,
 To see her so respected:
 The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
 And pufs her tail erected.
 But not a man did look employ,
 Except on pretty Nelly:
 Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
 "Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!"
 But who's that great Philosopher,
 That carefully looks at her?
 By his concern it should appear,
 The fair-one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier fly)
 He on his child does leer too:
 I wish he has no mind to try
 What some papa's will here do.
 The courtiers all, with one accord,
 Broke out in Nelly's praises,
 Admir'd her rose, and *lys sans fard*,
 (Which are your *termes Francoises*).
 Then might you see a painted ring
 Of dames that stood by Nelly;
 She like the pride of all the Spring,
 And they, like *Fleurs de Palais*.
 In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
 I saw this charming Nelly,
 Where shameless Nymphs, expos'd to view,
 Stand naked in each *allee*
 But Venus had a brazen face
 Both at Versailles and Meudon,
 Or else she had resign'd her place,
 And left the stone she stood on,

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
 "I would put down all th' Italian:
 Lord! how those foreigners would stare
 But I should turn Pygmalion:
 For, spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
 Me nothing can delight so,
 As does that part that lies between
 Her left-toe and her right-toe.

A BALLAD;

ON QUADRILLE.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
 And left the nation free;
 When Ay said ay, and No said no,
 Without or place or fee;
 Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
 Sent forth his spirit call'd Quadrille.
 Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.
 Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
 And four fair suits he wore;
 His troops they were with red and black
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er;
 And every house, go where you will,
 Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.
 Sure cards he has for every thing,
 Which well court-cards they name,
 And, statesmen-like, calls in the king,
 To help out a bad game;
 But, if the parties manage ill,
 The king is forc'd to lose Codille, &c.
 When two and two were met of old,
 Though they ne'er meant to marry,
 They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
 And call'd a Partie Quarrée;
 But now, meet when and where you will,
 A Partie Quarrée is Quadrille, &c.
 The commoner, and knight, and peer,
 Men of all ranks and fame,
 Leave to their wives the only care
 To propagate their name;
 And well that duty they fulfil,
 When the good husband's at Quadrille, &c.
 When patients lie in piteous case,
 In comes th' Apothecary;
 And to the Doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
 The patient dies without a pill:
 For why? the Doctor's at Quadrille, &c.
 Should France and Spain again grow loud,
 The Muscovite grow louder;
 Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
 Would want both ball and powder;
 Must want both sword and gun to kill:
 For why? the General's at Quadrille, &c.
 The King of late drew forth his sword
 (Thank God 'twas not in wrath),
 And made, of many a 'quire and lord,
 An unwash'd Knight of Bath:
 What are their seats of arms and skill?
 They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

A party

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Post-Boy and Gazette
The Quadruple Allies;
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.
And now God save this noble realm,
And God save eke Hanover;
And God save those who hold the helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will,
His subjects must play at Quadrille,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILES.

MY passion is as mustard strong;
It fits all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.
Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her:
For, though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.
Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber, could see
The rest of womankind.
Like a stuck-pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sneek as a mouse before.
Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!
I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.
Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled-ale.
The God of Love at her approach
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.
Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door nail
Shall I be, if without her.
Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.
As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair.
Her eyes as black as jet:
As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit, like pepper, bites:
Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.
Full as an egg was I with glee;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.
But, false as hell! she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.
If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.
Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us, like burs, together stick,
And warm as any toast.
You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wish me better sped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.
Sure as a gun, she'll drop a tear,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND:

BEING
A NEW BALLAD,
SHEWING

How Mr. JONATHAN WILD's throat was cut
from Ear to Ear with a Penknife, by Mr.
BLAKE, alias BLUESKIN, the Bold Highway-
man, as he stood at his Trial at the OLD BAIL-
LEY, 1725.

To the Tune of "The Cut-purse."

YE gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are
nice,
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose;
Ye honest poor rogues, who die in your shoes;
Attend and draw near,
Good news you shall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to
ear;
How Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at
ease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.
When

When to the Old-Bailey this Blue-skin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains near him Jonathan stood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.

Then, hopeless of life,

He drew his penknife,

And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife.

But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the King's gold, and leave him but a crown;

Some say there are peers, and some parliament-men,

Who meet once a year, to rob courtiers again:

Let them all take their swing,

To pillage the King,

And get a blue ribbon instead of a string.

Now Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,

And every man round me may rob, if he please.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,

Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pensions;

Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering, fees:

Since this happy day,

Now every man may

Rob (a safe as in office) upon the highway.

For Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,

And every man round me may rob, if he please.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise,
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.

Church wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,

As yet only venture to steal from the altar:

But now to get gold,

They may be more bold,

And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's cold,

For Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,

And every man round me may rob, if he please.

MISCELLANIES.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE PASTORAL TRAGEDY OF
DIONE.

THERE was a time (O were those days re-
new'd!)

Ere tyrant-law's had woman's will subdued;

Then nature rul'd; and Love devoid of art,

Spoke the consenting language of the heart.

Love uncontroul'd! insipid, poor delight!

'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.

Behold the beasts who range the forests free;

Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;

In their amours see Nature's power appear!

And do they love! Yes—one month in the year.

Were these the pleasures of the golden reign?

And did free nature thus instruct the swain?

I envy not, ye nymphs, your amorous bowers:

Such harmless swains!—I'm e'en content with
ours,

But yet there's something in these sylvan scenes,

That tells our fancy what the lover means.

Name but the mossy bank, and moon-light grove,

Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-night we treat you with such country-fare:

Then for your lover's sake our author spare.

He draws no Hemskirk boors, or home-bred
clowns,

But the soft shepherds of Arcadia's downs.

When Paris on the throne his judgment pass'd,

I hope, you'll own the shepherd shew'd his taste;

And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beau-
ty,

Who made the nymph Calisto break her duty;

Then was the country-nymph no awkward thing.

See what strange revolutions time can bring!

Yet still methinks an author's fate I dread,

Were it not safer beaten paths to tread

Of Tragedy; than o'er wide heaths to stray,

And seeking strange adventures lose his way?

No trumpet's clangor makes his heroine start,

And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart.

He, foolish bard! nor pomp nor show regards.

Without the witness of a hundred guards

His lovers sigh their vows.—If sleep should take
ye,

He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye.

What no such shifts? there's danger in't, 'tis
true;

Yet spare him, as he gives you something new.

A CONTEMPLATION ON

NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I
stray,

Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,

Still nature's various face informs my sense,

Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of
night,

And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,

Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,

And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year:

The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,

And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;

The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,

And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.

But, when the gloomy reign of Night returns,

Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:

The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,

But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:

No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes;

Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies.

Yet still, e'en now, while darkness clothes the
land,

We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;

Millions

Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundless sphere :
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes ;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare ;
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends ;
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise ;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light :
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morning wakes ;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known ;
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy !
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame ;
But thou, O GOD, for ever shine the same.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert ; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be ; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when Time shall be no more.

O endless thought ! divine Eternity !
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee ;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah ! What is life ? with ills encompass'd round
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound :
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow Death destroys his airy schemes ;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd ?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd
heiric,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay ;

Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream :
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity
For, while the boundless theme extends our
thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

AN

EPIGRAMMATICAL EXPOSTULATION.

FROM Mohock and from Hawkubite,
Good Lord, deliver me ;
Who wander through the streets by night,
Committing cruelty.

They slash our sons with bloody knives,
And on our daughters fall ;
And if they ravish not our wives,
We have good luck withal.

Coaches and chairs they overturn,
Nay carts most easily :
Therefore from Gog, and eke Magog,
Good Lord, deliver me !

EPITAPH OF BYE-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought
mighty *old*
Every word she e'er heard in this church about
God.

To convince her of *God*, the good Dean did en-
deavour,
But still in her heart she held *Nature* more *clever*.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always
run

Upon something or other, she found better *fun*.
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world, she despis'd every soul she met
here,

And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but *queer*.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

A MOTTO,

FOR THE OPERA OF MUTIUS SCAEVOLO.

WHO here blames words, or verses, songs, or
fingers,
Like Mutius Scaevola will burn his fingers.

WINE.

W I N E.

A POEM.

"Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
"Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus."

O happiness terrestrial, and the source
Whence human pleasures flow, sing, heavenly Muse;
Of sparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whose quickening taste adds vigour to the soul,
Whose sovereign power revives decaying Nature.
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary age, 6
A kindly warmth diffusing,—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled visage, ghastly wan before:
Cordial restorative to mortal man, 10
With copious hand by bounteous gods bestow'd!
Bacchus divine, aid my adventurous song:
That with no middle flight intends to soar.
Inspir'd, sublime, on Pegasus wing,
By thee upborne I draw Miltonic air. 15
When fuming vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns; when stupid, downcast
eyes,
Th' external symptoms of remorse within,
Express our grief; or when in sullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm, 20
Moping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd:
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd
Th' unwary youth, and tied the Gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be dissolv'd;
Worry'd all day by loud Xantippe's din, 25
Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
And fix him there among the branched crew
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The great monsters of the Zodiac):
Or for the loss of anxious worldly pelf, 30
Or Cælia's scornful flights, and cold disdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulse;
The worst events that mortals can befall:
By cares depress'd, in pensive hypochondric mood,
With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll. 35
Thy charming sight, but much more charming
guit,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks we raise our drooping
fronts,
And pour in crystal pure, thy purer juice;
With cheerful countenance and steady hand 40
Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim
To the expecting mouth;—with grateful taste,
The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies:
Such is thy powerful influence, thou straight 45
Dispell'st those clouds, that, louring dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladsome face;
While dimpled cheeks, and sparkling, rolling
eyes,
Thy cheering virtues and thy worth proclaim.
So mists and exhalations that arise, 50
From hills, or steamy lake, dusky or grey,
Prevail; till Rhæbus sheds Titanean rays,
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And paints th' e'er fleecy skirts with shining gold:
Unable to resist the foggy damps,
That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields, 55
At the god's penetrating beams disperse;
The earth again in former beauty smiles,
In gaudiest livery dress'd, all gay and clear.

When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,
Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholic mood, 60
Joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours;
Till, reinforce'd by thy most potent aid,
He storms the breach, and wins the beauteous
fort.

To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessing,
The British seaman quits his native shore, 65
And ventures through the trackless, deep abyss,
Plowing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the
waves;

Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds, she rolls
In dangers imminent, till she arrives 70
At those best climes thou favour'st with thy presence.

Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
Or lofty Teneriffe, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores;
With gazing pleasure and astonishment 75
At Paradise (seat of our ancient fire)
He thinks himself arriv'd; the purple grapes,
In largest clusters pendant, grace the vines
Innumerable: in fields grotesque and wild
They with implicit curls the oak entwine, 80
And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs;
Sight most delicious! not an irksome thought,
Or of lost native isle, or absent friends,
Or darest wife, or tender sucking babe,
His kindly-treacherous memory now presents;
The jovial God has left no room for cares. 86

Celestial liquor! thou that didst inspire
Mars and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
Unparallel'd; with eloquence profound, 90
And arguments convictive, didst enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd;
Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams ungrateful whet
To jaded Muse, and oft, with vain attempt, 95
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull
With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited Muse could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenzæan fire, her barren drought 100
He quench'd, and with inspiring nectarous juice
Her drooping spirits cheer'd;—aloft the towers,
Borne on stiff pennons, and a war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings.
'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts, 105
And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st, thou check'st inglorious, lolling ease;
And sluggish minds with generous fires inflam'st.
O thou, that first my quicken'd soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise, 110
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehears'd,
His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's fields she soar'd
Aerial: now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious floundering, like her theme
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, im-
merg'd

-- In acid juice in vain attempts to rise. 120

With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
At rural seat, Lucretius retir'd:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar and the lofty pine,
Join neighbouring boughs, sweet hospitable shade
Creating, from Phœbean rays secure, 126

A cool retreat, with few well-chosen friends,
On flowery mead recumbent spent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse!

With roses interwoven, poplar wreaths 130

Their temples bind, dress of sylvestrian gods!

Choicest nectarean juice crown'd largest bowls,

And overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,

Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine!

Whether from Formian-grape depress'd, Fa-
lern, 135

Or Setin, Massic, Gauran, or Sabine,
Læbian or Cæcuban, the cheering bowl
Mov'd briskly round, and spurr'd their heigh-
ten'd wit

To sing Mæcenas' praise, their patron kind.

But we not as our pristine fires repair 240

T' umbrageous grot or vale; but, when the sun

Faintly from western skies his rays oblique

Darts sloping, and to Thetis' watery lap

Hastens in prone career, with friends select

Swiftly we hie to Devil*, young or old, 145

Jocund and boon, where at the entrance stands

A stripling, who with scrapes and humble cringe

Greet us in winning speech and accent bland;

With lightest bound, and safe, unerring step,

He slips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs:

Memphus thus, panting with lolling tongue,

And wagging tail, gambols, and frisks before

His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,

Whether in shady wood, or pasture green,

And waits his coming at the well known gate.—

Nigh to the stairs' ascent, in regal port, 156

Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce

Command and sovereignty; with haughty air,

And studious mien, in semi-circular throne

Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands;

Behind her (dazzling sight!) in order rang'd,

Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine; 163

Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,

And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud

Words unintelligible, noise confus'd: 165

She knows the jargon sounds, and straight de-
scribes,

In characters mysterious, words obscure;

More legible are algebraic signs,

Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,

When they invoke th' infernal spirits aid. 170

Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance

Of savage Thracians, and Croatian boors;

* The Devil-Tavern, Temple-bar, frequented
by his friends.

The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harsh and grating to Lætan god;
Chafe brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence 175

(Amid their cups, whose innate temper's shewn),

In clumsy fist wielding scymmetrian knife,

Who flash each other's eyes and blubber'd face,

Profaning Bacchanalian, solemn rites;

Musical harmonious numbers better suit 180

His festivals, from instruments or voice,

Or Gasperini's hand the trembling string

Should touch; or from the dulcet Tulean dames,

Or warbling Cotti's far more melodious tongue,

Sweet symphonies should flow, the Delian god

For airy Bacchus is associate meet. 186

The stairs ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars

The door of spacious room, and creaking chairs

(To ear offensive) round the table sets.

We sit, when thus his florid speech begins: 190

"Name, Sirs, the wine that most invites your
taste.

"Champaign, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,

"Or Hock antique, or Lisbon new or old,

"Bordeaux or neat French wine, or Alicant."

For Bordeaux we with voice unanimous 195

Declare (such sympathy's in boon compeers)

He quits the room alert, but soon returns;

One hand capacious glittering vessels bears

Resplendent; t'other, with a grasp secure,

A bottle (mighty charge) upstaid, full-fraught

With goodly wine. He, with extended hand 201

Rais'd high pours forth his sanguine frothy juice,

O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon:

The first light to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs;

Now glasses clash with glasses (charming sound!)

And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,

Crowns the full glass;—at her inspiring name,

The sprightly wine results, and seems to smile;

With hearty zeal, and with unanimous,

Her health we drink, and in her health our own.

A pause ensues, and now with grateful chat

We improve the interval; and joyous mirth

Engages our rais'd souls, pat repartee,

Or witty joke, our airy senses moves

To pleasant laughter; straight the echoing room

With universal peals and shouts resound. 216

The royal Dane, blest consort of the queen,

Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whose bliss

In Anna's plac'd: with sympathetic flame,

And mutual endearments, all her joys. 220

Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,

Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts

Of loyal subjects with his sovereign queen;

For, by his prudent care, united shores

Were sav'd from hostile fleets invasion dire. 225

The hero Marlborough next, whose vast ex-
ploits

Fame's clarion sounds; fresh laurels, triumphs
new,

We wish, like those he won at Hochstet's field.

Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race

Of noblest patriots sprung, whose worthy soul

Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd. 231

That shone in his most worthy ancestors:

For then distinct in separate breast were seen

Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent

Prudent Godolphin, of the nation's weal 235
 Frugal but free and generous of his own,
 Next crowns the howl; with faithful Sunderland
 And Halifax, the Muses' darling son,
 In whom conspicuous, with full lustre, shine
 The surest judgment and the brightest wit, 240
 Himself Mæcenæ and a Flaccus too.—
 And all the worthies of the British realm,
 In order rang'd, succeed; such healths as tinge
 The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.

Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright
 eye 245

He's fir'd; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibel,
 Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
 Piercing; or airy Cælia, sprightly maid!—
 Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
 Glass succeeds glass, till the Dorian god 250
 Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
 Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye:
 All blithe and jolly, that, like Arthur's knights,
 Of round table, fann'd in old records,
 Now most we seem'd—such is the power of

INE.

255

Thus we the winged hours in harmless mirth
 And joys unfully'd pass, till humid night
 Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
 Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
 Of coach or cart, or froky link-boy's call, 260
 Is heard—but universal silence reigns:
 When we in merry plight, airy and gay
 Surpris'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
 With hasty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
 Alarm the drowsy youth from slumbering nod;
 Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs 266
 Erroneous, and with busy knuckle plies
 His yet clung eye-lids, and with staggering reel
 Enters confus'd, and muttering asks our wills;
 When we with liberal hand the score discharge,
 And homeward each his course with steady step
 Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE

LAMENTATION of GLUMDAL- CLITCH for the Loss of GRILDRIG.*

A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing
 care,
 She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
 No British miss sincerer grief has known,
 Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
 She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd-in her thread,
 And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed; 6
 Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
 Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
 In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
 She gently whimpers like a lowing cow: 10
 Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears;
 Her locks dishevel'd, and her flood of tears,

* In Faulkener's edition this poem is ascribed
 to Pope, and the Lilliputian Ode to Arbuthnot.

Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
 When from the hatch drips fast a shower of rain.

In vain the search'd each cranny of the house,
 Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse. 16

"Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily care
 Within thy reach I set the vinegar;
 And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
 While pepper water worms thy bait supply'd,
 Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
 And all the little monsters of the brook?
 Sure in that lake he dropt: My Grilly's
 drown'd!"—

She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:
 But little creatures enterprize the most. 26
 Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's
 paw.

"Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw;
 Nor fear'd the marbles, as they bounding flew;
 Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you. 30
 What did I trust thee with that glady youth!

"Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
 Vex'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
 To some lord's daughter find the living toy,
 Or rent him from his birth in cruel play, 35
 As children rear the wings of flies away.

"From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
 And never will return, or bring thee home
 But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
 How then thy fairy foot-steps can I find? 40
 Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
 In the green thicket of a mossy stone;

"Or, tumbled from the toad-pool's slippery
 round,
 Perhaps all maim'd lie groveling on the
 ground?"

"Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely rose 45
 Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
 Within the king cup if thy limbs are spread,
 Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:

"O shew me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the
 flower
 Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow-
 er! 50

"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
 On little females, and on little loves;

"Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
 The baby-playthings that adorn thy house,

"Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious
 rooms 55

"Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
 Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the
 shore,

"Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
 Or in thy box now bounding on the main?

"Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again? 60
 And shall I set thee on my hand no more,

"To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
 My spacious palm, of stature scarce a span,

"Mimic the actions of a real man?
 No more behold thee turn my watch's key, 65
 As seamen at a capstan anchors weigh?

"How wast thou wont to walk with cautious
 tread,

"A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head!
 3 G 2 "How

AIR.

Hush, you pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire:
Cease your song, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my sight.

Da Capo.

AIR

ACIS.

Where shall I seek the charming Fair?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains:
O tell me if you saw my dear;
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal foun-
tains?

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, shepherd, stay!
See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray,
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing,
Heedless running to thy ruin?
Share our joy, our pleasure share:
Leave thy passion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Lo here, my Love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire:
Nor grace, nor charm, is wanting
To set the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

O! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs, fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

DUET.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

Happy we!
What joys I feel!—What charms I see!
Of all youths, thou dearest boy!
Of all nymphs, thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

PART THE SECOND.

A CONCERTO ON THE ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers! Fate has pass'd
This sad decree; no joy shall last.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream;
Behold the monster Polypheme.
See what ample strides he takes;
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the shores:
Hark! how the thundering Giant roars!

RECITATIVE accompanied.

POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has stabb'd me to the heart.
Thou trusty pipe,
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O Nymph more bright
Than moon-shine night,
Like kullings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY. Whither, fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey;
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.

POLY. Thee Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire, and to love:

To

To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of glossy blue;
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant-limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monster - bid some other guest:
I loath the host; I loath the feast.

AIR.**POLYPHEMUS.**

Cease to beauty to be suing:
Ever whining love disdaining,
Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
Still be conquering, not complaining.
Da Capo.

AIR.**DAMON.**

Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.
Da Capo.

RECITATIVE**ACIS.**

His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am, I must engage:
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
The God of Love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love sounds th' alarm,
And fear is a flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal tears dying?
In defence of my treasure,
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleasure;
For life is a pain.
Da Capo.

AIR.**DAMON.**

Consider, fond shepherd,
How fleeting's the pleasure,
That flatters our hopes
In pursuit of the fair:
The joys that attend it,
By moments we measure;
But life is too little
To measure our care.
Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.**GALATEA.**

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth;
Trust my constancy and truth:
Trust my truth, and powers above,
The powers propitious still to Love.

TRIO.**ACIS, GALATEA, AND POLYPHEMUS.****ACIS and GALATEA.**

The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.

POLY. Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS and GALATEA.

Not showers to larks so pleasing,
Nor sun-shine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

POLY. Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly;
Die, presumptuous Acis, die.

RECITATIVE.**ACIS.**

Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes!

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muses; weep, ye swains;
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains;
Groans, cries and howlings, fill the neighbour-
ing shore,
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.**GALATEA.**

Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canst relieve:
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddess soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.**GALATEA.**

'Tis done: thus I exert my power divine:
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart, thou seat of soft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood;
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows,
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring still his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears.

See how he rears him from his bed ;
 See the wreath that binds his head.
 Hail ! thou gentle murmuring stream,
 Shepherds' pleasure, Muses' theme ;
 Through the plain still joy to rove,
 Murmuring still thy gentle love.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE STORY OF ACHELOUS AND HERCULES.

From OVID'S METAMORPHESSES. Book IX.

THESEUS requests the God to tell his woes,
 Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his
 groans arose ;
 When thus the Calydonian Stream reply'd,
 With twining reeds his careless tresses tied ;
 " Ungrateful is the tale ; for who can bear, 5
 " When conquer'd, to rehearse the shameful
 war ?
 " Yet I'll the melancholy story trace ;
 " So great a conqueror softens the disgrace :
 " Nor was it still so mean the prize to yield,
 " As great and glorious to dispute the field. 10
 " Perhaps you've heard of Dejanira's name,
 " For all the country spoke her beauty's fame.
 " Long was the nymph by numerous suitors
 woo'd,
 " Each with address his envy'd hopes pursued :
 " I join'd the loving band to gain the fair, 15
 " Reveal'd my passion to her father's ear.
 " Their vain pretensions all the rest resign ;
 " Alcides only strove to equal mine :
 " He boasts his birth from Jove, recounts his
 spoils,
 " His step-dame's hate subdued, and finish'd
 toils. 20
 " Can mortals then (said I) with gods com-
 pare ?
 " Behold a god ; mine is the watery care :
 " Through your wide realms I take my mazy
 way,
 " Branch into streams, and o'er the regions stray :
 " No foreign guest your daughter's charms adores,
 " But one who rises in your native shores. 26
 " Let not his punishment your pity move ;
 " Is Juno's hate an argument for love ?
 " Though you your life from fair Alcmena drew,
 " Jove's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true. 30
 " Choose then ; confess thy mother's honour lost,
 " Or thy descent from Jove no longer boast."
 While thus I spoke, he look'd with stern dis-
 dain,
 Nor could the fallies of his wrath restrain,
 Which thus broke forth ; " This arm decides our
 right ;
 " Vanquish'd in words ; be mine the prize in
 fight !"

" Bold he rush'd on. My honour to main-
 tain,
 " I fling my verdant garments on the plain.
 " My arms stretch forth, my piliant limbs pre-
 pare,
 " And with bent hands expect the furious war.
 " O'er my sleek skin now gather'd dust he
 throws, 41
 " And yellow sand his mighty muscles strows.
 " Oft' he my neck and nimble legs assails,
 " He seems to grasp me, but as often fails :
 " Each part he now invades with eager hand ;
 " Safe in my bulk, immovable I stand. 46
 " So when loud storms break high, and foam and
 roar
 " Against some mole that stretches from the
 shore ;
 " The firm foundation lasting tempests braves,
 " Defies the warring winds, and driving waves.
 " Awhile we breathe, then forward rush
 amain, 52
 " Renew the combat, and our ground maintain ;
 " Foot strove with foot, I prone extend my
 breast,
 " Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead
 press'd.
 " Thus have I seen two furious bulls engage, 55
 " Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage ;
 " Each claims the fairest heifer of the grove,
 " And conquest only can decide their love :
 " The trembling herds survey the fight from far,
 " Till victory decides th' important war. 60
 " Three times in vain he strove my joints to wrest,
 " To force my hold, and throw me from his
 breast ;
 " The fourth he broke my gripe, that clasp'd him
 round,
 " Then with new force he stretch'd me on the
 ground ;
 " Close to my back the mighty burden clung,
 " As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung. 6
 " Believe my tale ; nor do I boastful aim
 " By feign'd narration to extol my fame.
 " No sooner from his grasp I freedom get,
 " Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling
 sweat, 70
 " But quick he seiz'd me, and renew'd the strife,
 " As my exhausted bosom pants for life :
 " My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he
 strains :
 " I fall, and bite the sand with shame and pains.
 " O'er-match'd in strength, to wiles and arts
 I take, 75
 " And slip his hold, in form of speckled snake ;
 " Who, when I wreath'd in spires my body
 round,
 " Or shew'd my forked-tongue with hissing sound,
 " Smiles at my threats. Such foes my cradle
 knew,
 " He cries ; dire snakes my infant-hand o'er-
 threw ; 80
 " A dragon's form might other conquests gain ;
 " To war with me you take that shape in vain.
 " Art

" Art thou proportion'd to the Hydra's length,
 " Who by his wounds receiv'd augmented
 strength?
 " He rais'd a hundred hissing heads in air; 85
 " When one I lopp'd, up sprung a dreadful pair.
 " By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter
 strong,
 " Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along.
 " What canst thou do, a form precarious, prone,
 " To rouse my rage with terrors not thy own?"
 " He said; and round my neck his hands he cast,
 " And with his straining fingers wrung me fast:
 " My throat he tortur'd, close as pincers clasp,
 " In vain I strove to loose the forceful grasp.
 " Thus vanquish'd too, a third form still re-
 mains, 95
 " Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
 " Straight on the left his nervous arms were
 thrown
 " Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down,
 " Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
 " And fell'd my bulk along the dusty land. 100
 " Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn,
 " From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn
 horn;
 " This, heap'd with flowers and fruits, the Nai-
 ads bear,
 " Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year."
 He spoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph ap-
 pears,
 Girt, like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
 The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stor'd,
 And ruddy apples for the second board.
 Now morn begins to dawn, the sun's bright
 fire

Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire;
 Nor stay'd they, till the troubled stream subsides
 And in its bounds with peaceful current glides.
 But Achelous in his oozy bed
 Deep hides his brow deform'd, and rustic head:
 No real wound the victor's triumph show'd. 115
 But his lost honours griev'd the watery god;
 Yet ev'n that loss the willow's leaves o'erspread,
 And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

THE DEATH OF NESSUS.

THE CENTAUR.

THIS virgin too, thy love, O Nessus, found,
 To her alone you owe the fatal wound.
 As the strong son of Jove his bride conveys
 Where his paternal lands their bulwaras raise;
 Where from her slopy urn Egeus pours 5
 Her rapid current, swell'd by wintry showers,
 He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
 And the deep rolling waves all pass deny'd.
 As for himself he stood unmov'd by fears,
 For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares. 10
 The strong-limb'd Nessus thus officious cry'd
 (For he the shallows of the stream had try'd),
 Swi- thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare;
 On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care.

Th' Aonian chief to Nessus trusts his wife, 15
 All pale, and trembling for her hero's life;
 Cloth'd as he stood in the fierce lion's hide,
 The laden quiver o'er his shoulder ty'd
 (For cross the stream his bow and club were
 cast);
 Swift he plung'd in; these billows shall be pass'd.
 He said, nor sought where smoother waters
 glide, 21
 But stem'd the rapid dangers of the tide.
 The bank he reach'd: again the bow he bears;
 When, hark! his bride's known voice alarms
 his ears.
 Nessus, to thee I call (aloud he cries), 25
 Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wise:
 Thou monster double-shap'd, my right set free,
 If thou no reverence owe my fame and me,
 Yet kindred should thy lawless lust deny.
 Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
 Though wing'd with horse's speed; wounds shall
 pursue:
 Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew:
 The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
 And through his breast the barbed weapon stood;
 Which when, in anguish, through the flesh he
 tore, 35
 From both the wounds gush'd forth the spumy
 gore,
 Mix'd with Lernaean venom; this he took,
 Nor dire revenge his dying breast forsook.
 His garments, in the reeking purple dy'd,
 To rouse love's passion, he presents the bride. 40

THE DEATH OF HERCULES.

NOW a long interval of time succeeds,
 When the great son of Jove's immortal
 deeds,
 And step-dame's hate had fill'd earth's utmost
 round;
 He from Oechalia, with new laurels crown'd
 In triumph was return'd. He rites prepares,
 And to the king of gods directs his prayers,
 When Fame (who falsehood clothes in truth's dis-
 guise,
 And swells her little bulk with growing lies)
 Thy tender ear, O Dejanira mov'd,
 That Hercules the fair sole lov'd.
 Her love believes the tale; the truth she fears
 Of his new passion, and gives way to tears.
 The flowing tears diffus'd her wretched grief,
 Why seek I thus, from streaming eyes, relief?
 She cries; indulge not thus these fruitless cares,
 The harlot will but triumph in thy tears;
 Let something be resolv'd, while yet there's
 time;
 My bed not conscious of a rival's crime.
 In silence shall I mourn, or low complain?
 Shall I seek Calydon, or here remain?
 What though ally'd to Meleager's fame,
 I boast the honours of a sister's name?
 My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to pursue
 Some desperate deed, by which the world shall
 view

How

How far revenge and woman's rage can rise,
 When weltering in her blood the harlot dies.
 Thus various passions rul'd by turns her breast.
 She now resolves to lend the fatal vest,
 Dy'd with Lernean gore, whose power might move
 His soul anew, and rouse declining love.
 Nor knew she what her sudden rage bestows,
 When she to Lichas trusts her future woes;
 With soft endearments she the boy commands
 To bear the garment to her husband's hands.
 Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haste,
 And o'er his shoulders Lerna's poison casts.
 As first the fire with frankincense he strows,
 And utters to the gods his holy vows;
 And on the marble altar's polish'd frame
 Pours forth the grapy stream; the rising flame
 Sudden dissolves the subtle poisonous juice,
 Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.
 With wonted fortitude he bore the smart,
 And not a groan confess'd his burning heart.
 At length his patience was subdued by pain,
 He rends the sacred altar from the plain;
 Oete's wide forests echo with his cries!
 Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.
 Where'er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears,
 The mangled muscles and huge bones he bares,
 (A ghastly sight!) or, raging with his pain,
 To rend the sticking plague he tugs in vain.
 As the red iron hisses in the flood,
 So boils the venom in his curdling blood.
 Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
 And livid sweats down all his body flow;
 The cracking nerves burnt-up are burst in twain,
 The lurking venom melts his swimming brain.
 Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
 Glut thy revenge dread empress of the skies;
 Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
 Look down with pleasure, and enjoy my smart.
 Or, if e'er pity mov'd a hostile breast
 (For here I stand thy enemy profess),
 Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
 Inur'd to trouble, and to labours born.
 Death is the gift most welcome to my woe,
 And such a gift a step-dame may bestow.
 Was it for this Busiris was subdued,
 Whose barbarous temples reek'd with strangers'
 blood?
 Press'd in these arms, his fate Antæus found,
 Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground.
 Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fell?
 Or did I fear the triple dog of hell?
 Did not these hands the bull's arm'd forehead hold?
 Are not our mighty toils in Elis told?
 Did not Stymphalian lakes proclaim my fame?
 And fair Parthenian woods resound my name?
 Who seiz'd the golden belt of Thermodon?
 And who the dragon-guarded apples won?
 Could the fierce Centaur's strength my force with-
 stand,
 Or the fell boar that spoil'd th' Arcadian land?
 Did not these arms the Hydra's rage subdue,
 Who from his wounds to double fury grew?

25 What if the Thracian horses, fat with gore;
 Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
 I saw, and with their barbarous lord o'erthrew?
 What if these hands Nemean's lion slew?
 Did not this neck the heavenly globe sustain?
 The female partner of the thunderer's reign,
 Fatigu'd, at length suspends her harsh commands;
 Yet no fatigue hath slack'd these valiant hands.
 But now new plagues pursue me; neither force,
 Nor arms, nor darts, can stop their raging course.
 Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails strays,
 And on my lungs and shrivel'd muscles preys;
 Yet still Eurytheus breathes the vital air!
 What mortal now shall seek the gods with prayer?

THE TRANSFORMATION

OF

LYCHAS INTO A ROCK.

THE hero said; and, with the torture stung,
 Furious o'er Oete's lofty hills he sprung:
 Stuck with the shaft, thus scours the tiger round,
 And seeks the flying author of his wound.
 Now might you see him trembling, now he vents
 His anguish'd soul in groans and loud laments;
 He strives to tear the clinging vest in vain,
 And with up-rooted forests strews the plain;
 Now, kindling into rage, his hands he rears,
 And to his kindred gods directs his prayers.
 When Lychas, lo, he spies; who trembling flew,
 And, in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
 Had shunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
 His madness chaf'd, and thus he raves again:
 Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe,
 Who bore the gift, the cause of all my woe.
 The youth all pale with shivering fear was stung,
 And vain excuses falter'd on his tongue.
 Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face
 He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace.
 He told him o'er his head with airy course,
 And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force;
 Far o'er th' Eubœan main aloft he flies,
 And hardens by degrees amid the skies.
 So showery drops, when chilly tempests blow,
 Thicken at first, then whiten into snow;
 In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
 In solid hail result upon the ground.
 Thus, whirl'd with nervous force through distant
 air,
 The purple tide forsook his veins with fear;
 All moisture left his limbs. Transform'd to stone,
 In ancient days the craggy flint was known;
 Still in th' Eubœan waves his front he rears,
 Still the small rock in human form appears,
 And still the name of hapless Lychas bears.

THE
APOTHEOSIS OF HERCULES.

BUT now the hero of immortal birth
Fells Oete's forests on the groaning earth;
A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
He leaves his deathful instruments of war;
To him commits those arrows, which again
Must see the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
The son of Pæan lights the lofty pyre,
High round the structure climbs the greedy fire;
Plac'd on the top, thy nervous shoulders spread
With the Nemæan spoils thy careless head; 10
Rais'd on the knotty club, with look divine;
Here thou, dread hero of celestial line,
Wast stretch'd at ease; as when, a cheerful guest,
Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flowers thy temples
drest.
Now on all sides the potent flames aspire, 15
And crackle round those limbs that mock the fire.
A sudden tremor seiz'd th' immortal host,
Who thought the world's profest defender lost.
This when the thunderer saw, with smiles he
cries,
'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleasures rise; 20
Joy swells my breast, that my all-ruling hand
O'er such a grateful people boasts command,
That you my suffering progeny would aid;
Though to his deeds this just respect be paid,
Me you've oblig'd Be all your fears forborn, 25
Th' Oetean fires do thou, great hero, scorn.
Who vanquish'd all things, shall subdue the flame.
That part alone of gross maternal frame
Fire shall devour; while what from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its force subdue; 30
That, when he's dead, I'll raise to realms above;
May all the powers the righteous act approve!
If any god dissent, and judge too great
The sacred honours of the heavenly seat,
Ev'n he shall own, his deeds deserve the sky, 35
Ev'n he, reluctant, shall at length comply.
Th' assembled powers assent. No frown till now
Had mark'd with nation vengeful Juno's brow.
Meanwhile whate'er was in the power of flame
Was all consum'd, his body's nervous frame 40
No more was known;—of human form bereft,
Th' eternal part of Jove alone was left.
As an old serpent casts his scaly vest,
Wearies in the sun, in youthful glory drest;
So when Alcides mortal mould resign'd, 45
His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd,
August his visage shone; almighty Jove
In his swift car his honour'd offspring drove;
High o'er the hollow clouds the couriers fly,
And lodge the hero in the starry sky.

THE TRANSFORMATION
OF GALANTHIS.

ATLAS perceiv'd the load of heaven's new guest.
Revenge still rancour'd in Eurytheus' breast

Against Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
To Iole, to vent maternal woes;
Here she pours forth her grief, recounts the spoils 5
Her son had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
This Iole, by Hercules' commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
Her swelling womb the teeming birth confess'd;—
To whom Alcmena thus her speech address'd: 10
O may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
When midst thy throes thou call'st th' Ilithyan power!
May no delays prolong thy racking pain,
As when I sued for Juno's aid in vain!
When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh, 15
And the tenth sign roll'd forward on the sky,
My womb extends with such a mighty load,
As Jove the parent of the burden show'd.
I could no more th' increasing smart sustain:
My horror kindles to recount the pain; 20
Cold chills my limbs while I the tale pursue,
And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.
Seven days and nights amidst incessant throes,
Fatigued with ills I lay nor knew repose;
When lifting high my hands, in shrieks I pray'd, 25
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.
She came, but prejudic'd, to give my fate
A sacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
She hears the groaning anguish of my fits,
And on the altar at my door she sits; 30
O'er her left knee her crossing leg she cast,
Then knits her fingers close and wrings them fast:
This stay'd the birth; in muttering verse she pray'd,
The muttering verse th' unfinish'd birth delay'd.
Now with fierce struggles, raging with my pain, 35
At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.
How did I wish for death! such groans I sent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.
Now the Cadmeian matrons round me press,
Offer their vows, and seek to bring redress. 40
Among the Theban dames Galanthis stands,
Strong limb'd, red-hair'd, and just to my commands:
She first perceiv'd that all these racking woes
From the persisting hate of Juno rose.
As here and there she pass'd, by chance she sees 45
The seated goddess; on her close-press'd knees
Her fast-knit hands she leans: with cheerful voice
Galanthis cries, Whoe'er thou art, rejoice;
Congratulate the dame, she lies at rest,
At length the gods Alcmena's womb have blest. 50
Swift from her seat the startled goddess springs,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad she flings;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd;
Galanthis' laughter vex'd the power deceiv'd.
Fame says, the goddess dragg'd the laughing maid 55
Fast by the hair; in vain her force essay'd
Her groveling body from the ground to rear;
Chang'd to fore-feet her shinking arms appear;
Her hairy back her former hue retains,
The form alone is lost; her strength remains; 60
Who, since the lie did from her mouth proceed,
Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her breed;
Nor shall she quit her long-frequented home,
But haunt those houses where she lov'd to roam.

THE STORY OF IOLAÛS

RESTORED TO YOUTH.

ARGUMENT.

Iolë having related the fable of her sister Dryope, who was changed into a tree for plucking the blossoms of the plant Letis (once a nymph); while she is discouraging on these matters with Alcmena, she finds new matter of wonder in the sudden change of Iolaüs to a youth.

WHILE Iolë the fatal change declares,
Alcmena's pitying hand oft' wip'd her tears.
Grief too stream'd down her cheeks; soon sorrow
Dies,
And rising joy the trickling moisture dries:
Lo Iolaüs stands before their eyes.
A youth he stood; and the soot down began
O'er his smooth chin to spread, and promise man.
Hebë submitted to her husband's prayers,
Intil'd new vigour, and restor'd his years.

THE PROPHECY OF THEMIS.

NOW from her lips a solemn oath had pass'd,
That Iolaüs the gift alone should taste,
Had not just Themis thus maturely said
(Which check'd her vow, and aw'd the blooming
maid):
Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus stands
Invincible; but by the thunderer's hands
Ambition shall the guilty * brothers fire,
Both rush to mutual wounds, and both expire.
The reeling earth shall ope her gloomy womb,
Where the † yet breathing bard shall find his tomb.
The † son shall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
And in one act be both unjust and good.
Of home and sense depriv'd, where'er he flies,
The furies and his mother's ghost he spies.
His wife the fatal bracelet shall implore,
And Phegeus stain his sword in kindred gore.
Callirhoe shall then with suppliant prayer
Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear.
Jove shall with youth her infant sons inspire,
And bid their bosoms glow with manly fire.

THE DEBATE OF THE GODS.

WHEN Themis thus with prescient voice had spoke
Among the gods a various murmur broke;
Diffension rose in each immortal breast,
That one should grant what was deny'd the rest.

* Eteocles and Polynices.

† Amphiaræus.

‡ Alcmaon.

Aurora for her aged spouse complains,
And Ceres grieves for Jason's freezing veins;
Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew;
Her future race the care of Venus drew,
She would Anchises' blooming age restore;
A different care employ'd each heavenly power.
Thus various interests did their jars increase,
Till Jove arose;—he spoke—their tumults cease.

—Is any reverence to our presence given?
Then why this discord 'mong the powers of heaven?
Who can the settled will of Fate subdue?
'Twas by the Fates that Iolaüs knew
A second youth. The Fates' determin'd doom
Shall give Callirhoe's race a youthful bloom.
Arms nor ambition can this power obtain:
Quell your desires; even Me the Fates restrain.
Could I their will control, no rolling years
Had Æacus bent down with silver hairs;
Then Rhadamanthus still had youth possess'd,
And Minos with eternal bloom been bless'd.
Jove's words the synod mov'd; the powers give o'er,
And urge in vain unjust complaint no more.
Since Rhadamanthus' veins now slowly flow'd,
And Æacus and Minos bore the load;
Minos, who, in the flower of youth and fame,
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
Vain of his birth, and in the strength of years;
And now, regarding all his realms as lost,
He durst not force him from his native coast.
But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign,
And your swift vessel plow'd th' Ægean main;
On Asiatic shores a town you frame,
Which still is honour'd with the founder's name.
Here you Cyanë knew, the beauteous maid,
As on her father's winding banks she stray'd:
Caurus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
The double offspring of your warm embrace.

THE STORY OF ARACHNE,

From the Beginning of the Sixth Book of OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

ARGUMENT.

Pallas, visiting the Muses on their hill to see the fountain Hippocrene, is by them informed how the Pierides were changed into chattering pies for rivaling the nine sisters in song—This stimulating the Goddess to take vengeance on Arachne, the daughter of Idmon, who defied her in her own art, gives rise to the following story.

PALLAS, attentive, heard the Muses' song,
Pleas'd that so well they had reveng'd their wrong:
Reflecting thus,—A vulgar soul can praise;
My fame let glorious emulation raise:
Swift vengeance shall pursue th' audacious pride
That dares my sacred Deity deride:
Revenge the Goddess in her breast revolves;
And straight the bold Arachne's fate resolves;

Her haughty mind to Heaven disdain'd to bend,
 And durst with Pallas in her art contend.
 No famous town she boasts, or noble name;
 But to her skilful hand owes all her fame;
 Idmon her father on his trade rely'd,
 And thirsty wool in purple juices dy'd;
 Her mother, whom the shades of death confine,
 Was, like her husband, born of vulgar line.
 At small Hypæpe though she did reside,
 Yet industry proclaim'd what birth deny'd:
 All Lydia to her name due honour pays,
 And every city speaks Arachne's praise.
 Nymphs of Timolus quit their shady woods,
 Nymphs of Paëolus leave their golden floods,
 And oft' with pleasure round her gazing stand,
 Admire her work, and praise her artful hand:
 They view'd each motion, with new wonder seiz'd;
 More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.
 Whether raw wool in its first orbs she wound,
 Or with swift fingers twirl'd the spindle round;
 Whether she pick'd with care the knotty piece,
 Or comb'd like streaky clouds the stretching
 fleeco; 30
 Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part;
 'Twas plain from Pallas she deriv'd her art.
 But she, unable to sustain her pride,
 The very mistress of her art defy'd —
 Pallas obscures her bright celestial grace,
 And takes an old decrepit beldame's face.
 Her head is scatter'd o'er with silver hairs,
 Which seems to bend beneath a load of years.
 Her trembling hand, emboss'd with livid veins,
 On trusty staff her feeble limbs sustains.
 She thus accosts the nymph: "Be timely wise,
 "Do not the wholesome words of age despise,
 "For in the hoary head experience lies:
 "On earth contend the greatest name to gain;
 "To Pallas yield;—with Heaven you strive in
 vain."
 Contempt contracts her brow, her passions rise,
 Wrath and disdain inflame her rolling eyes:
 At once the tangling thread away she throws,
 And scarce can curb her threatening hands from
 blows.
 "Worn-out with age, and by disease declin'd.
 " (She cries) thy carcase has surviv'd thy mind;
 "These lectures might thy servile daughters move,
 "And wary doctrines for thy nieces prove:
 "My counsel's from myself, my will commands,
 "And my first resolution always stands:
 "Let her contend; or does her fear impart
 "That conquest waits on my superior art?"
 The Goddess straight throws off her old disguise,
 And heavenly beauty sparkles in her eyes,
 A youthful bloom fills up each wrinkled trace,
 And Pallas smiles with every wonted grace.
 The nymphs, surpris'd, the Deity adore,
 And Lydian dames confess her matchless power;
 The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,
 Yet a swift blush her guilty feature it ins;
 In her unwilling cheek the crimson glows,
 And her check'd pride a silent confusion knows.
 So when Aurora first unveils her eyes,
 A purple dawn invests the blushing skies;
 But soon bright Phœbus gains th' horizon's height,
 And gilds the hemisphere with spreading light.

Desire of conquest sways the giddy maid,
 To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd:
 The Goddess with her stubborn will comply'd,
 And deign'd by trial to convince her pride. 75
 Both take their stations, and the piece prepare,
 And order every slender thread with care.
 The web inwraps the beam; the reed divides,
 While through the wicening space the shuttle
 glides,
 Which their swift hands receive; then, pois'd with
 lead,
 The swinging weight strikes close th' inserted
 thread.
 They gird their flowing garments round the waist,
 And ply their feet and arms with dextrous haste.
 Here each inweaves the richest Tyrian dye,
 There fainter shades in soften'd order lie; 85
 Such various mixtures in the texture shine,
 Set-off the work, and brighten each design:
 As when the sun his piercing rays extends,
 When from thin clouds some drilling shower de-
 scends,
 We see the spacious humid arch appear, 90
 Whose transient colours paint the splendid air:
 By such degrees the deepening shadows rise
 As pleasingly deceive our dazzled eyes;
 And though the same th' adjoining colour seems,
 Yet hues of different natures dye th' extremes. 95
 Here heightening gold they 'midst the woof dis-
 pose,
 And in the web this antique story rose.
 Pallas the lofty mount of Mars designs,
 Celestial judgment guides th' unerring lines;
 Here, in just view, th' Athenian structures stand,
 And there the gods contend to name the land;
 Twelve deities the frames with stately mien,
 And in the midst superior Jove is seen;
 A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
 The figures in the picture seem to live. 105
 Heaven's thundering monarch sits with awful
 grace,
 And dread omnipotence imprints his face:
 There Neptune stood, disdainfully he frown'd,
 And with his trident smote the trembling ground;
 The parting rocks a spacious chasm disclose, 110
 From whence a fiery, prancing steed arose;
 And on that useful gift he founds his claim,
 To grace the city with his honour'd name.
 See her own figure next with martial air,
 A shining helmet decks her flowing hair; 115
 Her thoughtful breast her well-pois'd shield de-
 fends,
 And her bare arm a glittering spear extends,
 With which she wounds the plain; from thence
 arose
 A spreading tree; green olives load the boughs.
 The powers her gift behold with wondering eyes, 120
 And to the Goddess give the rightful prize.
 Such mercy checks her wrath, that, to dissuade
 By others fate the too presumptuous maid,
 With miniatures she fills each corner space,
 To curb her pride, and save her from disgrace. 125
 Hæmus and Rhodopé in this she wrought,
 The beauteous colours spoke her lively thought;
 With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
 They to the sacred names of gods aspir'd

To mountains chang'd, their lofty heads arise, 130
And lose their lessening summits in the skies.

In that, in all the strength of art was seen
The wretched fate of the Pygmean queen;
Juno, enrag'd, resents th' audacious aim,
And to a crane transforms the vanquish'd dame; 135
In that voracious shape she still appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.

In this, Antigone for beauty strove
With the bright consort of imperial Jove:
Juno, incens'd, her royal power display'd, 140
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
Nor his, nor Iliou's fervent prayer prevails,
But on her lovely skin white feathers rise;
Chang'd to a clamorous stork, she mounts the
skies. 145

In the remaining orb, the heavenly maid
The tale of childless Cynaras display'd;
A settled anguish in his look appears,
And from his blood-hot eyes flow streams of tears;
On the cold ground, no more a father thrown, 150
He for his daughters clasp'd the point'd stone.
And, when he fought to hold their wonted charms,
The temple's steps deceiv'd his eager arms.
Wreaths of green olive round the border twine,
And her own tree incloses the design. 155

Arachne paints th' amours of mighty Jove,
How in a bull the God disguis'd his love;
A real bull seems in the piece to roar,
And real billows breaking on the shore:
In fair Europa's face appears surprise, 160
To the retreating land she turns her eyes,
And seems to call her maids, who wondering stood,
And with her tears increas'd the briny flood.
Her trembling feet she by contraction saves
From the rude insult of the rising waves. 16

Here amorous Jove dissolving Læda trod,
And in the vigorous swan conceal'd the god.
Love lends him now an eagle's new disguise,
Beneath his fluttering wings Asteria lies,
Th' enlivening colours here with force express'd 170
How Jove the fair Antiope caress'd.

In a strong satyr's muscled form he came,
Infilling love transports the glowing dame,
And lusty twins reward his nervous flame. }
Here how he sooth'd the bright Alcmena's love, 175
Who for Amphitryon took th' impostor Jove;
And how the God in golden shower allur'd
The guarded nymph, in brazen walls immur'd:
How, in a swain, Mnemosyne he charms;
How lambent flame the fair Ægina warms: 180
And how with various glittering hues inlaid
In serpent's form Deois he betray'd.

Here you, great Neptune, with a short-liv'd flame
In a young bull enjoy the Æolian dame.
Then in Enipeus' shape intrigues virtue: 185
'Tis thus th' Aloads boast descent from you.

Here to Bifaltis was thy love convey'd,
When a rough ram deceiv'd the yielding maid.

Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
Whose golden locks a sheafy garland bear; 190
And the dread dame, with hissing serpents hung,
(From whom the Pegasean courier sprang)
Thee in a snuffing stallion's form enjoy,
Exhaust thy strength, and every nerve employ;
Melantho as a dolphin you betray, 195

And sport in pleasures on the rolling sea:
Such just proportion graces every part,
Nature herself appears improv'd by art.
Here in disguise was mighty Phœbus seen,
With clownish aspect, and a rustic mien; 200
Again transform'd, he's dress'd in falcon's plumes,
And now the lion's noble shape assumes;
Now, in a shepherd's form, with treacherous smiles
He Macareian Isle's heart beguiles.

Here his plump shape enamour'd Bacchus leaves, 205
And in the grape Erigone deceives.
There Saturn, in a neighing horse, she wove,
And Chiron's double form rewards his love.
Festoons of flowers, inwove with ivy, shine,
Border the wondrous piece, and round the texture
twine.

Not Pallas, nor ev'n spleen itself, could blame
The wondrous work of the Mæonian dame;
With grief her vast success the Goddess bore,
And of celestial crimes the story tore.
Her boxen shuttle now, enrag'd, she took, 215
And thrice the proud Idmonian artist struck:
Th' unhappy maid, to see her labours vain,
Grew resolute with pride, and shame, and pain:
Around her neck a fatal noose she ty'd,
And fought by sudden death her guilt to hide. 220
Pallas with pity saw the desperate deed,
And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed:
"Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
"Suspended thus to waste thy future time;
"Thy punishment involves thy numerous race, 225
"Who for thy fault shall share in thy disgrace."

Her incantation magic juices aid,
With sprinkling drops she bath'd the pendent
maid, }
And thus the charm its noxious power display'd.
Like leaves in autumn drop her falling hairs, 230
With these her nose, and next her rising ears.
Her head to the minutest substance shrunk,
The potent juice contracts her changing trunk;
Close to her sides her slender fingers clung,
There chang'd to nimble feet in order hung; 235
Her bloated belly swells to larger size,
Which now with smallest threads her work sup-
plies,

The Virgin in the Spider still remains;
And in that shape her former art retains.

T A L E S.

AN ANSWER

TO THE SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE OF CHAUCER.

IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER'S STYLE.

THE Sompner leudly hath his prologue told,
 And faine on the Freers his tale japing and bold;
 How that in Hell they searchen near and wide,
 And ne one Freer in all thilke place espyde:
 But lo! the devil turned his erse about,
 And twenty thousand Freers wend in and out.
 By which in Jeoffry's rhyming it appears,
 The devil's belly is the hive of Freers.
 Now listneth lordings! forthwith ye shall hear,
 What happen'd at a house in Lancashire.
 A misere that hath lands and tenement,
 Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent.
 Owred a house which emptye long ystood.
 Full deeply lited in a darkning wood:
 Murmuring a shallow brook runneth along,
 Mong the round stones it maketh doleful song.

Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night,
 The rooms yhaunted been by many a sprite;
 The miller avoucheth, and all thereabout,
 That they full oft' heaven the hellish rout;
 Some faine they hear the jingling of chains,
 And some hath yheard the psautries straines;
 At midnight some the heedless horse ymeet,
 And some espie a corse in a white sheet,
 And oother things, faye, elfin, and elfe,
 And shapen that fear createn to itself.

Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
 Of grey Freers a fair and rich Abbaye,
 Where liven a Freer ycleped Pere Thomas,
 Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds pass.

This Freere would lye in thilke house all night,
 In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
 He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
 And legends eke of Saintes, and bookes of prayere.
 He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
 And halpen the door, to halpen the goblin out.
 The candle hath he put close by the bed,
 And in low tone his *Ave Marye* said.
 With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
 And maken crosen key-hole of the doore.
 Ne was there not a mouse-hole in thilke place,
 But he ycrossed hath by God his grace;
 He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
 With *benedicite* and God knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
 When the clock had just stricken the twelfth foun.
 Bethinketh him now what the cause hath ybeen,
 Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
 Hem remembereth how Dan Plutarch hath yfed
 That Cæsar's spite came to Brute his bed;
 Of chains that frighten erst Artemidore,
 The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more.

Hem thinketh that some murders here been done,
 And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,
 Or that some orphelines writings here be stor'd,
 Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:

Or thinketh hem, if he might see no sprite,
 The Abbaye mought buy this house cheap outright.

As hem thus thinketh, anon aslep he lies,
 Up starten Sathanas with saucer eyes.
 He turned the Freer upon his face downright,
 Displaying his netter cheeks full broad and white.
 Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwacked him fore,
 Thou didst forget to guard thy postern-dore.
 There is an hole which hath not crossed been:
 Farewel, from whence I came, I creopen in.

Now plain it is ytellen in my vesse,
 If Devils in hell bear Freers in their erse,
 On earth the Devil in Freers doth ydwell;
 Were there no Freers the Devil mought keep in Hell.

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A TALE.

A MAN may lead a happy life,
 Without that needful thing a wife:

This long have lusty Abbots known,
 Who ne'er knew spouses—of their own.

What though your house be clean and neat,
 With couches, chairs, and beds compleat;
 Though you each day invite a friend,
 Though he should every dish commend;
 On Bagshot-heath your mutton fed,
 Your fowls at Brentford born and bred;
 Though purest wine your cellars boast,
 Wine worthy of the fairest toast;
 Yet there are other things requir'd:

Ring, and let's see the maid you hir'd.—
 Bless me! those hands might hold a broom,
 Twirl round a mop, and wash a room:

A batchelor his maid should keep,
 Not for that servile use to sweep;
 Let her his humour understand,
 And turn to every thing her hand.
 Get you a lass that's young and tight,
 Whose arms are, like her apron, white.
 What though her shift be seldom seen,
 Let that, though coarse, be always clean;
 She might each morn your tea attend,
 And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
 Then, if you break a roguish jest,
 Or spueze her hand, or pat her breast,
 She cries, Oh, dear Sir, don't be naught!
 And blushes speak her last night's fault.
 To her your household cares confide;
 Let your keys jingle at her side.

A footman's blunders tease and fret ye;
 Ev'n while you chide, you smile on Betty.
 Discharge him then, if he's too spruce;
 For Betty's for his master's use.

Will you your amorous fancy baulk,
 For fear some prudish neighbour talk?
 But you'll object, that you're afraid
 Of the pert freedoms of a maid.

Besides, your wiser heads will say,
That she who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another draws,
Will lodge your silver-spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilfering trade:
For love all Betty's wants supplies,
Laces her shoes, her manteau dyes,
All her stuff-suits she flings away,
And wears thread-fattin every day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen-fire;
When all must own, were Betty put
To the black duties of the slut,
As well she scours or scrubs a floor,
And still is good for something more?

Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a Priest, of conscience nice,
To quell his lust for neighbour's spouse,
Keep fornication in his house.

But your impatient all this time,
Fret at my counsel, curse my rhyme.
Be satisfy'd: I'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins—Of yore
There dwelt at Blois a Priest full fair,
With rolling eye and crisped hair;
His chin hung low, his brow was sleek,
Plenty lay basking on his cheek;
Whole days at cloyster-grates he sat,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly, the Nuns lamented
That double-bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton wife contest,
With downcast eye, and heaving breast;
He stroak'd her cheek to still her fear,
And talk'd of sins *en cavalier*;
Each time enjoin'd her penance mild,
And fondled on her like his child.
At every jovial gossip's feast
Pere Bernard was a welcome guest;
Mirth suffer'd not the least restraint,
He could at will shake off the saint;
Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke,
But shook his sides, and took the joke;
Nor fail'd he to promote the jest,
And shar'd the sins which they confess.

Yet, that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniencies at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for every social duty;
He meddled with no household cares,
To her consign'd his whole affairs:
She of his study kept the keys,
For he was studious—of his ease:
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage every chest and box;
Her honesty such credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was restrain'd.

In troth it was a goodly show,
Lin'd with full hogheads all a-row.
One vessel, from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the rest he lov'd;
Pour la bonne bruche 'twas set aside,
To all but choicest friends deny'd.
He now and then would send a quart,
To warm some wife's retentive heart,

Against confession's fullen hour
Wine has all secrets in its power
At common feasts it had been waste,
Nor was it fit for layman's taste.
If monk or friar were his guest,
They drank it; for they know the best.
Nay, he at length so fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.

Who shall recount his civil labours,
In pious visits to his neighbours?
Whene'er weak husbands went astray,
He quest'd their wives were in the way:
'Twas then his charity was shown,
He chose to see them when alone.

Now was he bent on cuckoldom:
He knew friend Dennis was from home:
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a husband's duty)
Had often told him a confession,
How hard she struggled 'gainst transgression.
He now resolves in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue stood.
He knew that wine (to love best aid)
Has oft' made bold the shame-fac'd maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd-up at Smith's or Needham's.

A mighty bottle strait he chose,
Such as might give two Friars their dose.
Nannette he call'd: the cellar-door
She straight unlocks, descends before;
He follow'd close. But when he spies
His favourite cask; with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he cries,
Heigh-hay! my darling wine astoop!
It must alas! have sprung a hoop.
That there's a leak is past all doubt,
(Reply'd the maid)—'I'll find it out.
She sets the candle down in haste,
Tucks her white apron round her waist.
The hoghead's mouldy side ascends;
She straddles wide and downward bends:
So low she stoops to seek the flaw,
Her coats rose up, her muller saw—
I see—he cries—(then clasp her fast)
The leak through which my wine has past.

Then all in haste the maid descended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in Nannette all he wanted,
So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted.

Ere since this time, all lusty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant desires,
Whene'er the flesh with spirit quarrels)
Look on the sex as leaky barrels.
Beware of these, ye jealous spouses!
From such like coops guard your houses;
For, if they find not work at home,
For jobs through all the town they roam.

THE EQUIVOCATION. A TALE.

AN Abbot rich (whose taste was good
Alike in science and in food)

His bishop had resolv'd to treat;
 The Bishop came, the Bishop eat.
 'Twas silence, till their stomachs fail'd;
 And now at Hereticks they rail'd.
 What Herefy (the Prelate said)
 Is in that Church where Priests may wed!
 Do not we take the Church for life?
 But those divorce her for a wife;
 Like laymen, keep her in their houses,
 And own the children of their spouses.
 Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd,
 For pious use we're set aside!
 Shall we take wives? Marriage at best
 Is but carnality profess!

Now, as the bishop took his glass,
 He spy'd our Abbot's buxom lass,
 Who cross'd the room; he mark'd her eye
 That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.
 Fye, father, fye, (the Prelate cries)
 A maid so young! for shame, be wise.
 These indiscretions lend a handle
 To lewd lay-tongues, to give us scandal.
 For your vow's sake, this rule I give t' ye;
 Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.

The Priest reply'd, I have not swerv'd,
 But your chaste precept well observ'd:
 That lass full twenty-five has told;
 I've yet another who's as old;
 Into one sum their ages cast;
 So both my maids have fifty past.

The Prelate smil'd, but durst not blame;
 For why? his Lordship did the same.

Let those who reprimand their brothers,
 First mend the faults they find in others.

A TRUE STORY

OF AN

APPARITION.

SCEPTICKS (whose strength of argument makes
 out,

That wisdom's deep enquiries end in doubt)
 Hold this assertion positive and clear,
 That sprites are pure delusions, rais'd by fear.
 Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
 Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
 Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' goary shade,
 These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
 Straight they with smiles reply, Those tales of old
 By visionary priests were made and told.
 Oh, might some ghost at dead of night appear,
 And make you own conviction by your fear!
 I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
 Which, with such idle legends scares the Muse:
 But think not that I tell those vulgar sprites,
 Which frighted boys relate on winter nights,

How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
 How headless horses drag the clinking chain,
 Night-roaming ghosts, by faucer eye-balls known,
 The common spectres of each country-town.
 No, I such fables can like you despise,
 And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.
 Yet has not oft' the fraudulent guardian's fright
 Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?
 And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
 Which on the conscious murderer's steps attend?
 Hear then, and let attested truth prevail;
 From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
 Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
 A traveller took his solitary way,
 When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
 And now the skies with gathering darkness lour,
 The branches rustle with the threaten'd shower;
 With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
 Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud,
 Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
 And heaven discharges all its watery stores.
 The wandering traveller shelter seeks in vain,
 And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain:
 On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
 Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way;
 And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
 If any noise foretold a village near.
 At length from far a stream of light he sees
 Extend its level ray between the trees;
 Thither he speeds, and, as he nearer came,
 Joyful he knew the lamp's domestic flame
 That trembled through the window; cross the way
 Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an antient lonely house, that stood
 Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
 Here towers and antique battlements arise,
 And there in heaps the mould'ring ruin lies.
 Some Lord this mansion held in days of yore,
 To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
 How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
 'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands:
 Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
 With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
 His house was full, and every bed in use.
 What not a garret, and no straw to spare?
 Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
 Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
 The kitchen ever is the servant's right,
 Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
 The Count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
 With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.
 Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest;
 Our haunted room was ever held the best:
 If then your valour can the fright sustain
 Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
 If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
 When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
 If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb;
 I'll see your sheets well air'd, and shew the room.
 Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
 The stranger enter'd for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
 Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall;

She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stairs' ascent,
And to the lone room of terrors went.
When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn, tuck'd warm in bed was laid
The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo, the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood.
Then, silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frightened guest
The bed-cords trembled, and with shuddering fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then muttering hasty prayers, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud; Say, whence and who thou art?
The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted since with mortal eyes
I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain!
See, still the planks the bloody mark retain.
Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
And see the steel impending o'er my heart;
The barbarous hostess held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil
They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on justice, bid her not retard
To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest:
So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;
And, when beneath these boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in some sacred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from bed,

And boldly follows where the phantom led:
The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
Where passages obscure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now through groves they pass,
Now through wet meads their steps imprint the grass.
At length amidst a spacious field they came:
There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
Amaz'd he stood, no bush or brier was found,
To teach his morning search to find the ground.
What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark:
With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
But a short vision and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title, elevate his hope;
He wakes: but for a garter, finds a rope.

THE MAD-DOG.

A TALE.

A PRUDE, at morn and evening prayer,

Had worn her velvet-cushion bare;
Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watch'd her soaring soul;
And, when devotion warm'd the crowd,
None sung, or smote their breast so loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace.
Her mass-book was compleatly lin'd
With painted Saints of various kind:
But, when in every page she view'd
Fine Ladies who the flesh subdu'd,
As quick her beads she counted o'er,
She cry'd—Such wonders are no more!
She chose not to delay confession,
To bear at once a year's transgression;
But every week set all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with Heaven.

Behold her now in humble guise,
Upon her knees with down-cast eyes
Before the Priest: she thus begins,
And, sobbing, blubbers-forth her sins:
“Who could that tempting man resist;
“My virtue languish'd, as he kiss'd;
“I strove—till I could strive no longer:
“How can the weak subdue the stronger?”

The Father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft' the frailty was repeated?
Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench:
The Judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault;
They leer, they smiler at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.

And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft' to tell her beads;
Shews her what Saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts, to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips, perhaps to prayer.
’Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past;
And, on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to birk her assignation.

Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confess'd the same.
The Priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.

But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone?
And was no bold, no bently-fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow?
No, none: for next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.

Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out.
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes:
"What now, my child?" the Father cries.
"Again!" says she.—With threatening looks,
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes:

"Madam, I grant there 's something in it,
"That virtue has th' unguarded minute;
"But pray now tell me what are whores,
"But women of unguarded hours?
"Then you must sure have lost all shames
"What! every day, and still the same,
"And no fault else! 'tis strange to find
"A woman to one sin confin'd!
"Pride is this day her darling passion,
"The next day Slander is in fashion;
"Gaming succeeds; if Fortune crosses,
"Then Virtue 's mortgag'd for her losses;
And loves new follies, like new cloathes:
"By use her favourite vice she loathes,
"But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
"Have all sin center'd near your waist!
"Whence is this appetite so strong?
"Say, Madam, did your mother long?
"Or is it luxury and high diet
"That won't let virtue sleep in quiet?"
She tells him now, with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice;
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a said disaster.

That she a favourite lap-dog had,
Which (as she stroak'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.
The Priest reply'd, with zealous fury,
"You should have sought the means to cure ye.

"Doctors by various ways, we find,
"Treat these distempers of the mind.
"Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
"To her who raves with scornful pride;
"And, if religion crack her notions,
"Lock up her volumes of devotions;
"But, if for man her rage prevail,
"Bar her the sight of creatures male.
"Or else, to cure such venom'd bites,
"And set the shatter'd thoughts arights;
"They send you to the ocean's shore,
"And plunge the patient o'er and o'er."

The dame reply'd, "Alas! in vain
"My kindred forc'd me to the main;
"Naked, and in the face of day:
"Look not, ye fishermen, this way!
"What virgin had not done as I did?
"My modest hand, by nature guided,
"Debar'd at once from human eyes
"The seat where female honour lies;
"And, though thrice dipt from top to toe,
"I still secur'd the post below,
"And guarded it with grasp so fast
"Not one drop through my fingers past.
"Thus owe I to my bashful care,
"That all the rage is settled there."

Weigh well the projects of mankind;
Then tell me, Reader, canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free?
They all are mad—save you and me,

Do not the statesman, fop, and wit,
By daily follies prove they 're bit?
And, when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part still kept above the tide?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save:
Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive:
Or, more expert in pilfering vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge-in a courtier; strait his fears
Direct his hands to stop his ears.
And now truth seems a grating noise,
He loves the slanderer's whispering voice;
He hangs on flattery with delight,
And thinks all fulsome praise is right.
All women dread a watery death:
They shut their lips, to hold their breath;
And, though you duck them ne'er so long,
Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue:
'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies still.

THE QUIDNUNKI'S:

A TALE.

OCCASIONED

By the Death of the DUKE REGENT of FRANCE.

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours?
(said, at dame Elliot's *, master Travers)
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
Oh, may all statesmen die prepar'd!
I do foresee (and for fore-seeing 5
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be disbanded.
—I wish the King were safely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land;
All France and England at a stand! 10
There 's Merowais—mark! strange work!
And there 's the Czar, and there 's the Turk;
The Pope—An India Merchant by,
Cut short the speech with this reply:
"All at a stand? You see great changes? 15
"Ah, Sir! you never saw the Ganges.
"There dwell the nations of Quidnunki's
"(So Monomotapa calls monkies):
"On their bank, from bough to bough,
"They meet and chat (as we may now). 20
"Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
"They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug,
"And just as chance or whim provoke them,
"They either bite their friends, or stroke them.

* A coffee-house near St. James's.

" There have I seen some active prig,
 " To shew his parts, bestride a twig:
 " Lord! how the chattering tribe admire,
 " Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
 " All long to try the venturous thing
 " (For power is but to have one's swing);
 " From side to side he springs, he spurns,
 " And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
 " Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
 " Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
 " Down the swift stream the wretch is borne;
 " Never, ah never, to return!
 " Zounds! what a fall had our dear brother;
 " Morbleu! cries one; and Damme! t'other.
 " The nations give a general screech;
 " None cocks his tail none claws his breech;
 " Each trembles for the public weal,
 " And for a while forgets to steal.
 " A while, all eyes, intent and steady,
 " Pursue him, whirling down the eddy.
 " But, out of mind when out of view,
 " Some other mounts the twig anew;
 " And business, on each monkey-shore,
 " Runs the same track it went before."

FABLES.

IN TWO PARTS.

" Shall not my Fables censure vice,
 " Because a knave is over-nice?—
 " If I lash vice in general fiction,
 " Is't I apply, or self-conviction?
 " Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
 " if men in morals are the same?
 " I no man call or ape or ass;
 " 'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
 " Thus void of all offence I write:
 " Who claims the Fable, knows his right."

PROL. TO SHEP. WEEK.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

PART THE FIRST.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage;

25 In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
 His hours in cheerful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew;
 His wisdom and his honest fame
 30 Through all the country rais'd his name
 A deep Philosopher (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)
 The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
 35 Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
 And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
 40 And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
 Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
 By various fates, on realms unknown,
 Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
 Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?
 45 The shepherd modestly reply'd,
 I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
 To read mankind, their laws and arts;
 For man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes:
 50 Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know?
 The little knowledge I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple Nature drain'd;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
 55 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
 The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry:
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 60 My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind:
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray.
 In constancy and nuptial love,
 65 I learn my duty from the dove.
 The hen, who from the chilly air,
 With pious wing, protects her care,
 And every fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.
 70 From Nature, too, I take my rule.
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never, with important air,
 In conversation overbear.
 Caa grave and formal pass for wise,
 75 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein;
 For who talks much must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly:
 Who listens to the chattering pye?
 80 Nor would I, with felonious flight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
 Rapacious animals we hate:
 Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 85 Against the toad and serpent-kind?
 But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.

Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And, from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the Sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

TO HIS HIGHNESS

WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

FABLE I.

THE LION, THE TYGER, AND THE TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in these *TALES* mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to condemn all praise betimes,
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown
(A virtue never near a throne):
In courts such freedom must offend;
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station,
Each courtier is a dedication.
Must I, too, flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The Muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind,
Discern you generous, mild, and kind:
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your fire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tyger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way,
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;

Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted Foe extends his length.
The Man besought the shaggy Lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the generous hero gave. 45
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke his guest:
"What hardy beast shall dare contest
"My matchless strength? You saw the fight,
"And must attest my power and right. 50
"Forc'd to forego their native home,
"My starving slaves at distance roam.
"Within these woods I reign alone;
"The boundless forest is my own.
"Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood, 55
"Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
"These carcasses on either hand,
"Those bones that whiten all the land,
"My former deeds and triumphs tell,
"Beneath these jaws what numbers fell." 60
"True," says the Man, "the strength I saw
"Might well the brutal nation awe;
"But shall a monarch, brave, like you,
"Place glory in so false a view?
"Robbers invade their neighbour's right. 65
"Be lov'd; let justice bound your might.
"Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
"Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts.
"Pirates their power by murders gain;
"Wise kings by love and mercy reign. 70
"To me your clemency hath shown
"The virtue worthy of a throne.
"Heaven gives you power above the rest,
"Like Heaven, to succour the distress."
"The case is plain," the monarch said; 75
"False glory hath my youth misled;
"For beasts of prey, a servile train,
"Have been the flatterers of my reign.
"You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
"Did ever you in courts attend? 80
"For all my fawning rogues agree.
"That human heroes rule like me."

FABLE II.

THE SPANIEL AND THE CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt Correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart;
Each little mischief gain'd him praise:
How pretty were his fawning ways! 10
The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground;
When near him a Cameleon seen, 15
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

" Dear emblem of the flattering host!
 " What, live with clowns! a genius lost,
 " To cities and the court repair;
 " A fortune cannot fail thee there:
 " Preferments sha'll thy talents crown;
 " Believe me, Friend; I know the Town."
 " Sir," says the Sycophant, " like you,
 " Of old, politer life I knew.
 " Like you, a courtier born and bred,
 " Kings lean'd their ear to what I said.
 " My whisper always met success;
 " The ladies prais'd me for address.
 " I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
 " And flattered every vice in fashion.
 " But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
 " At once cut short my prosperous days,
 " And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
 " Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
 " Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
 " I wander in the sylvan scene:
 " For Jove the heart alone regards;
 " He punishes what man rewards.
 " How different is thy case and mine!
 " With men at least you sup and dine;
 " While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
 " Like those I flatter'd, feed on air."

FABLE III.

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
 Were ever parents more content?
 How partial are their doting eyes!
 No child is half so fair and wise.
 Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
 The mother rose, and sought her heir.
 She saw the Nurse like one possess'd,
 With wringing hands and sobbing breath.
 " Sure some disaster has befall!
 " Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well."
 " Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
 Invisibly the Fairy came:
 Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
 And in the place a changeling laid.
 Where are the father's mouth and nose?
 The mother's eyes, as black as flies?
 See, here, a shocking awkward creature,
 That speaks a fool in every feature!"
 " The woman's blind, the mother cries;
 I see wit sparkle in his eyes."
 " Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer!
 No doubt the fairy hath been here."
 Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
 Pops through the key-hole swift as light;
 Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
 And thus her folly reprimands.
 " Whence sprung the vain conceited lye,
 That we the world with fools supply?
 What! give our sprightly race away
 For the dull helpless sons of clay!
 Besides, by partial fondness shown,
 Like you, we doat upon our own.

Where yet was ever found a Mother
 Who'd give her booby for another?
 And, should we change with human breed,
 Well, might we pais for fools indeed."

FABLE IV.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

AS Jupiter's all-seeing eye
 Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
 From this small speck of earth were sent
 Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
 For every thing alive complain'd,
 That he the hardest life sustain'd.
 Jove calls his Eagle. At the word,
 Before him stands the royal bird.
 The bird, obedient, from Heaven's height,
 Downward directs his rapid flight,
 Then cited every living thing,
 To hear the mandates of his king.
 " Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
 These murmurs which offend the skies?
 Why this disorder? say the cause;
 For just are Jove's eternal laws.
 Let each his discontent reveal;
 To you' four Dog I first appeal."
 " Hard is my lot, the Hound replies;
 On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
 While I, with weary step and slow,
 O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
 The morning sees my chace begun,
 Nor ends it till the setting sun."
 " When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
 My game is lost, or caught in view;
 Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
 The Hound is slow, but always sure;
 And, had I his sagacious scent,
 Jove ne'er had heard my discontent."
 The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
 The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
 The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
 Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light:
 The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
 And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd.
 The fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
 The Beasts, to skim beneath the main.
 Thus, envious of another's state,
 Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.
 The bird of Heaven then cry'd aloud:
 " Jove bias disperse the murmuring crowd;
 The God rejects your idle prayers,
 Would ye, rebellious Mutineers!
 Entirely change your name and nature,
 And be the very envy'd creature?
 What! silent all, and none consent?
 Be happy, then, and learn content;
 Nor imitate the restless mind,
 And proud ambition, of mankind."

FABLE V.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE RAM.

AGAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight.
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.

"All cowards should be serv'd like you.
See, see, your murderer is in view:
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid Race!
The heart that wants revenge is base."

"I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes;
Yet think us not of foul to tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Insensible of every ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those, who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumbering tons to war;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented."

FABLE VI.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes:
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:
"Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's fold. Good Gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat,
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill;
'Twas gold instructed coward-hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischief o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!"
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him stood.

The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd:
"Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And Power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside:
But, when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of Heaven:
Like Heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall Misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravoes, then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive soul with guilt."

FABLE VII.

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE.

A LION, tir'd with state-affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolved (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was set;
Behold the general council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers, bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
Each word hath weight and consequence.
The flatterer all his art displays:
He who hath power is sure of praise.
A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address'd:
"How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honest school!
What Clemency his temper sways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command,
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.
His brain hath stratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!"
He said. A Goose, who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
"Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration."

Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
We Geese must feel a tyrant-reign.
What havock now shall thin our race,
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night!"

FABLE VIII.

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

WHAT whispers must the beauty Beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!

Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chase:
But who can drive the numerous breed?
Chace one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool, must know his brother;
One sop will recommend another:
And with this plague she 's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns; she frets. "Good Gods! she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies!
Of all the plagues that Heaven hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent."

The hovering insect thus complain'd;
"Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew."

"Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies;
For though he's free (to do him right),
The creature's civil and polite."

In ecstasies away he posts:
Where'er he came, the favour boasts;
Bragg how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of success, away they flew:
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play:

35 And now they flutter now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd, till the sound
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

40

FABLE IX.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your favourite boy?

Each caution, every care employ;
And, ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;

5

On these depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
5 His eye-balls shot indignant fire.

10

He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.
'Spurning the ground, the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud: "Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night:

10

Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?

15

From these alone unjustly springs
15 The world-destroying wrath of kings."

20

The furly mastiff thus returns:

"Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.

20

The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
20 To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed."

25

"Curs'd Dog, the Bull reply'd, no more

25

I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.

30

30 Take, then, thy fate." With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

35

35

FABLE X.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER.

40

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!

45

We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew;
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.

5

Those things that startle me or you
I grant are strange; yet may be true.

50

10

Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees;
And save the state the hangman's fees;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those, who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now (like them) the Greek can read?

As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er,
Not like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding,
A book his curious eye detains,
Where with exactest care and pains,
Were every beast and bird pourtray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd;
Their natures and their powers were writ
With all the pride of human wit:

The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:
"Man with strong reason is endow'd;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd;
But, let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain, that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the power of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shewn
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the Spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A Dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatterer Nature made!
Go, Man! the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a Spaniel still might learn.
How can the Fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?
From Courtiers' tricks and Lawyers' arts,
The Fox might well improve his parts.
The Lion, Wolf, and Tiger's brood,
He curses, for their thirst of blood.
But is not Man to Man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, Men for pay."

The Bookseller who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus address'd with bow profound:

"Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam;
No man is better pay than I am.
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity."

When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
"Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk:
E'en keep your money, and be wise;
Leave man on man to criticise:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another."

FABLE XI.

15 THE PEACOCK, THE TURKEY, AND THE GOOSE.

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
As near a barn, by hunger led,
20 A peacock with the poultry fed,
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry. 5
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
25 His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes, 10
Which, like the Heavens' o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
30 At once confound their dazzled sight;
On every tongue detraction burns, 15
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.
"Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
35 The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain! 20
But, were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin."
From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
40 And next was heard the hissing goose:
"What hideous legs! what filthy claws! 25
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then what a horrid squalling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note."
45 "True. Those are faults the Peacock cries;
My scream, my thanks you may despise; 30
But such blind critics rail in vain.
What! overlook my radiant train!
Knew, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
50 The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound, 35
Those faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind."
55 Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph of brightest charms and mien 40
Wake envy in each ugly face,
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

FABLE XII.

CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

65 AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of Love,
Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
Some give the taper shaft its wing, 5
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
70 Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidst their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen with assuming air,
Address'd the God: "Thou purblind chit,
Of awkward and ill judging wit, 15
75 If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade,

You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's fullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply :
He loves command and due restriction ;
And she as well likes contradiction :
She never slavishly submits ;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she th' other draws ;
The man grows jealous, and with caule.
Nothing can save him but divorce ;
And here the wife complies of course."

"When, says the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you ?
I never idly spend my darts ;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's feed ;
Is my hand witness to the deed ?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me."

Plutus appear'd, and said, "Tis true,
In marriage, gold is all their view ;
They seek not beauty, wit, or sense,
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate ?
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true ;
Her lord must give her title too :
And every man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more."

Avarice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

FABLE XIII.

THE TAME STAG.

AS a young Stag the thicket past,
The branches held his antlers fast.
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.
Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd ; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife ;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
Now sleek's the skin ! how speck'd like ermine !
Sure never creature was so charming !
At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind ;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And distant awe, presumes to gaze ;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines :
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed :
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of passing hands ;
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Examines every fit for meat,
And, though repuls'd, disdains retreat ;
15 Attacks again with level'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, scorns.
Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a Redcoat is in sight ;
Behind the door she hides her face,
20 Next time at distance eyes the lace :
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every foldier h-t-h his charms.
25 From tent to tent she spreads her flame ;
For custom conquers fear and shame. 35

FABLE XIV.

THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

35 A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes ;
For men in distant regions roam,
'To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies : 5
40 Misfortune serves to make us wise.
At length the treacherous snare was laid ;
Poor Pug was caught ; to Town convey'd ;
There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room !)
45 Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
When'er the duty of the day
The toilette calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan, 15
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too, his parts and wit,
When jets grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd ; 20
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
'To civilize the Monkey-weal ;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.
The hairy sylvans round him press,
25 Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve, and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending ; 30
His powder'd back, above, below,
10 Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow ;
But all, with envy and desire,
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries ; 35
I come to make a nation wise.
15 Weigh your own worth ; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways. 40
Their dress, their courtly manners see ;
20 Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive ? In flattery deal ;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.

Seem only to regard your friends,
 But use them for your private ends.
 Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
 Be prompt to lie when'er 'tis fit.
 Bend all your force to spatter merit;
 Scandal is conversation's spirit.
 Boldly to every thing pretend,
 And men your talents shall commend.
 I knew the great. Observe me right;
 So shall you grow, like man, polite.
 He spoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws 55
 The wondering circle grinn'd applause.
 Now, warm'd with malice, envy, spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite;
 And, fond to copy human ways,
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.
 Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
 With travel finishes the fool;
 Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
 He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts, 65
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE XV.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
 Through the deep forest took his way;
 Drawn by the music of the groves,
 Along the winding gloom he roves:
 From tree to tree the warbling throats
 Prolong the sweet alternate notes;
 But, where he past, he terror threw,
 The song broke short, the warblers flew;
 The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
 And nightingales abhor'd his sight;
 All animals before him ran,
 To shun the hateful sight of man.
 Whence is this dread of every creature?
 Fly they our figure, or our nature?
 As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
 His ear imperfect accents caught;
 With cautious step he nearer drew,
 By the thick shade conceal'd from view.
 High on the branch a pheasant stood,
 Around her all her listening brood;
 Proud of the blessings of her nest,
 She thus a mother's care express'd.
 "No dangers here shall circumvent,
 Within the woods enjoy content.
 Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
 Than man, of animals the worst.
 In him ingratitude you find,
 A vice peculiar to the kind.
 The sheep whose annual fleece is dy'd
 To guard his health, and serve his pride,
 Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
 Is in the cruel thambles slain.
 The swarms who with industrious skill,
 His hives with wax and honey fill,
 In vain whole summer-days employ'd,
 Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.

45 What tribute from the goose is paid!
 Does not her wing all science aid?
 Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
 And drudge to raise the merchant's gain? 40
 What now rewards this general use?
 50 He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
 Man then avoid, detest his ways,
 So safety shall prolong your days.
 When services are thus acquitted, 45
 Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted."

FABLE XVI.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN who long had serv'd a beauty,
 Proficient in the toilette's duty,
 Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
 Or given her knot a smatter air, 5
 Now near'd to her heart was plac'd,
 Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd:
 But could she partial Fortune blame,
 Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?
 At length from all her honours cast,
 Through various turns of life she past; 10
 Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
 Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
 Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
 Contributes to his yearly groat;
 Now, rais'd again from low approach, 15
 She visits in the doctor's coach:
 5 Here, there, by various fortune tost,
 At last in Gresham-hall was lost.
 Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
 On every side, above, below, 20
 She now of this or that enquires,
 10 What least was understood admires.
 'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
 Her head's of virtuoso kind. 25
 "And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?"
 "A Needle," says th' interpreter.
 15 She knew the name; and thus the fool
 Address'd her as a tailor's tool.
 "A Needle with that filthy stone,
 Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown; 30
 You better might employ your parts,
 20 And aid the sempstress in her arts;
 But tell me how the friendship grew
 Between that paltry flint and you."
 "Friend, says the Needle, cease to blame; 35
 I follow real worth and fame.
 25 Know't thou the loadstone's power and art,
 That virtue's virtues can impart?
 Of all his talents I partake:
 Who then can such a friend forsake? 40
 'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
 30 To shun the rocks and treacherous sand:
 By me the distant world is known,
 And either India is our own.
 Had I with milliners been bred,
 What had I been? the guide of thread, 45
 35 And drudg'd as vulgar Needles do,
 Of no more consequence than you."

FABLE XVII.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the wood secure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;
In vain the Dog pursued his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chase.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

"Let us a while the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend."

"A truce?" replies the Wolf. "'Tis done."
The Dog the parley thus begun.

"How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?"

Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.

Great souls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.

How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare."

"Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh;

Nature design'd us beasts of prey;

As such, when hunger finds a treat,

'Tis necessary wolves should eat.

If, mindful of the bleating weal,

Thy bosom burn with real zeal,

Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;

To him repeat the moving speech:

A Wolf eats sheep but now and then,

Ten thousands are devour'd by men.

An open foe may prove a curse,

But a pretended friend is worse."

FABLE XVIII.

THE PAINTER WHO PLEAS'D NOBODY AND EVERY BODY.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted.
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;

His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd:

In dusty piles his pictures lay,

For no one sent the second pay.

Two bustos, fraught with every grace,

A Venus' and Apollo's face,

He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,

Whoever sat he drew from these,

From these corrected every feature,

And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,

His palette ready o'er his thumb.

My lord appear'd; and seated right,

In proper attitude and light,

The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,

Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,

Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;

Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there

Might well a Raphael's hand require,

To give them all the native fire;

The features, fraught with sense and wit,

You'll grant, are very hard to hit;

But yet with patience you shall view

As much as paint and art can do.

"Observe the work." My Lord replied,

"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;

Besides, my nose is somewhat long:

Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young"

"Oh! pardon me, the artist cry'd;

In this we Painters must decide.

The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,

I warrant it extremely like."

My Lord examin'd it a-new;

No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came, with borrow'd grace

He from his Venus form'd her face.

Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;

So like the picture in his heart!

To every age some charm he lent;

Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd;

His custom grew, his price was rais'd.

Had he the real likeness shown,

Would any man the picture own?

But, when thus happily he wrought,

Each found the likeness in his thought.

FABLE XIX.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!

These cannot bear an equal nigh,

But from superior merit fly.

They love the cellar's vulgar joke,

And lose their hours in ale and smoke.

There o'er some petty club pretide;

So poor, so paltry, is their pride!

Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,

In hopes to be supreme in wit.

If these can read, to these I write,

To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of fordid mind,
 Avoided all the lion kind;
 Fond of applause he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beats;
 With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president.
 He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
 An ass in every thing but ears!
 If e'er his Highness meant to joke,
 They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
 But at each word what shouts of praise!
 Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flattery and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
 Forward and fond to show his parts,
 His Highness brays; the Lion starts.

"Puppy" that curs'd vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation:
 Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe? the Cub replies;
 Our senate always held me wise."

"How weak is pride! returns the sire:
 All fools are vain when fools admire!
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lions and noble beasts despise."

FABLE XX.

THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

RESTRAIN your child; you'll soon believe
 The text which says we sprung from Eve.

As an old Hen led forth her train,
 And seem'd to peck to show the grain,
 She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
 And glean'd the spacious yard around.
 A giddy chick, to try her wings,
 On the well's narrow margin springs,
 And prone she drops. The mother's breast
 All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met; her son she knew;
 And in her heart affection grew.

"My son, says she, I grant your years
 Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
 I see you vigorous, strong, and bold;
 I hear with joy your triumphs told.
 'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
 But let thy ever-wary tread
 Avoid yon' well; that fatal place
 Is sure perdition to our race.
 Print this my counsel on thy breast:
 To the just gods I leave the rest."

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
 His bosom burn'd to disobey,
 And every time the well he saw,
 Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
 Near and more near each day he drew,
 And long'd to try the dangerous view.

"Why was this idle charge? he cries;
 Let courage female fears despise.
 Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
 And therefore this injunction gave:

Or does her harvest store the place
 A treasure for her younger race?
 15 And would she thus my search prevent?
 I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event."

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
 And pries into the depth profound.
 He stretch'd his neck; and from below
 20 With stretching neck advanc'd a foe:
 With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
 The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
 Threat answer'd threat; his fury grew;
 Headlong to meet the war he flew;
 25 But, when the watery death he found,
 He thus lamented as he drown'd:

"I ne'er had been in this condition,
 But for my Mother's prohibition."

FABLE XXI.

THE RAT-CATCHER AND CATS.

THE rats by night such mischief did,
 Betty was every morning chid:
 They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
 Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
 Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
 5 Were all demolish'd and laid waste:
 She curs'd the Cat, for want of duty,
 Who left her foes a constant booty.

An Engineer, of noted skill,
 Engag'd to stop the growing ill.
 10

From room to room he now surveys
 Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;
 Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
 And whence the nightly sally's made.

An envious Cat from place to place,
 15 Unseen, attends his silent pace:
 She saw that, if his trade went on,
 The purring race must be undone;
 So secretly removes his baits,
 20 And every stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils;
 And Puss again the labour soils.

"What foe (to frustrate my designs)
 My schemes thus nightly countermines?
 25 Intens'd he cries, this very hour
 The wretch shall bleed beneath my power."

So said, a ponderous trap he brought,
 And in the fact poor Puss was caught.

"Smuggler, says he, thou shalt be made
 30 A victim to our loss of trade."

The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
 For pardon, life, and freedom sues.

"A sister of the science spare;
 One interest is our common care."

"What insolence! the Man reply'd;
 35 Shall Cats with us the game divide?
 Were all your interloping band
 Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
 We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,
 Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!"

A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
 40 Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life.

"In every age and clime, we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching:
Squire stigmatizes 'squire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings, too, their neighbour-kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own:
But let us limit our desires,
Nor war like beauties, kings, and 'squires;
For though we both one prey pursue,
There's game enough for us and you."

FABLE XXII.

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'TIS certain that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd like fashions.
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs,
I say that these are proud: what then?
I never said they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected singularity:
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.

"I hate my frowzy beard, he cries,
My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this reverend figure."

Resolv'd to smoothe his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A slipshod monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard-by, profess'd the dapper art:
His pole with pewter-basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags to look like blood;
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides;
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

"I hope your custom, Sir, says Pug.
Sure never face was half so smug!"

The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws.
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.
"Heigh-day! what's here? without a beard!
Say, Brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"
When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn,
"Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?"

Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?
"Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,
Replies a bearded Chief. "Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!"
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

FABLE XXIII.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS.

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron, who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And, if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoaky flame
Sat hovering, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivel'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An unram'd scold of fourscore years.
About her swarm'd a numerous brood
Of Cats, who, lank with hunger, mew'd.
Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd. "Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;
Straws laid across my pace retard,
The horseshoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard);
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret tear."
"To hear you prate, would vex a saint;
Who hath most reason of complaint?
Replies a Cat. "Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as beasts of chace.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys against our lives combine,
Because 'tis said your Cats have nine."

FABLE XXIV.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the sunshine of the morn
A butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
"What means yon' peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind!
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
"What arrogance! the Snail reply'd;
How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth:
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base, in sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You drag'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? at best
He's but a caterpillar-drest;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

FABLE XXV.

THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race;
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares nor friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my Dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever!

Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like Fame, it gathers strength by going."
"Heigh-day!" the flippant tongue replies,
"How solemn is the fool! how wise!
Is Nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong."
Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, flattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:
All join their forces to confound her,
Puffs spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpie blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outcream'd her rage.
"A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One slander must ten thousand get;
The world with interest pays the debt.

FABLE XXVI.

THE CUR AND THE MASTER.

ASNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lye,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Pufs to-day was in disgrace,
Another Cat supply'd her place;
The Hound was beat, the Mastiff chid,
The Monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew thy,
And none could tell the reason why.
A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the Cur, and stroak'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread;
He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd;
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The Master took his information.
"Hang him, the villain's curs'd," he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And beg'd in justice to be heard.
The master fate. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting stand;

The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a Lawyer aggravates.

"Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cry'd,
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treachery can be just;
Take not informers words on trust;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray."

He spoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

FABLE XXVII.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath;
"I feel the chilling wound of Death.
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.

"I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession:
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need
My will hath made the world amends:
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown."

An Angel came. "Ah! Friend! he cry'd.
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."

"But why such haste, the sick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still.
That sum and more are in my will."

"Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain
Your life, your soul, your Heaven, was gain.
From every side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."

"While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why such haste?" he groan'd and dy'd.

FABLE XXVIII.

THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose every thought the God inspires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curll's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite:
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As, prostrate to the God of Day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun:

"Parent of Light! all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence,

Accept our praise, our daily prayer;
Smile on our fields, and bless the year"

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud.

"Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.

Shall I nor vows nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow."

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud Calumny reprov'd.

"It was that God who claims my prayer
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,

Thy substance is but plainer shown:
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd."

The gale arose; the vapour tost
(The sport of winds) in air was lost;
The glorious orb the day reines.

Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

FABLE XXIX.

THE FOX AND THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay:
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone.

"Ah! Sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.

See, see, the murder'd Geese appear!
Why are those bleeding Turkeys there
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?"

The hungry Foxes round them thrang'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

"Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor Turkey, Goose, nor Hen, is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain;
And your sons lick their lips in vain."

"O Gluttons! says the drooping Sire,
Restrain inordinate desire.

Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power;
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem."

"The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son.
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd.
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd."

"Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clucks)
Go; but be moderate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

FABLE XXX.

THE SETTING DOG AND THE PARTRIDGE.

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches every breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudulent preparation spies;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But, ere her certain wings she tries:
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
"Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxury, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace;
Dogs should disown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts;
And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were generous foes, or real friends."

When thus the Dog, with scornful smile;
"Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ignorant is the rustic mind!"

My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft' enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard,
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways;
And growing favour feeds my days."
"I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say. Adieu!"
She said, and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every passion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood affails:
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears, by fits,
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:
"My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies."

Thus said, the Phantom disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears.
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Sprite ascends,
Where'er he walks, his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But, when possess'd of Fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murdering crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chace this hideous guest?
Power may perhaps protect his rest.
To Power he rose. Again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;

Talks of Ambition's tottering seat,
How Envy persecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost address'd:
"Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, should go before."

FABLE XXXII.

THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

TWO formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat:
"How is the modern taste decay'd!
Where 's the respect to wisdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
They gave our fires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls,
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With general voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird."
"Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes.
Right. Athens was the seat of learning,
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit:
But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more respected."
A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them sooth each other's pride;
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:
"Who meets a fool must find conceit,
I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But every bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why:
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show;
That we should never look esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be destroy'd:
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by Nature taught:
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care;
So shall sleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard."

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FABLE XXXIII.

THE COURTIER AND PROTEUS.

WHENE'ER a Courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.
As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his power,
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began.
"Came you from court? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen."
He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.
"Know, says the God, by matchless skill
I change to every shape at will;
But yet, I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me."
Thus said: a Snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.
"Know, says the Man, though proud in place,
All Courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred."
Sudden the God a Lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands.
Now a fierce Lynx, with fiery glare;
A Wolf, an Ass, a Fox, a Bear.
"Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might surprize;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each able Courtier acts the same;
Wolves, Lions, Lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the Bear's and Fox's part,
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray,
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the Lion to the Ape,
Practise the frauds of every shape."
So said: upon the God he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.
"Now, Proteus! now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprize, or what you will,
The Courtier finds evasions still;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lyes."

FABLE XXXIV.

THE MASTIFF.

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the way his own,

3 L

And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end.
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The scars of honour seam'd his face;
In every limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:

"A cudgel shall correct your manners:
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."

To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd Matiff cries aloud:

Both Hockleyhole and Marybone
The combats of my dog have known:
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour, or the shame."

Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder,
Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from every side
Rebounded from the Matiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors stood;
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below.
He rose; and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

FABLE XXXV.

THE BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street!
Proud rogues, who shared the South-sea prey,
And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd; and, leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing matter cry'd:

"Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,

Meet objects here? Command it hence;
A thing so mean must give offence."

The humble Dunghill thus reply'd:
10 "Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
15 But up-starts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation."

FABLE XXXVI.

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

20 PYTHAGORAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flowery fields he took his way,
25 In musing contemplation warm,
His steps mislead him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmost round
A Peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what care
30 Calls for thy honest labour there?"

The Clown, with surly voice replies,
"Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
35 At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd:
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
40 And my barns' refuse far the breed."

"Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
For public good the murderer dies:
But, if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
25 What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carnivorous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!"

5 "Hold, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord."
"Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,
10 Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain,
Thy greater luxury to sustain;
For "Petty rogues submit to Fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their state *."

FABLE XXXVII.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

20 WHY are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death apply'd?
Alas! you know the cause too well;
5 The salt is spilt, to me it fell;

* Garth's Dispensary.

Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!
Unhappy Widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And, when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my Fable.

Between her swagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

"That Raven on yon' left hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd. "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoremong' throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."

"Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your cloaths.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For, had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the Hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good Woman, sav'd your eggs."

FABLE XXXVIII.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my Birds! the Mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold the busy negroe race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me, with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How blest'd, how envy'd, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board,

Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach, 25
Thus answer'd from the neighbouring beech:
"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill." 30

FABLE XXXIX.

THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing;
For how precarious is the blessing! 5

A wife he takes: and now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods assent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty. 10

"Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:

Let my first hope, my favourite boy,
All Fortune's richest gifts enjoy. 15
My next with strong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of power ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend! 20

With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm:
If Heaven approve, a Father's blest'd."
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.

He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace; 25
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place, 30
Then fell the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheeks, and points her eyes.

The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains. 35
With age she fades, each lover flies;
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God: "By outward show 40
Men judge of happiness and woe.

Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that possess,
To Providence resign the rest." 45

FABLE XL.

THE TWO MONKEYS.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The sops of outward shew deride;
The sop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
The Don, a formal solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks, by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the Poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of Prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes: they men condemn;
For what are we but apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair;
No critics had a sourer air:
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.
To see their grave observing face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

"Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred."

Now through the booth loud hisses ran,
Nor ended till the show began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends;
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth Pug, "If pranks like these
The giant-apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring:
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."

"Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise:
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But, when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

FABLE XLI.

THE OWL AND THE FARMER.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation:
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think by fits.
So have I seen a man of news
Or Post-boy or Gazette peruse,
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor:
At dawn of morn to view his store
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest:

"Reason in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how shallow, is his sense!
To treat with scorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his spite.
Then, too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's, chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine:
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train!
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind."

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
"Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song?
Indulge thy spleen: know men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Besides, proud Blockhead! be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train:
Few follow Wisdom or her rules;
Fools in derision follow fools."

FABLE XLII.

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the Town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She fought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

"Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes."

Provok'd, the juggler cry'd, "'Tis done;
In science I submit to none."

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.

The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;

Then bids it rain with showers of gold ;
And now his ivory eggs are told ;
But, when from thence the hen he draws,

Amaz'd spectators hum applause.
Vice now step forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

" This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes." 30
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing,
" See this bank-note ; observe the blessing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass ! 'Tis gone." 35
Upon his lips a padlock shown.
A second puff the magic broke ;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd ;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled ;
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand ;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows.
" Blow here ;" and a church-warden blows,
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address.
" This picture see ; her shape, her breast ?
What youth, and what inviting eyes !
Hold her, and have her." With surprize,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but Charity ;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.

" Can I such matchless sleight withstand !
How practice hath improv'd your hand !
But now and then I cheat the throng ;
You every day, and all day long."

FABLE XLIII.

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste step forth before the rest,

And thus the listening throng address.

" Good Gods ! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace !
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our fires have borne the chain ?
Consider, Friends ! your strength and might ; 15
'Tis conquest to assert your right.

How cumbrous is the gilded coach !
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-share through the soil, 20
To sweat in harness through the road,

To groan beneath the carrier's load ?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind !
What force is in our nerves combin'd !
Shall then our nobler jaws submit 25
To foam and champ the galling bit ?

Shall haughty man my back bestride ?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side ?
Forbid it, Heavens ! Reject the rein ;
Your shame, your infamy, disdain. 30
Let him the lion first control,

And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name." 35
A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When, lo ! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise ;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes, 40
And, to the murmurs of the train,

Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.
" When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew ;
Now grateful man rewards my pains, 45
And gives me all these wide domains.

At will I crop the year's increase ;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains ; 50
But doth not he divide the care,

Through all the labours of the year ?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies !
For us he bears the sultry day, 55
And stores up all our winter's hay.

He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain ;
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need, 60
Appease your discontented mind,

And act the part by Heaven assign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

FABLE XLIV.

THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn ;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres ?
The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds, 5
At once rush forth the joyful Hounds ;

They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chace :
Now scatter'd wide they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains !
What universal silence reigns ;

Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat ;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent ; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies,
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan :

" I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite ? Their bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts."

" When Puppies prate, the Huntsman cry'd,
They shew both ignorance and pride :
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise ;
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest ;
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known."

FABLE XLV.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises Lescia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature ;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends ;
A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd ;
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd :

" Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace ;

" How happy shall I prove,

" Might I supply that envy'd place

" With never-fading love !

" There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,

" Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

" Know, hapless Flower ! that thou shalt find

" More fragrant Roses there ;

" I see thy withering head reclin'd

" With envy and despair !

" One common fate we both must prove ;

" You die with envy, I with love."

" Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry Rose, who grew beside.
Of all mankind you should not flout us ;
What can a Poet do without us ?
In every love-song Roses bloom ;
We lend you colour and perfume :
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse ?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade ?

FABLE XLVI.

THE CUR, THE HORSE, AND THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE lad of all-sufficient merit
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit ;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts ;
His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friend and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace :
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind ;
Or, if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A village Cur, of snappish race,
The pertest puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with Music's sweetest note ;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way ;
For not a creature pass'd along,
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting Steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears ;
Away he scowrs, assaults his hoof ;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof :
With shrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends.

At chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way ;
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing traveller sprung.

The horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward ; rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay ;
The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus : " When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate ;
Thy teasing tongue had judgement ty'd,
Thou hadst not like a puppy dy'd."

FABLE XLVII.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sat :
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train !

Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
"This night our minister we name,
Let every fervent speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebony wand."
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat posselt,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd.
"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere."

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
"Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of Love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place."
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
"Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow."

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who chinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band;
When thus the Monarch from the throne:

"Merit was ever modest known.
What, no Physician speak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all."

FABLE XLVIII.

THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A GARDENER, of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd,
Who fondly stroak'd him every day,
And taught him all the Puppy's play.

5 Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend. 10

As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus address'd the Swine:

10 "My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please, 15
And riot in my beans and pease;
If the potatoe's taste delights,

Or the red carrot's sweet invites, 20
Indulge thy morn and evening hours;
But let due care regard my flowers:

My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expence those beds supply'd!"

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
20 Where with new ale the vessels foam'd:
He munches now the steaming grains, 25
Now with full swill the liquor drains.

Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;

25 Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers. 30
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spy'd;

30 "Villain! suspend thy rage, he cry'd.
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot, 35
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" No more he said,

But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.

35 The Hog with stuttering speech returns:
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns. 40
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strown,
For I devour'd the roots alone."

At this the Gardener's passion grows;

40 From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The stubborn brute the blows sustains, 45
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.

"Ah! foolish Swain! too late you find
That styes were for such friends design'd!"

45 Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace: 50
"Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the foily soon or late."

FABLE XLIX.

THE MAN AND THE FLEA.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure every thing alive is vain!

Does not the Hawk all fowls survey,
As destin'd only for his prey? 5

And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?

When the Crab views the pearly strands,
Of Tagus, bright with golden sands,

Or crawls beside coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above, 10

"Nature is too profuse, says he,
Who give all these to pleasure me!"

5 When bordering pinks and roses bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume;

When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when blushing rise; 15

When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend;
The Snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, "All these were made for me!"

"What dignity's in human nature!"
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye,
And view'd the sea and arched sky.
The sun was sunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the starry train
Hung the vast vault of Heaven. The Man
His contemplation thus began:

"When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide watery world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year;
And know all these by Heaven design'd
As gifts to pleasure human-kind;
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!"

"Not of th' importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose.
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What! heaven and earth for thee design'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed."

FABLE L.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,
Compliy'd with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
I a dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
"Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burden's light."

The Horse reply'd, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:

Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."

20 She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:

"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend."

25 Love calls me hence; a favourite Cow
Expects me near yon' barley-mow;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."

30 The Goat remark'd "her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

35 The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
"His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said, he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."

40 She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

"Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!"

45 Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see the hounds are just in view."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

FABLES.

PART THE SECOND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

5 These Fables were finished by Mr. GAY, and intended for the press a short time before his death; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the Duke of Queensberry. His Grace has accordingly permitted them to the press; and they are here printed from the originals in the Author's own hand-writing. We hope they will please equally with his former Fables, though mostly on subjects of a graver and more political turn. They will certainly shew him to have been (what he esteemed the best character) a man of a truly honest heart, and a sincere lover of his country.

FABLE I.

THE DOG AND THE FOX.

To a Lawyer.

25 I KNOW you Lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
30 To make out either side's pretence.

When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face:
For scepticism's your profession;
You hold there's doubt in all expression.

Hence is the bar with fees supply'd;
Hence eloquence takes either side.
Your hand would have but paltry gleanings,
Could every man express his meanings,
Who dares presume to pen a deed,
Unless you previously are feed?
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the cost,
In dull prolixity engross.
And now we're well secur'd by law,
'Till the next brother find a flaw.

Read o'er a will. Was't ever known
But you could make the will your own?
For, when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
I bar fallacious *inuendo*.

Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
Some beast or bird in every face.
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
When, in the sketches thus design'd,
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
You show the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;
So monstrous-like the portrait's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round,
Like him I draw from general nature;
Is't I or you then fix the satire?

So, Sir, I beg you, spare your pains,
In making comments on my strains.
All private slander I detect,
I judge not of my neighbour's breast:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the state.

Shall not my Fable censure vice,
Because a knave is over-nice?
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?
If I lash vice in general fiction,
Is't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same?
I no man call or ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the table, knows his right.

A shepherd's Dog unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts;
Among the rest a Fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.

Says Reynard, "'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries whatever it can
To put us on the foot with man.

Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:

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You know me free from all disguise;
My honour as my life I prize."

By talk like this, from all mistrust
10 The Dog was cur'd, and thought him just.
As on a time the Fox held forth 75

On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopp'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his bushy tail with fear.
15 "Bless us! the hunters are abroad:
What's all that clatter on the road!" 80

"Hold, says the Dog, we're safe from harm.
'Twas nothing but a false alarm.
At yonder town 'tis market-day;
20 Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis so (I know her pye-bald mare), 85

Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware."
Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This sneer
From you I little thought to hear:
25 Your meaning in your looks I see.
Pray, what's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me? 90
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner!
Prove that I owe the Dame a dinner."

"Friend, quoth the Cur, I meant no harm;
30 Then why so captious? why so warm?
My words in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for aught I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."

35 At this, gall'd Reynard winced, and swore
Such language ne'er was given before. 100

"What's lamb to me? this faucy hint
Shows me, base Knave, which way you squint.
If t' other night your master lost
40 Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflections would imply 105
That I'm the thief. You Dog, you lie."

"Thou knave, thou fool! (the Dog reply'd)
The name is just, take either side;
45 Thy guilt these applications speak:
Sirrah, 'tis conscience make you squeak." 110
So saying, on the Fox he flies.
The self-convicted felon dies.

FABLE II.

55 THE VULTURE, THE SPARROW, AND OTHER
LINES.

To a Friend in the Country.

60 **E**RE I begin, I must premise,
Our ministers are good and wise;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts, be't known, 5
65 I ne'er presume to mean our own.
If general morals seem to joke
On ministers, and such-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence:
What then? He knows his own pretence, 10
70 I meddle with no state-affairs,
But spare my jest to save my ears.

3 M

Our present schemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himself to sound:
To censure them I've no pretension;
I own they're past my comprehension.

You say your brother wants a place,
(Tis many a younger brother's case)
And that he very soon intends
To ply the court, and tease his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whose constant actions prove him just
To both a king's and people's trust,
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his rise to such a friend!

You praise his parts, for business fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But those alone will never do,
Unless his patron have them too.

I've heard of times (pray God defend us!
We're not so good but he can mend us)
When wicked ministers have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no interest but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd
Gets nothing but its own reward.

A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with lust,
The first in favour's pimp the first.
His doors are never clos'd to spies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors swell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All consciences must bend and ply?
You must vote on, and not know why;
Through thick and thin you must go on;
One scruple, and your place is gone.

Since plagues like these have curs'd a land, 55
And favourites cannot always stand,
Good courtiers should for change be ready,
And not have principles too steady;
For, should a knave engross the power,
(God shield the realm from that sad hour!) 60
He must have rogues or slavish fools;
For what's a knave without his tools?

Wherever those a people drain,
And strut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and state,
And scorn to share the public hate.
Let their own servile creatures rise,
By screening fraud, and venting lies;
Give me, kind Heaven, a private station*,
A mind serene for contemplation:
Title and profit I resign;
The post of honour shall be mine.
My Fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with such a crew.
In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the present times)

*—When impious men bear sway,

The post of honour is a private station. ADDISON.

A greedy Vulture, skill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
15 Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And step by step intrudes to power: 30
When at the royal Eagle's ear,
He longs to ease the monarch's care.
The monarch grants; with pride elate,
20 Behold him minister of state!
Around him throng the feather'd rout; 35
Friends must be serv'd, and some must out:
Each thinks his own the best pretention;
This asks a place, and that a pension;
25 The Nightingale was set aside.
A forward Daw his room supply'd. 90
"This bird (says he), for business fit,
Hath both sagacity and wit:
With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
30 He's docile, and at nothing sticks:
Then with his neighbours one so free 95
At all times will connive at me."
The Hawk had due distinction shown,
For parts and talents like his own.
35 Thousands of hireling Cocks attend him,
As blustering bullies, to defend him. 100
At once the Ravens were discarded,
And magpies with their posts rewarded.
Those fowls of omen I detest,
40 They pry into another's nest. 105
State-lyes must lose all good intent,
For they foresee and croak th' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and so to vote.
45 "When rogues like these (a Sparrow cries)
To honours and employments rise, 110
I court no favour, ask no place;
From such, preferment is disgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
50 (What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind."

FABLE III.

THE BABOON AND THE POULTRY.

To a Levee-hunter.

WE frequently misplace esteem,
By judging men by what they seem.
To birth, wealth, power, we should allow
Precedence, and our lowest bow:
65 In that is due distinction shewn; 5
Esteem is Virtue's right alone.
With partial eye we're apt to see
The man of noble pedigree:
We're prepossess'd my Lord inherits,
70 In some degree, his grandfire's merits; 10
For those we find upon record,
But find him nothing but my Lord.
When we, with superficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too.
75 We know that wealth, well understood, 15
Hath frequent power of doing good;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one.

Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep them poor,
The cringing train of power survey:
What creatures are so low as they!
With what obsequiousness they bend!
To what vile actions condescend!
Their rise is on their meanness built,
And flattery is their smallest guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have sycophants to power address'd!
No matter who the power possess'd!
Let ministers be what they will,
You find their levees always fill:
Ev'n those who have perplex'd a state,
Whose actions claim contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.
When barbarous Moloch was invoc'd,
The blood of infants only smok'd!
But here (unless all history lies)
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.

Look through all courts: 'tis power we find
The general idol of mankind;
There worship'd under every shape:
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-serving slaves
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.

Who then shall glory in his post?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast!
The followers of his prosperous hour
Are as unstable as his power.
Power, by the breath of Flattery nurs'd,
The more it swells is nearer burst;
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.

Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought:
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.
A huge Baboon her fancy took
(Almost a man in size and look),
He finger'd every thing he found,
And mimick'd all the servants round;
Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for every business fit.
With all these talents 'twas but just,
That pug should hold a place of trust;
So to her favourite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend them eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.

Behold him now, with haughty stride,
Assume a ministerial pride.
The morning rose. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,
Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,
To worship his important strut.
The minister appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obsequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
T'other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flattery ran:
He hears and bear it like a man;

For, when we flatter Self-conceit,
We but his sentiments repeat.
If we're too scrupulously just,
What profit's in a place of trust;
The common practice of the great
Is to secure a snug retreat.
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.
An apple-woman's stall was near,
Well stock'd with fruits through all the year;
Here every day he cram'd his guts,
Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments should in corn be made.
The stock of grain was quickly spent,
And no account which way it went.
Then, too, the Poultry's starv'd condition
Caus'd speculations of suspicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond dispute;
Pug must refund his hoards of fruit;
And though then minister in chief,
Was branded as a public thief.
Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.

A Goose pass'd by; he knew the face,
Seen every levee while in place.

"What, no respect! no reverence shown!
How saucy are these creatures grown!
Not two days since (says he) you bow'd
The lowest of my fawning crowd."

"Proud fool! (replies the Goose) 'tis true
Thy corn a fluttering levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And sold thee flattery for thy grain.
But then, as now, conceited Ape,
We saw thee in thy proper shape."

FABLE IV.

THE ANT IN OFFICE.

To a Friend.

YOU tell me that you apprehend
My verse may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never squint at courtiers' crimes;
For though nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?
You ask me if I ever knew
Court chaplains thus the lawn pursue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn;
Poets, I grant, to rise must fawn;
They know great ears are over-nice,
And never flock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney-path despise;
'Tis my ambition not to rise.
If I must prostitute the Muse,
The base conditions I refuse.
I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.
If I Corruption's hand expose,
I make corrupted men my foes;
What then? I hate the paltry tribe:
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.

I no man's property invade;
Corruption 's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame bribery out of use.
I know 'twould cramp most politicians,
Were they ty'd down to those conditions.
'Twould stint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts seem less profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the case, let 's take a view
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
Though it might aggrandize the state,
Could private luxury dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But ministers find less regard.
Informers, sycophants, and spies,
Would not augment the year's supplies.
Perhaps, too, take away this prop,
An annual jobb or two might drop.
Besides, if pensions were deny'd,
Could Avarice support its pride?
It might ev'n ministers confound,
And yet the state be safe and sound.

I care not though 'tis understood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wish all courtiers did the same.
Nay, though some folks the less might get,
I wish the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:
Rather than have our laws defac'd
I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.

I strike at vice, be't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, bribery, pension,
One may with detestation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *scandalum magnatum* make it?
I vent no slander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conscience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare against all vice declaim.
Shall I not censure breach of trust,
Because knaves know themselves unjust?
That steward, whose account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear:
His actions never shun the light;
He is, and would he prov'd, upright.

But then you think my Fable bears
Allusion, too, to state-affairs.

I grant it does: and who 's so great,
That has the privilege to cheat?
If then in any future reign
(For ministers may thirst for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.

An Ant there was, whose forward prate
Control'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go;
For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill.
Ambition was his point in view:
Thus by degrees to power he grew.

Behold him now his drift attain:

He 's made chief treasurer of the grain: 90

25 But as their antient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation)
That all accounts be stated clear, 95

30 Their stock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors shall these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.

For this the solemn day was set;

The auditors in council met. 100

35 The granary-keeper must explain,
And balance his account of grain.

He brought (since he could not refuse them)
Some scraps of paper to amuse them.

An honest Pishire, warm with zeal, 105

40 In justice to the public weal,

Thus spoke: "The nation's hoard is low;

From whence does this profusion flow?

I know our annual funds' amount;

Why such expence? and where 's th' account?"

45 With wonted arrogance and pride,

The Ant in office thus reply'd.

"Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,

How could the best-schem'd projects hold?

Should we state mysteries disclose, 115

50 'Twould lay us open to our foes.

My duty and my well-known zeal

Bid me our present schemes conceal:

But, on my honour, all th' expence

(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence." 120

55 They pass'd th' account as fair and just,

And voted him implicit trust.

Next year again, the granary drain'd,

He thus his innocence maintain'd.

60 "Think how our present matters stand, 125

What dangers threat from every hand;

What hots of turkeys stroll for food,

No farmer's wife but hath her brood.

Consider, when invasion 's near,

Intelligence must cost us dear; 130

65 And, in this ticklish situation,

A secret told betrays the nation:

But, on my honour, all th' expence

(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence." 135

70 Again, without examination,

They thank'd his sage administration.

The year revolves. Their treasure, spent,

Again in secret service went.

His honour, too, again was pledg'd,

To satisfy the charge alledg'd. 140

75 When thus, with panick shame possess'd,

An auditor his friends address'd.

"What are we? ministerial tools!

We little knaves are greater fools,

At last this secret is explor'd, 145

80 'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.

For every grain we touch'd, at least

A thousand his own heaps increas'd.

Then for his kin and favourite spies,

A hundred hardly could suffice. 150

85 Thus, for a paltry sneaking bribe,

We cheat ourselves and all the tribe;

For all the magazine contains

Grows from our annual toil and pains."

They vote th' account shall be inspected; 155
The cunning plunderer is detected;
The fraud is sentenc'd; and his board,
As due, to public use restor'd.

FABLE V.

THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

To a Coxcomb.

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whole search is bent himself to know;

Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace;
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost:
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.

If then, self-knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in every view,
Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A Coxcomb claims distinction most.

Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind:
They're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
And vanity begets them all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Those most assume, who know the least;
Their own false balance gives them weight,
But every other finds them light.

Not that all Coxcombs' follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike;
To different merits each pretends:
This in love-vanity transcends;
That, smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape;
T' other with learning crams his self,
Knows books, and all things but himself.

All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition:
For these, puff'd up with flattery, dare,
Assume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the greatest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just;
For these, in part alone, attest
The flattery their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a Coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own:
The self-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controls in every charge.
Does Commerce suffer in her rights?
'Tis he directs the naval fights.
What sailor dares dispute his skill?
He'll be an admiral when he will.

Now, meddling in the soldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,
His arrogance (nought undismay'd)
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.
Let you mistake the application,
The Fable calls me to relation.

A Bear of shag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dextrously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm.
Thus thriving on industrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd spoil.

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprise too great.
Alike in sciences and arts,
He boasted universal parts:
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontrol'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.

The beasts, with admiration, stare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why? he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.

And now his over-weening pride
In every province will preside.
No task too difficult was found:
His blundering nose misleads the hound.
In stratagem and subtle arts
He over-rules the fox's parts.

It chanc'd, as on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.
He stopt, and, turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain.

"What blundering puppies are mankind!
In every science always blind!
I mock the pedantry of schools:
What are their compasses and rules?
From me that helm shall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance discern."

So saying, with audacious pride,
He gains the Boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts, astonish'd, line the strand.
The anchor's weigh'd; he drives from land:
The slack sail shifts from side to side;
The Boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.

The Bear, presuming on his skill,
Is here and there officious still;
Till, striking on the dangerous sands,
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.

To see the bungler thus distress'd,
The very fishes sneer and jest:
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clamorous watermen appear;
Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear:
Seiz'd, thrash'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to
Derision shouts along the strand.

FABLE VI.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

To a Country Gentleman.

THE man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part:
He never needs the screen of lies,
His inward bosom to disguise.
In vain malicious tongues assail;
Let envy snarl, let slander rail,
From Virtue's shield (secure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
So shines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honest mind.
If in his country's cause he rise,
Debating senates to advise,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honest dictates of his heart.
No ministerial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,
Whose heart's averse to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
Must be control'd by place and season,
What statesman could his power support,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What minister could gain his end?
How could he raise his tools to place,
And how his honest foes disgrace?

That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lye with art:
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is strong, his fortune's made.
By that the interest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own:
By that, have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.

Antiochus*, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace;
And, lost from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest;
The Parthian clown brought forth his best.
The King unknown his feast enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.

* *Plutarch.*

From wine what sudden friendship springs!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

"We country-folks (the Clown replies)
Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The King, (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God blefs him!) have his way,
Is found at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.
Were he in power, we need not doubt him;
But, that transferr'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.

If such rapacious hands he trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to coblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the King knew as much as we!"
Here he stop'd short. Repose they sought,
The Peasant slept, the monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost Sovereign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our host alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the King.
The Clown was call'd; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks express'd.
The King then turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke. "Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign.
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here converging; hence, ye crew;
For now I know myself and you."

Whene'er the royal ear's engross'd,
State lyes but little genius cost.
The favourite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons dares infill;
And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames and soothes the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft' the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear;
If honesty oppos'd his views.
He dar'd not innocence accuse;
'T would keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursued by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd.

Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen;
Truth will at last remove the screen.

A Country 'Squire, by whim directed,
The true staunch dogs of chace neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed:
His hand ne'er stroak'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone carest,
By lies had banish'd all the rest.
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be prefer'd;
Room must be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.

The Cur on every creature flew
(As other great men's puppies do),
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and business known:
No honest tongue an audience found;
He worried all the tenants round;
For why? he liv'd in constant fear,
Lest truth by chance should interfere.
If any stranger dar'd intrude,
The noisy Cur his heels pursued.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarl'd, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear:
"Who knows but Truth, in this disguise,
May frustrate my best-guarded lies?
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's sign'd."

Now, in his howl's continued sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus every day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his power,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
A favourite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd, in amorous play,
They frisk'd the joyous hours away.
Thus by untimely love pursuing,
Like Antony he sought his ruin.

For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.
"Be free, says he; your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants shun my gate;
Why such a stranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find,
'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd."

"Turn off your Cur (the Farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His snarling insolence offends:
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that saucy puppy checkt,
You'd find again the same respect.
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true estate;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate."

The 'Squire heard Truth. Now Yap rush'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din;
Yet Truth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,
The dog was cudgel'd out of place.

FABLE VII.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

To Myself.

HAVE you a friend (look round and spy)

So fond, so prepossess'd as I?

Your faults, so obvious to mankind,

My partial eyes could never find.

When by the breath of Fortune blown,

Your airy castles were o'erthrown,

Have I been ever prone to blame,

Or mortify'd your hours with shame?

Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,

Or twit you with the want of merit?

'Tis not so strange that Fortune's frown

Still perseveres to keep you down.

Look round, and see what others do.

Would you be rich and honest too?

Have you (like those she rais'd to place)

Been opportunely mean and base?

Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd

Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?

If these are scruples, give her o'er;

Write, practice morals, and be poor.

The gifts of Fortune truly rate,

Then tell me what would mend your state.

If happiness on wealth were built.

Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.

As grows the miser's hoarded store,

His fears, his wants, increase the more.

Think, Gay, (what ne'er may be the case)

Should Fortune take you into grace,

Would that your happiness augment?

What can she give beyond content?

Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,

With a vast annual income clear!

In all the affluence you possess,

You might not feel one care the less.

Might you not then (like others) find

With change of fortune change of mind?

Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,

You might start out a glaring fool;

Your luxury might break all bounds:

Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,

Might swell your debts: then, lust of play

No regal income can defray.

Sunk is all credit, writs assail,

And doom your future life to gaol.

Or, were you dignify'd with power,

Would that avert one pensive hour?

You might give avarice its swing,

Defraud a nation, blind a king:

Then, from the hirelings in your cause

Though daily fed with false applause,

Could it a real joy impart?

Great guilt knew never joy at heart.

Is happiness your point in view?

(I mean th' intrinsic and the true)

She nor in camps or courts resides,

Nor in the humble cottage hides;

Yet found alike in every sphere;

Who finds content will find her there.

O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,

A Peasant rested on his spade.

" Good Gods ! he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year !
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,
Industrious Labour bids me rise ;
With sweat I earn my homely fare,
And every day renews my care."

Jove heard the discontented strain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring swain.
" Speak out your wants, then, honest Friend :
Unjust complaints the gods offend,
If you repine at partial Fate,
Instruct me what could mend your state.
Mankind in every station see.
What wish you ? tell me what you'd be."

So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The Clown survey'd the anxious crowd.

" You face of care, says Jove, behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er !
That sum to-day hath swell'd his store."

" Were I that man, (the Peasant cry'd)
What blessing could I ask beside ?"

" Hold, says the God ; first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.
This optic glass of intuition—
Here, take it, view his true condition."

He look'd, and saw the miter's breast
A troubled ocean ne'er at rest ;
Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace :
With conscious guilt he saw him start ;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart :
And, never, or in thought or dream,
His breast admits one happy gleam.

" May Jove, he cries, reject my prayer,
And guard my life from guilt and care !
My soul abhors that wretched fate.
O keep me in my humble state !
But see, amidst a gawdy crowd,
Yon' minister so gay and proud ;
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends !"

" First take the glass, the God replies ;
Man views the world with partial eyes."

" Good Gods ! exclaims the startled wight,
Defend me from this hideous sight !
Corruption with corrosive smart
Lies cankering on his guilty heart :
I see him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o'er the land.
Now Avarice with insatiate jaws,
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
His bosom tears. His conscious breast
Groans with a load of crimes oppress.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on Ambition's tower,
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,
His boasts insult the nether crowd ;
Now seiz'd with giddiness and fear,
He trembles lest his fall is near."

" Was ever wretch like this ! he cries ;
Such misery in such disguise !
'Tis change, O Jove ! I disavow ;
Still be my lot the spade and plough."

He next, confirm'd by speculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation ;
For he the statesman seem'd in part,
And bore similitude of heart.
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame.
The miseries of war he mourn'd ;
Whole nations into deserts turn'd.

" By these have laws and rights been brav'd ;
By these was free-born man enslav'd :
When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace ?
Such change (says he) may I decline ;
The scythe and civil arms be mine !"

Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his rash petition.

When thus the God : " How mortals err !
If you true happiness prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in every honest mind.
Be justice then your sole pursuit :
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."

So Jove, to gratify the Clown,
Where first he found him, set him down.

FABLE VIII.

THE MAN, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE
FLY.

To my native Country.

HAIL, happy land ! whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds ;
By bounteous Nature set apart,
The seat of Industry and Art !
O Britain ; chosen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy son's invade !
May never minister (intent

His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state ! If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe ?
Who is 't prescribes the ocean law ?

Whenever neighbouring states contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.

What is 't who rules in other lands ?

On trade alone thy glory stands ;
That benefit is unconfin'd,

Diffusing good among mankind :
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains :

'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce, then, thy sole design ;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When naval traffic plows the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain ?

'Tis that supports the royal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate :
The numerous flocks that cloathe the land
Can scarce supply the loom's demand ;
Prolific culture glaps the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth? * To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd :
Some at the founding anvil glow ;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw ;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide :
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art ;
While some of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind.
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread ;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air ?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh ?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address'd :
While each pursu'd their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food :
Their hours with anxious cares were rent ;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next :
They saw that plenty, sure and rife,
Was found alone in social life ;
That mutual industry profess'd,
The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half famish'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak.

" Well, Puss, (says Man) and what can you
To benefit the public do ?"

The Cat replies, " These teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause.
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute ;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.

" I grant, says Man, to general use,
Your parts and talents may conduce ;

* *Barrow.*

For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain :
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil."

Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
" Well, Sir, be next your merits try'd."

" Sir, says the Dog, by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.

Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treacherous or unjust ?
Did I e'er faith or friendship break ?
Ask all those creatures ; let them speak.

My vigilance and trusty zeal
Perhaps might serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed ?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep ?"

The man replies, " 'Tis just and right ;
Rewards such service should requite.

So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,

That, taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due,
Such merits all reward transcend :
Be then my comrade and my friend."

Addressing now the Fly : " From you
What public service can accrue ?"

" From me ! (the fluttering insect said)
I thought you knew me better bred.

Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is 't fit
That I to industry submit ?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By business earn ignoble bread ;
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flower.

On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please."

The man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the useless coxcomb chides :

" Hence, from that peach, that downy seat ;
No idle fool deserves to eat.

Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd ;

Had not some hand, with skill and toil
To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil ?

Consider, Sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless things as you.

You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)
To make your dirty meals condung,

On which such despicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.

Besides, vain selfish insect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong discern)

That he who, with industrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,

By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood."

So saying, with a sudden blow
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
The spurger on the public dy'd

FABLE XI.

THE JACKALL LEOPARD, AND OTHER
BEASTS.

To a modern Politician.

I GRANT corruption sways mankind ;
That interest, too, perverts the mind.
That bribes have blinded common sense,
Foil'd reason, truth, and eloquence :
I grant you, too, our present crimes
Can equal those of former times.
Against plain facts shall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age ?
I know that in a modern fit
Bribes in full energy subsist.
Since then these arguments prevail,
And itching palms are still so frail,
Hence Politicians, you suggest,
Should drive the nail that goes the best ;
That it shows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.
To this I humbly must dissent,
Premising, no reflection 's meant.
Does justice or the client's sense
Teach lawyers either side's defence ?
The fee gives eloquence its spirit ;
That only is the client's merit.
Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,
Obtain the prostitutes' care ?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From every hand alike persuades.
Man, Scripture says, is prone to evil ;
But does that vindicate the devil ?
Besides, the more mankind are prone,
The less the devil's parts are shown.
Corruption 's not of modern date ;
It hath been try'd in every state ;
Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd ;
By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd ;
By these they glory'd in success,
And impudently dar'd oppress :
By these despotically they sway'd,
And slaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd ;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
But these alone were realms destroy'd.
Now see these wretches in disgrace,
Stript of their treasures, power, and place ;
View them abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to such reproach and scorn.
What now is all your pride, your boast ?
Where are your slaves, your flattering host !

What tongues now feed you with applause ?
Where are the champions of your cause ?
Now ev'n that very fawning train,
Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain, 50
Prets foremost who shall first accuse
Your selfish jobs, your paltry views,
Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
And want of talents to be just.
What fools were these amidst their power ! 55
How thoughtless of their adverse hour !
What friends were made ? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes prefer'd.
Was it these sycophants to get,
Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt ? 60
You 're bit : for these, like Swifts, attend ;
No longer pay, no longer friend.
The Lion is (beyond dispute)
Allow'd the most majestic brute ;
His valour and his generous mind 65
Prove him superior of his kind :
Yet to Jackalls (as 'tis averr'd)
5 Some Lions have their power transferr'd ;
As if the parts of pimps and spies
To govern forests could suffice. 70
Once, studious of his private good,
A proud Jackall oppress'd the wood ;
10 To cram his own insatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the general hate foment. 75
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear ;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear.
15 Night after night he weigh'd the case,
And feels the terrors of disgrace. 80
" By friends (says he) I'll guard my seat,
By those malicious tongues defeat ;
20 I'll strengthen power by new allies,
And all my clamorous foes despise."
To make the generous beasts his friends, 85
He cringes, fawns, and condescends ;
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.
25 Friends must be had — He can't subsist.
Pribes shall new proselytes enlist :
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws ;
90 For bribes confess a wicked cause :
Yet think not every paw withstands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.
A tempting turnip's silver skin 95
Drew a base Hog through thick and thin ;
Bought with a Stag's delicious haunch,
35 The mercenary Wolf was staunch :
The convert Fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party :
100 The golden-pippin in his fist,
A chattering Monkey join'd the list.
40 But soon, expos'd to public heat,
The favourite's fall redress'd the state.
The Leopard, vindicating right, 105
Had brought his secret frauds to light.
As rats, before the mansion falls,
45 Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising sun. 110

The Hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
 And was for hanging those that steal;
 But hop'd, though low, the public board
 Might half a turnip still afford.
 Since saving measures were profess'd,
 A lamb's head was the Wolf's request.
 The Fox submitted, if to touch
 A gosling would be deem'd too much.
 The Monkey thought his grin and chatter
 Might ask a nut, or some such matter.
 "Ye Hirelings! hence! (the Leopard cries)
 Your venal conscience I despise.
 He, who the public good intends,
 By bribes needs never purchase friends.
 Who acts this just, this open part,
 Is prompt by every honest heart.
 Corruption now too late has show'd,
 That bribes are always ill-bestow'd;
 By you your bubbled master's taught,
 Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought."

FABLE X.

THE DEGENERATE BEES.

To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

THOUGH courts the practise disallow,
 A friend at all times I'll avow.
 In politics I know 'tis wrong;
 A friendship may be kept too long;
 And what they call the prudent part,
 Is to wear interest next the heart.
 As the times take a different face,
 Old friendships should to new give place.
 I know, too, you have many foes,
 That owning you is sharing those;
 That every knave in every station,
 Of high and low denomination.
 For what you speak, and what you write,
 Dread you at once, and bear you spite.
 Such freedoms in your works are shown,
 They can't enjoy what's not their own.
 All dunces, too, in church and state,
 In frothy nonsense shew their hate;
 With all the petty scribbling crew
 (And those pert fots are not a few),
 'Gainst you and Pope their envy spurt.
 The bookfellers alone are hurt.
 Good Gods! by what a powerful race
 (For blockheads may have power and place)
 Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ!
 To prove your honesty and wit!
 Think with yourself: those worthy men,
 You know, have suffer'd by your pen.
 From them you've nothing but your due.
 From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
 Except myself, I know of none,
 Besides the wife and good alone.

To set the case in fairer light,
 My Fable shall the rest recite,
 Which (though unlike our present state)
 I for the moral's sake relate.

115 A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
 Luxurious, negligent of arts,
 Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
 Greedy of power, but more of gain,
 Corruption sow'd throughout the hive:
 By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As power and wealth his views supply'd,
 'Twas seen in overbearing pride.
 With him loud impudence had merit;
 The Bee of conscience wanted spirit;
 And those who follow'd honour's rules
 Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools.
 Wealth claim'd distinction, favour grace,
 And poverty alone was base.
 He treated industry, with slight,
 Unless he found his profit by 't.
 Rights, laws, and liberties, give way,
 To bring his selfish schemes in play.
 The swarm forgot the common toil,
 To share the gleanings of his spoil.

While vulgar souls of narrow parts,
 Waste life in low mechanic arts,
 Let us (says he), to genius born,
 The drudgery of our fathers scorn.
 The Wasp and Drone, you must agree,
 Live with more elegance than we.
 Like gentlemen they sport and play;
 No business interrupts the day:
 Their hours to luxury they give,
 And nobly on their neighbours live.
 A stubborn Bee, among the swarm,
 With honest indignation warm,
 Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd:

"I slight thy frowns, and hate thy pride,
 The laws our native rights protect;
 Offending thee, I those respect.
 Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
 And none against the torrent strive?
 Evert the honour of your race;
 He builds his rise on your disgrace.
 'Tis industry our state maintains;
 'Twas honest toil and honest gains
 That rais'd our fires to power and fame.
 Be virtuous; save yourselves from shame.
 Know that, in selfish ends pursuing,
 You scramble for the public ruin."
 He spoke; and, from his cell dismiss'd,
 Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.
 With him a friend or two resign'd,
 Disdaining the degenerate kind.

25 "These Drones (says he), these insects vile,
 (I treat them in their proper style)
 May for a time oppress the state:
 They own our virtue by their hate;
 By that our merits they reveal,
 And recommend our public zeal;
 Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
 We're honour'd by the virtuous few."

FABLE XI.

THE PACK-HORSE AND THE CARRIER.

To a young Nobleman.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth.
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatterer's style reject;
With that, by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit.
Be virtue then your first pursuit;
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions scorn;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Though with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause;
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your fires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light.
In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs can condescend,
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illustrious name?
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends;
Your honour on yourself depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For what mankind reveres your fires;
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A Carrier, every night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn:
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gain would rise from greater places.

The manger now had all its merit;
He heard their grinding teeth with pleasure;
When all at once confusion rung;

They inerted, jostled, bit, and flung.

A pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.

Good Gods! (says he) how hard's my lot!
Then my high descent forgot?

Reduc'd to drudgery and disgrace

(A life unworthy of my race),

Must I, too, hear the vile attacks

Of ragged scrubs and vulgar backs?

See scurvy Egan that brute ill-bred,
Pares from the manger thrust my head!

Shall I, who boast a noble line,

On officials of these creatures dine?

Kick'd by old Ball! so mean a toe?

My honour suffers by the blow.

Newmarket speaks my grandfire's fame;

All jockeys still revere his name:

There yearly are his triumphs told,

There, all his massy plates enroll'd.

Whene'er led forth upon the plain,

You saw him with a livery train;

Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,

You heard the drums and trumpets found.

Let it then, Sir be understood,

Respect's my due, for I have blood."

"Vain-glorious fool! (the Carrier cry'd)

Respect was never paid to pride.

Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart

Reduc'd thee to this slavish part,

Did not thy headstrong youth disdain

To learn the conduct of the rein?

Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,

In vicious frolics fancy spirit.

What is't to me by whom begot,

Thou restive, pert, conceited sot?

Your fires I reverence; 'tis their due;

But, worthless fool, what's that to you?

Ask all the Carriers on the road,

They'll say, thy keeping's ill bestow'd;

Then vaunt no more thy noble race,

That neither mends thy strength or pace.

What profits me thy boast of blood?

An ass has more intrinsic good.

By outward show let's not be cheated;

An ass should like an ass be treated."

FABLE XII.

PAN AND FORTUNE.

To a young Heir.

SOON as your father's death was known.
(As if th' estate had been their own)
The gamesters outwardly express
The decent joy within your breast.

So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.

One counts your income of the year.
How much in ready money clear.

"No house, says he, is more complete;
The garden's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber's of a noble size.
Then count his jewels and his plate.
Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.
If cash run low, his lands in fee
Are, or for sale or mortgage, free."

Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem to anticipate their gain.
Would you when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth,
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what on whom could gamesters thrive?
Is it in charity you game.
To save your worthy gang from shame?
Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
Which way could idleness to be fed?
Could these professors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat,
They must run bolder risks for prey,
And strip the traveller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they share,
And 'scape the noose from year to year.

Consider, ere you make the bett,
That sun might cross your taylor's debt.
When you the pilering rattle shake,
Is not your honour, too, at stake?
Must you not by mean lies evade
To-morrow's duns from every trade;
By promises so often paid,
Is yet your taylor's bill defray'd?
Must you not pitifully fawn
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This must be done. In debts of play,
Your honour suffers no delay;
And not this year's and next year's rent
The sons of rapine can content.

Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
Their owners now, to gaols confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of power;
And, with the mercenary list,
Upon court-charity subsist.

You'll find at last this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.

5 The forest (a whole century's shade)
Must be one wasteful ruin made:
No mercy's shewn to age or kind; 65
The general massacre is sign'd.
The park, too, shares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
10 Stern clowns, obedient to the 'quire,
(What will not barbarous hands for hire?) 75
With brawny arms repeat the stroke;
Fall'n are the elm and reverend oak.
15 Through the long wood loud axes sound,
And Echo groans with every wound.

To see the desolation spread, 75
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head:
His bosom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns.
20 Cards, too, in peevish passion torn,
The sport of whirling winds are borne. 80

"To snails inveterate hate I bear,
Who spoil the verdure of the year;
The caterpillar I detest,
25 The blooming Spring's voracious pest;
The locust, too, whose ravenous band 85
Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
But what are these? the dice's throw
At once hath laid a forest low.
30 The cards are dealt, the bett is made,
And the wide park hath lost its shade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its antient glories waste.
All this (he cries) is Fortune's doing:
35 'Tis thus she meditates my ruin. 90
By Fortune, that false, fickle jade,
More havoc in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry insect race,
Combina'd, can in an age deface."

40 Fortune, by chance, who near him past,
O'erheard the vile aspersions cast, 100

"Why, Pan, (says she) what's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroness of vice?
45 Is 't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the shuffling art reveal, 105
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all th' employments men pursue,
I mind the least what gamesters do.
50 There may (if computation's just)
One now and then my conduct truit. 110
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my power defy?
These trust alone their fingers' ends,
And not one stake on me depends.
55 Whene'er the gaming-board is set, 115
Two classes of mankind are met;
But, if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.
60 'Tis a gross error held in schools,
That fortune always favours fools. 120
In play it never bears dispute;
That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.

Then why to me such rancour show?
'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late estate he won,
But he by folly was undone."

FABLE XIII.

PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

OF all the burdens man must bear,
Time seems most galling and severe:
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd,
We daily meet some friend distress'd.

"What can one do? I rose at nine?
'Tis full six hours before we dine:
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two!"

A pamphlet is before him spread,
And almost half a page is read;
Tir'd with the study of the day,
The fluttering sheets are toss'd away.
He opens his snuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and stretches in his chair.

"Not twenty, by the minute-hand!
Good Gods, says he, my watch must stand!
How muddling, 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I 'ad read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to rise too late."

To make the minutes faster run,
Then, too, his tiresome self to shun,
To the next coffee-house he speeds,
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
Sauntering, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He spies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they share,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.

Says Tom, "Since all men must confess,
That time lies heavy, more or less,
Why should it be so hard to get,
Till two, a party at Piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wintry nights are borne.
Does not Quadrille amuse the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away."

"My case, says Will, then must be hard,
By want of skill from play barr'd.
Courtiers kill time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy these, whose time ne'er stands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this cursed shower,
The Park had wil'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily lose an hour or two:

It fully answers my design,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine;
The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At six (hard case!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From six till ten! unless in sleep.
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun;
Loitering from room to room I stray,
Converse, but nothing hear or say:
Quit tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken slow-pac'd night,
Again my tavern-friends invite:
Here, too, our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retard the glass."
Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's case their own.
Consider, friends, no hour rolls on
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of business bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too fast;
You'd then regret the minute past.
Time's fugitive and light as wind:
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That lead from off your spirits shake,
You'll own, and grieve for, your mistake.
A while your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read, and (if you can) attend.
As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace,
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
Till recollection set them right,
For each knew th' other but by sight.
After some complimentary talk,
Time met them, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here.
"Let kings, says he, let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That statesman hath the strongest hold,
Whose tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in power hath senates led:
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude,
That's most esteem'd that's most pursued.
Think, too, in what a woeful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want depress'd?
Penurious care corrodes his breast.
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends."
"You might, says Cupid, doubt my parts,
My knowledge, too, in human hearts,

Should I the power of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know, when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails;
That beauty, too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profess)
Is but a money-jobb at best.
Consent, compliance, may be sold;
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are, who, by retail,
Expose what they call Love to sale;
Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchase flattery and deceit.
Those who true love have ever try'd
(The common cares of life supply'd)
No wants endure, no wishes make,
But every real joy partake.
All comfort on themselves depends;
They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love, then, hath every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other every wish they give:
Not to know love, is not to live."
"Or love, or money, (Time reply'd)
Were men the question to decide,
Would bear the prize: on both intent,
My boon 's neglected or mispent.
'Tis I who measure vital space,
And deal out years to human race.
Though little priz'd, and seldom fought,
Without me love and gold are nought.
How does the miser time employ?
Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
By me forsook, the hoards he won
Are scatter'd by his lavish son.
By me all useful arts are gain'd:
Wealth, learning, wisdom, is attain'd.
Who then would think (since such my power)
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So subtle and so swift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years, mis-spent in vain?
For time misus'd they pine and waste,
And love's sweet pleasures never taste.
Those who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedless then are mortals grown!
How little is their interest known!
In every view they ought to mind me,
For, when once lost, they never find me."
He spoke. The gods no more contest,
And his superior gift confess,
That Time (when truly understood)
Is the most precious earthly good.

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FABLE XIV.

THE OWL, THE SWAN, THE COCK, THE SPIDER,
THE ASS, AND THE FARMER.

To a Mother.

CONVERSING with your sprightly boys,
Your eyes have spoke the Mother's joys.
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their sayings in imperfect note!

I grant, in body and in mind
Nature appears profusely kind.
Trust not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint just morals on their heart;

Impartially their talents scan:
Just education forms the man.

Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown;
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the church's right.
I censure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is th' event!
By talents misapply'd and crost,
Consider, all your sons are lost.

One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus address'd his friend:

"To train my boy, and call forth sense,
You know I've stuck at no expence;
I've try'd him in the several arts;
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet, trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice shall fix my son."

"Sir, says the friend, I've weigh'd the matter;
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter:
Make him (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald or an architect."

Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.

The boy wants wit; he's sent to school,
Where learning but improves the fool.
The college next must give him parts,
And cram him with the liberal arts.

Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by licence or degree

The sexton share the doctor's fee:
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weevly floods of nonsense pour;
We find (th' intent of nature foil'd)
A taylor or a butcher spoil'd.

Thus ministers have royal boons
Confer'd on blockheads and buffoons:
In spite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for every post were fit.

But now let every Muse confess
That merit finds its due success.

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Th' examples of our days regard ;
Where 's virtue seen without reward ?
Distinguish'd and in place you find
Desert and worth of every kind.

Survey the reverend bench, and see
Religion, learning, piety :

The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honesty disgrac'd and poor ?

What is 't to us what was before ?

We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were preferr'd ;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cousins.

What matter ignorance and pride ?

The man was happily ally'd.

Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing understood ?

In church and state the sorry race
Grew more conspicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.

Consider, Patrons, that such elves
Expose your folly with themselves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its sphere.
Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
But never give a blockhead sense.

An owl of magisterial air,
Of solemn voice, of brow austere,
Assum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wisdom in his face ;
Not to depreciate learned eyes,
I've seen a pedant look as wise.

Within a barn, from noise retir'd,
He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd ;
And, like an ancient sage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.

Philosophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to science bred,
Their manners form'd for every station,
And destin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people sav'd,
That laurel was not all his own ;
The plant by Socrates was sown.
To Aristotle's greater name
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.

Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equal'd in conceit.
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for master of a school.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seem'd so profound.
They fancy'd learning in the sound.

The school had fame ; the crowded place
With pupils swarm'd of every race.
With these the swan's maternal care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet home :
The Hen (though fond and loath to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart :
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd :

The Afs learnt metaphors and tropes,
But most on music fix'd his hopes.

55 The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's busy stage ; 120

And to the Master 'twas submitted,

That each might to his part be fitted.

60 " The Swan, says he, in arms shall shine ;
The soldier's glorious toil be thine.

The Cock shall mighty wealth attain : 125

Go, seek it on the stormy main.

The court shall be the Spider's sphere :

Power, fortune, shall reward him there.

In music's art, the Afs's name

shall emulate Corelli's name." 130

Each took the part that he advis'd,

And all were equally despis'd.

A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,

70 The dull Preceptor thus reprov'd.

" Blockhead, says he, by what you 've done, 135

One would have thought them each your son ;

For parents, to their offspring blind,

Consult nor parts nor turn of mind,

75 But ev'n in infancy decree

What this, what th' other son shall be. 140

Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,

Their genius thus had fix'd their place :

The Swan had learnt the sailor's art ;

80 The Cock had play'd the soldier's part ;

The Spider in the weaver's trade 145

With credit had a fortune made ;

But for the foal, in every class,

85 The blockhead had appear'd an Afs."

FABLE XV.

THE COOK-MAID, THE TURNSPIT, AND THE OX.

95 To a poor Man.

CONSIDER man in every sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe ?

'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just.

100 I grant, the hungry must be fed, 5

That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.

What then ? Thy wants are seen and known ;

But every mortal feels his own

105 We're born a restless, needy crew : 10

Shew me the happier man than you.

Adam, though blest above his kind,

For want of social woman pin'd.

Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw.

110 Her seltish taste transgress'd the law : 15

Thus fell our fire ; and their disgrace

The curse entail'd on human race,

When Phil p's son, by glory led,

115 Had o'er the globe, his empire spread ; 20

When altars to his name were dress'd ;

That he was man, his tears confess'd.

The hopes of avarice are check'd :
 The proud man always wants respect.
 What various wants on power attend?
 Ambition never gains its end.
 Who hath not heard the rich complain
 Of surfeits and corporeal pain?
 He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
 Envy's the ploughman's strength and health.
 Another, in a beauteous wife:
 Finds all the miseries of life
 Domestic jars and jealous fear
 Inbitter all his days with care.
 This wants an heir; the line is lost:
 Why was that vain entail engroft?
 Canst thou discern another's mind?
 What is't you envy? Envy's blind.
 Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
 That thousands want what you enjoy.

"The dinner must be dish'd at one.
 Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone?
 Unless the skulking Cur is caught,
 The furloin's spoil, and I'm in fault."

Thus said, (for sure you'll think it fit
 That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit)
 With all the fury of a cook,
 Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook:
 The broom-stick o'er her head she waves;
 She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves:
 The sneaking Cur before her flies;
 She whistles, calls? fair speech she tries.
 These nought avail. Her choler burns;
 The fist and cudgel threat by turns.
 With hasty stride she presses near;
 He sinks aloof, and howls with fear.

"Was ever Cur so curs'd! (he cry'd)
 What star did at my birth preside!
 Am I for life by compact bound
 To tread the wheel's eternal round?
 Inglorious task! of all our race
 No slave is half so mean and base.
 Had Fate a kinder lot assign'd,
 And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
 I then, in higher life employ'd,
 Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;
 And, like a gentleman, careit,
 Had been the lady's favourite guest.
 Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
 Was his sagacious nostril mine,
 By me, their never-erring guide,
 From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,
 Knights, 'squires, attendant on my pace,
 Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase.
 Endued with native strength and fire,
 Why call'd I not the lion's ire?
 A lion! such mean views I scorn:
 Why was I not of woman born?
 Who dares with reason's power contend?
 On man we brutal slaves depend:
 To him all creatures tribute pay,
 And luxury employs his day."

An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
 And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.
 "Dare you at Partial Fate repine?
 How kind 's your lot compar'd with mine!
 Deceiv'd to toil, the barbarous knife
 Hath sever'd me from social life;

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Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
 I drag the cumbrous waggon's load:
 'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
 Break the stiff soil, and house the grain: 90
 Yet I without a murmur bear
 The various labours of the year.
 But then, consider, that one day
 (Perhaps the hour 's not far away)
 You, by the duties of your post, 95
 Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;
 And for reward shall share the feast,
 I mean, shall pick my bones at least."
 "Till now, th' astonish'd Cur replies,
 I look'd on all with envious eyes, 100
 How false we judge by what appears!
 All creatures feel their several cares.
 If thus yon' mighty beast complains;
 Perhaps man knows superior pains,
 Let envy then no more torment: 105
 Think on the Ox, and learn content."
 Thus said, close following at her heel,
 With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel,

FABLE XVI.

THE RAVEN, THE SEXTON, AND THE EARTH
 WORM.

To Laura,

L AURA, methinks you're over-nice.
 True; flattery is a shocking vice:
 Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,
 One may commend without disgust.
 Am I a privilege deny'd, 5
 Indulg'd by every tongue beside?
 How singular are all your ways!
 A woman, and averse to praise!
 If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
 Why do your merits thus excel? 10
 Since then I dare not speak my mind,
 A truth conspicuous to mankind;
 Though in full lustre every grace
 Distinguish your celestial face;
 Though beauties of inferior ray 15
 (Like stars before the orb of day)
 Turn pale and fade; I check my lays,
 Admiring what I dare not praise.
 If you the tribute due disdain,
 The Muse's mortifying strain 20
 Shall, like a woman in mere ipite,
 Set beauty in a moral light.
 Though such revenge might shock the ear
 Of many a celebrated fair,
 I mean that superficial race 25
 Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face;
 What's that to you? I but displease
 Such ever-girlish ears as these.
 Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
 That lasts the same through every stage. 30
 Though you by time must suffer more
 Than ever woman lost before,

To age is such indifference shown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native strength of thought
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by Reason's light?

Those eyes of so divine a ray,
What are they? Mouldering, mortal clay.
Those features, cast in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old;
Like common grass, the fairest flower
Must feel the hoary season's power.

How weak, how vain is human pride!
Dares man upon himself confide?
The wretch who glories in his gain,
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.
Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay-in hoards for future years?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?

What 's beauty? Call ye that your own?
A flower that fades as soon as blown.
What 's man in all his boast of sway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.

Alike the laws of life take place
Through every branch of human race.
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's restless pains?
Can he (worn down in Nature's course)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal power!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?

Consider, Man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar, is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely church-yard grew,
Two Ravens sat. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.

"Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The savour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale;
I taste the carcase in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and every drudgery freed,
Hath groan'd his last. A dainty treat!
To birds of taste, delicious meat!"

A Sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat suspends his spade:
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
"Was ever two such blundering fowls,
In brains and manners less than owls!
Blockheads, says he, learn more respect:
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)

The 'Squire, that yon' fair hall possess,
To-night shall lay his bones at rest.
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?
The 'Squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? the meanest bird of prey
Such ignorance could ne'er betray;
For sure some difference must be found
(Suppose the smelling organ sound)
In carcases (say what we can),
Or where's the dignity of man?

With due respect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the case.
In such similitude of scent,
Man ne'er could think reflections meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And seem their savoury words to eat,
They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food!

The venison of the prescient brood.
The Sexton's indignation, mov'd,
The mean comparison reprov'd;
Their undiscerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.
Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supply'd:
They rail, revile; as often ends
The contest of disputing friends.

"Hold, says the Fowl; since human pride
With confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let 's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point, for taste may err."

As thus he spoke, from out the mould
An Earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd
His monstrous length: they straight agree
To choose him as their referee:
So to th' experience of his jaws
Each states the merits of his cause.

He paus'd; and, with a solemn tone,
Thus made his sage opinion known:

"On carcases of every kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beast, or fowl, or man, I feed:
Such small distinction's in the savour,
By turns I choose the fancy'd flavour:
Yet I must own (that human beast!)
A glutton is the rankest feast."

Man, cease this boast; for human pride
Hath various tracts to range beside.
The prince who kept the world in awe,
The judge whose dictates fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd; death confounds them all.

Then think not that we reptiles share
Such cates, such elegance of fare;
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermin's food:
'Tis seated in th' immortal mind;
Virtue distinguishes mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the soul we know not where.
So, Good-man Sexton, hence the case
Appears with such a dubious face,
To neither I the cause determine,
For different tastes please different vermin."

AYE AND NO.

A FABLE*.

IN Fable all things hold discourse,
Then Words, no doubt, must talk of course,
Once on a time near Cannon-row,
Two hostile adverbs, Aye and No,
Werhaftening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite;
Before each general join'd the van,
Aye, the more courteous knight, began.

“ Stop, peevish Particle! beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon' folks awhile to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder stage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Aye, and Aye gives No;
Yet, in expensive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension.
Why then should kinsfolks quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us.)
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know:
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders. 25
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treasury lord, not Maister Young.
Obsequious at his high command,
Aye shall march forth to tax the land;
Impeachments No can best resist, 30
And Aye support the Civil list:
Aye, quick as Cæsar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,
Let Aye's seem No's, and No's seem Aye's; 35
Aye's be in courts denials meant,
And No's in bishops give consent.”
Thus Aye propos'd—and for reply,
No, for the first time, answer'd Aye.
They parted with a thousand kisses, 40
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

DUKE UPON DUKE†.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF, CHEVY-CHACE.

TO lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bower or hall:
Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,
That pride will have a fall.

* Taken from the *Miscellanies* published by Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope.

† This humorous Ballad is ascribed to Mr. Gay on conjecture only. It is among the *Miscellanies* published by Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope; is there

Now that this fame it is right sooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John Duke of Guise‡,
And Nic of Lancastere ||.

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek a cuff;
And, if your a—se, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
At every turn fell to 't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of these the duke of Lancastere
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trod
His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver fate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dy'd his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God:
And, when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnaire,
To Guise's duke was he:
Was ever such a loving pair?
How could they disagree?

Oh, thus it was: he lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desperate quill,
And thus he did indite:
“ This eve at whist ourself will play,
“ Sir Duke! be here to-night.”

“ Ah no! ah no!” the guileless Guise
Demurely did reply;
“ I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
“ So fore the gout have I.”

marked as not the Dean's; and has never been considered as Mr. Pope's. N.

‡ Sir John Guise. N.

|| Nicholas Lord Lechmere, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. N.

The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on ;
Lord! lord! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly Kenfington*!

All in a trice he rush'd on Guise,
Thrust out his lady dear ;
He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.

But mark, how midst of victory
Fate plays her old dog-trick!
Up leap'd duke John, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic! oh Nic, alas!
Right did thy gossip call thee :
As who should say, alas the day
When John of Guise shall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did sit;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do — what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woeful duke!
Thy mouth yet durst not open,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d instead of trope.

" Lie there, thou caitiff vile!" quoth Guise,
" No sheet is here to save thee :
" The casement it is shut likewise;
" Beneath my feet I have thee.

" If thou hast aught to speak, speak out,"
Then Lancastere did cry,
" Know'st thou not me, nor yet thyself?
" Who thou, and who am I?

" Know'st thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
" Have brawl'd and quarrel'd more,
" Than all the line of Lancastere,
" That battled heretofore?

" In senates fam'd for many a speech,
" And (what some awe must give ye,
Though laid thus low beneath thy breech)
" Still of the council privy;

" Still of the *dutch* chancellor :
" *Durante* life I have it;
" And turn, as now thou dost on me,
" Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the servants they rush'd in ;
And duke Nic. up leap'd he :
" I will not cope against such odds,
" But, Guise! I'll fight with thee :

* Lord Lechmere lived at Camden-house, near
Kenfington. N.

" To-morrow with thee will I fight
" Under the green-wood tree."
" No, not to-morrow, but to-night"
(Quoth Guise) " I'll fight with thee."

And now the sun declining low
Bestreak'd with blood the skies ;
When, with his sword at saddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guise.

Full gently pass'd he o'er the lawn,
Oft' roll'd his eyes around,
And from the stirrup stretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er :
At length he spy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand so white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour so calm
Was Lancastere to see,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee :

And so he did—for to New Court
His rolling wheels did run :
Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife ;
But *business* must be done,

Back in the dark, by Brompton-park,
He turn'd up through the Gore!
So slunk to Camden-house so high,
All in his coach and four.

Mean-while duke Guise did fret and fume,
A fight it was to see,
Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet, and weary, home he far'd,
Sore muttering all the way,
" The day I meet him, Nic shall rue
" The cudgel of that day.

" Mean time on every pissing-post
" Paste we this recreant's name,
" So that each piffer-by shall read
" And piss against the same."

Now God preserve our gracious king,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this lesson from duke Nic.
That pride will have a fall!

D I O N E.

A

PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

"Sunt numina amanti,
"Sævit et injusta lege relecta Venus."
TIBULL. Eleg. v. Lib. 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

EVANDER under the name of LYCIDAS.
CLEANTHES.
Shepherds.

WOMEN.

DIONE under the name of ALEXIS.
PARTHENIA.
LAURA.

Scene, ARCADIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Plain, at the Foot of a steep craggy Mountain.

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.

WHY dost thou fly me? Stay, unhappy fair,
Seek not these horrid caverns of despair;
To trace thy steps, the midnight air I bore,
Trod the brown desert, and unshelter'd moor:
Three times the lark has sung his matin lay,
And rose on dewy wing to meet the day,
Since first I found thee, stretch'd in pensive mood,
Where laurels border Ladon's silver flood.

DIONE.

O let my soul with grateful thanks o'erflow!
'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe.
Like the weak lamb, you rais'd me from the
plain,
Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain;
Each day I share thy bowl and clean repast,
Each night thy roof defends the chilly blast.
But vain is all thy friendship, vain thy care;
Forget a wretch abandon'd to despair.

LAURA.

Despair will fly thee, when thou shalt impart
The fatal secret that torments thy heart;
Disclose thy sorrows to my faithful ear,
Instruct these eyes to give thee tear for tear.
Love, love's the cause; our forests speak thy
flame,
The rocks have learnt to sigh Evander's name.

If faltering shame thy bashful tongue restrain,
If thou hast look'd, and blush'd, and sigh'd in
vain;

Say, in what grove thy lovely shepherd strays,
Tell me what mountains warble with his lays;
Thither I'll speed me, and with moving art
Draw soft confessions from his melting heart.

DIONE.

Thy generous care has touch'd my secret woe,
Love bids these scalding tears incessant flow.
Ill-fated love! O say, ye sylvan maids,
Who range wide forests and sequester'd shades,
Say where Evander bled, point out the ground
That yet is purple with the savage wound.
Yonder he lies; I hear the bird of prey;
High o'er those cliffs the raven wings his way;
Hark how he croaks! he scents the murder near.
O may no greedy beak his visage tear!
Shield him, ye Cupids; strip the Paphian grove,
And strow unfading myrtle o'er my love!
Down, heaving heart.

LAURA.

—The mournful tale disclose.

DIONE.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repose.
Yet if thy friendship still the cause request;
I'll speak, though sorrow rend my labouring breast.
Know then, fair shepherdess, no honest swain
Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain;
Unus'd to sweet content, no flocks I keep,
Nor browsing goats that overhang the steep.
Born where Orchomenos' proud turrets shine,
I trace my birth from long illustrious line,
Why was I train'd amidst Arcadia's court?
Love ever revels in that gay resort.
Whene'er Evander past, my smitten heart
Heav'd frequent sighs, and felt unusual smart.
Ah! hadst thou seen with what sweet grace he
mov'd!

Yet why that wish? for Laura then had lov'd.

LAURA.

Distrust me not; thy secret wrongs impart.

DIONE.

Forgive the fallies of a breaking heart.
Evander's sighs his mutual flame confess,
The growing passion labour'd in his breast;
To me he came; my heart with rapture sprung.
To see the blushes, when his faltering tongue
First said, I love. My eyes consent reveal,
And plighted vows our faithful passion seal:
Where's now the lovely youth; he's lost, he's
slain,
And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain!

LAURA.

Are thus the hopes of constant lovers paid?
If thus—ye Powers, from love defend the maid!

DIONE.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purple
east,
Since my dear hunter rous'd the tusk'd beast;

Swift flew the foaming monster through the wood,
Swift as the wind, his eager steps pursued:
'Twas then the savage turn'd; then fell the youth,
And his dear blood distain'd the barbarous tooth.

LAURA.

Was there none near? no ready succour found?
Nor healing herb to staunch the spouting wound?

DIONE.

In vain through pathless woods the hunters cross'd,
And fought with anxious eye their master lost;
In vain their frequent hallows echo'd shrill,
And his lov'd name was sent from hill to hill;
Evander hears you not. He's lost, he's slain,
And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain.

LAURA.

Has yet no clown (who, wandering from the way,
Beasts every bush to raise the lamb astray)
Observ'd the fatal spot?

DIONE.

— O, if ye pass
Where purple murder dyes the wither'd grass,
With pious finger gently close his eyes,
And let his grave with decent verdure rise. [*Weeps.*]

LAURA.

Behold the turtle who has lost her mate;
A while with drooping wing she mourns his fate;
Sullen, a while she seeks the darkest grove,
And cooing meditates the murder'd dove;
But time the rueful image wears away,
Again she's cheer'd, again she seeks the day.
Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

DIONE.

Yet sure some turtle's love has equal'd mine,
Who, when the hawk has snatch'd her mate away,
Hath never known the glad return of day.

When my fond father saw my faded eye,
And on my livid cheek the roses die;
When catching sighs my wasted bosom mov'd,
My looks, my sighs, confirm'd him that I lov'd.
He knew not that Evander was my flame,
Evander dead! my passion still the same!
He came, he threaten'd; with paternal sway,
Cleanthes nam'd, and fix'd the nuptial day:
O cruel kindness! too severely prest!
I scorn his honours, and his wealth detest.

LAURA.

How vain is force! Love ne'er can be compell'd

DIONE.

Though bound my duty, yet my heart rebell'd.
One night, when sleep had hush'd all busy spies,
And the pale moon had journey'd half the skies,
Softly I rose and dress'd; with silent tread,
Unbarr'd the gates, and to these mountains fled.
Here let me sooth the melancholy hours!
(Close me, ye woods, within your twilight bowers!

Where my calm soul may settled sorrow know,
And no Cleanthes interrupt my woe
With importuning love—

[*Melancholy Music is heard at a distance.*]

On yonder plain
Advances slow a melancholy train;
Black cypress boughs their drooping heads adorn.

LAURA.

Alas! Menalcas to his grave is borne.
Behold the victim of Parthenia's pride!
He saw, he sigh'd, he lov'd, was scorn'd, and
dy'd.

DIONE.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains?
Where may I see her?

LAURA.

— Ask the sighing swains.
They best can speak the conquests of her eyes;
Whoever sees her, loves; who loves her, dies.

DIONE.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame hath cross'd,
And she, like me, hath her Evander lost,
How my soul pities her!

LAURA.

— If pity move
Your generous bosom, pity those who love.
There late arriv'd among our sylvan race
A stranger shepherd, who with lonely pace
Visits those mountain-pines at dawn of day,
Where oft Parthenia takes her early way
To rouse the chase; mad with his amorous pain,
He stops and raves; then sullen walks again.
Parthenia's name is borne by passing gales,
And talking hills repeat it to the dales.
Come, let us from this vale of sorrow go,
Nor let the mournful scene prolong thy woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.*

*Shepherds and Shepherdesses (crowned with garlands
of cypress and yew) bearing the body of Menalcas.*

I SHEPHERD.

Here gently rest the corse—With faltering
breath

Thus spake Menalcas on the verge of death.

“Belov'd Palemon, hear a dying friend;

“See where yon hills with craggy brows ascend,

“Low in the valley where the mountain grows,

“There first I saw her, there began my woes.

“When I am cold, may there this clay be laid!

“There often strays the dear, the cruel maid;

“Thereas she walks, perhaps you'll hear her say,

“ (While a kind gushing tear shall force its way)

“How could my stubborn heart relentless prove?

“Ah, poor Menalcas—all thy fault was love!”

* This and the following scene are formed upon
the novel of Marcella in Don Quixote.

2 SHEPHERD.

When pitying lions o'er a carcase groan,
And hungry tigers bleeding kids bemoan;
When the lean wolf laments the mangled sheep;
Then shall Parthenia o'er Menalcas weep.

1 SHEPHERD.

When famish'd panthers seek their morning food,
And monsters roar along the desert wood;
When hissing vipers rustle through the brake,
Or in the path-way rears the speckled snake:
The wary swain th' approaching peril spies,
And through some distant road securely flies.
Fly then, ye swains, from beauty's surer wound.
Such was the fate our poor Menalcas found!

2 SHEPHERD.

What shepherd does not mourn Menalcas slain!
Kill'd by a barbarous woman's proud disdain!
Whoe'er attempts to bend her scornful mind,
Cries to the deserts, and pursues the wind.

1 SHEPHERD.

With every grace Menalcas was endow'd,
His merits dazzled all the sylvan croud.
If you would know his pipe's melodious sound,
Ask all the echoes of these hills around,
For they have learnt his strains; who shall re-
hearfe
The strength, the cadence of his tuneful verse?
Go, read those lofty poplars; there you'll find
Some tender sonnet grow on every rind.

2 SHEPHERD.

Yet what avails his skill? Parthenia flies.
Can merit hope success in woman's eyes?

1 SHEPHERD.

Why was Parthenia form'd of softest mould?
Why does her heart such savage nature hold?
O ye kind gods! or all her charms efface,
Or tame her heart—so spare the shepherd race.

2 SHEPHERD.

As fade the flowers which on the grave I cast;
So may Parthenia's transient beauty waste!

1 SHEPHERD.

What woman ever counts the fleeting years,
Or sees the wrinkle which her forehead wears?
Thinking her features never shall decay,
This swain she scorns, from that she turns away.
But know, as when the rose her bud unfolds,
A while each breast the short-liv'd fragrance holds;
When the dry stalk lets drop her shrivel'd pride,
The lovely ruin's ever thrown aside.
So shall Parthenia be.

2 SHEPHERD.

—See, she appears,
To boast her spoils, and triumph in our tears.

SCENE III.

Parthenia appears from the mountain.

PARTHENIA. SHEPHERDS.

1 SHEPHERD.

Why this way dost thou turn thy baneful eyes,
Pernicious Basilisk? Lo! there he lies:
There lies the youth thy curst beauty slew;
See, at thy presence, how he bleeds anew!
Look down, enjoy thy murder.

PARTHENIA.

—Spare my fame;
I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name.
If I'm a Basilisk, the danger fly,
Shun the swift glances of my venom'd eye:
If I'm a murderer, why approach ye near,
And to the dagger lay your bosom bare?

1 SHEPHERD.

What heart is proof against that face divine?
Love is not in our power.

PARTHENIA.

—Is love in mine?
If e'er I trifled with a shepherd's pain,
Or with false hope his passion strove to gain;
Then might you justly curse my savage mind,
Then might you rank me with the serpent kind:
But I ne'er trifled with a shepherd's pain,
Nor with false hope his passion strove to gain:
'Tis to his rash pursuit he owes his fate;
I was not cruel; he was obstinate.

1 SHEPHERD.

Hear this, ye fighting shepherds, and despair.
Unhappy Lycidas, thy hour is near!
Since the same barbarous hand hath sign'd thy
doom,
We'll lay thee in our lov'd Menalcas' tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Why will intruding man my peace destroy?
Let me content and solitude enjoy;
Free was I born; my freedom to maintain,
Early I fought the unambitious plain.
Most women's weak resolves, like reeds, will ply,
Shake with each breath, and bend with every
figh;
Mine, like an oak, whose firm roots deep descend.
Nor breath of love can shake, nor sigh can bend.
If ye unhappy Lycidas would save;
Go seek him, lead him to Menalcas' grave;
Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain,
Like him Menalcas wept, but wept in vain:
Bid him his heart-consuming groans give o'er:
Tell him, I heard such piercing groans before,
And heard unmov'd. O Lycidas, be wife,
Prevent thy fate.—Lo! there Menalcas lies.

1 SHEPHERD.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid,
And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid;

Let 's seek our charge; the flocks, dispersing wide,

Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's side.
Trust not, ye swains, the lightning of her eye,
Left ye, like him, should love, despair and die.

[*Exeunt* Shepherds, &c. *Parthenia remains in a melancholy posture, looking on the grave of Menalcas.*]

Enter LYCIDAS.

SCENE IV,

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

When shall my steps have rest? through all the wood,

And by the winding banks of Laden's flood,
I sought my love. O say, ye skipping fawns
(Who range entangled shades and daisy'd lawns),
If ye have seen her! say, ye warbling race
(Who measure on swift wing th' aerial space,
And view below hills, dales, and distant shores),
Where shall I find her whom my soul adores!

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, DIONE, LAURA.

[*Dione and Laura at a distance.*]

LYCIDAS.

What do I see? no. Fancy mocks my eyes,
And bids the dear deluding vision rise.
'Tis she. My springing heart her presence feels.
See, prostrate Lycidas before thee kneels.

[*Kneeling to Parthenia.*]

Why will Parthenia turn her face away?

PARTHENIA.

Who calls Parthenia? hah!

[*She starts from her melancholy; and, seeing Lycidas, flies into the wood.*]

LYCIDAS.

—Stay, virgin, stay.

O wing my feet, kind Love. See, see, the bounds,
Fleet as the mountain roe, when prest by hounds.

[*He pursues her. Dione faints in the arms of Laura.*]

LAURA.

What means this trembling? All her colour flies,
And life is quite unstrung. Ah! lift thy eyes,
And answer me; speak, speak, 'tis Laura calls.
Speech has forsook her lips.—She faints, she falls.
Fan her, ye zephyrs, with your balmy breath,
And bring her quickly from the shades of death:
Blow, ye cool gales. See, see, the forest shakes
With coming winds! she breathes, she moves,
She wakes.

DIONE.

Ah, false Evander!

LAURA.

—Calm thy sobbing breast.
Say, what new sorrow has thy heart oppress?

DIONE.

Didst thou not hear his sighs and suppliant tone?
Didst thou not hear the piteous mountain groan
Didst thou not see him bend the suppliant knee?
Thus in my happy days he knelt to me,
And pour'd forth all his soul! See how he strains,
And lessens to the fight o'er yonder plains,
To keep the fair in view! Run, virgin, run,
Hear not his vows; I heard, and was undone!

LAURA.

Let not imaginary terrors fright.
Some dark delusion swims before thy sight.
I saw Parthenia from the mountain's brow,
And Lycidas with prostrate duty bow:
Swift, as the falcon's wing, I saw her fly,
And heard the cavern to his groans reply.
Why stream thy tears for sorrows not thy own?

DIONE.

Oh! where are honour, faith, and justice flown?
Perjur'd Evander!

LAURA.

—Death has laid him low.
Touch not the mournful string that wakes thy woe.

DIONE.

That amorous swain, whom Lycidas you name,
(Whose faithless bosom feels another flame)
Is my once kind Evander—yes—'twas he.
He lives—but lives, alas! no more for me.

LAURA.

Let not thy frantic words confess despair.

DIONE.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air?
Yes, I that treacherous voice with joy believ'd,
That voice, that mien, that air, my soul deceiv'd.
If my dear shepherd love the lawns, and glades,
With him I'll range the lawns, and seek the shades,
With him through solitary deserts rove.
But could he leave me for another love?
O base ingratitude!

LAURA.

—Suspend thy grief,
And let thy friendly counsel bring relief
To thy desponding soul. Parthenia's ear
Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer;
Evander courts disdain, he follows scorn,
And in the passing winds his vows are borne.

Soon will he find that all in vain he strove
To tame her bosom; then his former love
Shall wake his soul; then will he sighing blame
His heart inconstant, and his perjur'd flame:
Then shall he at Dione's feet implore,
Lament his broken faith, and change no more.

DIONE.

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold disdain,
To raise his passion. Such are female arts,
To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts!

LAURA.

Parthenia's breast is steel'd with real scorn.

DIONE.

And dost thou think Evander will return?

LAURA.

Forego thy sex, lay all thy robes aside,
Strip off these ornaments of female pride;
The shepherd's vest must hide thy graceful air,
With the bold manly step a swain appear;
Then with Evander may'st thou rove unknown,
Then let thy tender elegance be shown;
Then the new fury of his heart control,
And with Dione's sufferings touch his soul.

DIONE.

Sweet as refreshing dews, or summer showers,
To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains;
Such are thy words. The sex shall be resign'd,
No more shall braided gold these tresses bind;
The shepherd's garb the woman shall disguise.
If he has lost all love, may friendship's ties
Unite me to his heart!

LAURA.

— Go prosperous maid,
May smiling love thy faithful wishes aid!
Be now Alexis call'd. With thee I'll rove,
And watch thy wanderer through the mazy
grove:
Let me be honour'd with a sister's name;
For thee I feel a more than sister's flame.

DIONE.

Perhaps my shepherd has outstript her haste.
Think'st thou, when out of sight, she flew so
fast?

One sudden glance might turn her savage mind;
May she like Daphne fly, nor look behind,
Maintain her scorn, his eager flame despise,
Nor view Evander with Dione's eyes!

VOL. VII.

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Lycidas lying on the grave of Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

WHEN shall these scalding fountains cease to
flow?
How long will life sustain this load of woe?
Why glows the morn? Roll back, thou source of
light,
And feed my sorrows with eternal night.
Come, fable Death! give, give the welcome stroke;
The raven calls thee from yon' blasted oak.
What pious care my ghastful lid shall close?
What decent hand my frozen limbs compose?
O happy shepherd, free from anxious pains,
Who now art wandering in the sighing plains
Of blest Elysium; where in myrtle groves
Enamour'd ghosts bemoan their former loves.
Open, thou silent grave; for lo! I come
To meet Menalcas in the fragrant gloom;
There shall my bosom burn with friendship's
flame,
The same our passion, and our fate the same;
There, like two nightingales on neighbouring
boughs,
Alternate strains shall mourn our frustrate vows.
But if cold death should close Parthenia's eye,
And should her beauteous form come gliding by;
Friendship would soon in jealous fear be lost,
And kindling hate pursue thy rival ghost.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE in a Shepherd's Habit.

LYCIDAS.

Hah! who comes here? turn hence, be timely
wife;
Trust not thy safety to Parthenia's eyes.
As from the bearing falcon flies the dove,
So, wing'd with fear, Parthenia flies from love.

DIONE.

If in these vales the fatal beauty stray,
From the cold marble rise; let's haste away.
Why lie you panting, like the smitten deer?
Trust not the dangers which you bid me fear.

LYCIDAS.

Bid the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets surprize,
On soaring pinion rove the spacious skies;
Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove;
Then bid my captive heart get loose from love.

3 P

The snares of death are o'er me. Hence! beware;
Left you should see her, and like me despair.

DIONE.

No. Let her come; and seek this vale's recess,
In all the beauteous negligence of drefs;
Though Cupid send a shaft in every glance,
Though all the Graces in her step advance,
My heart can stand it all. Be firm my breast;
Th' ensnaring oath, the broken vow detest:
That flame, which other charms have power to
move,
O give it not the sacred name of love!
'Tis perjury, fraud, and meditated lyes.
Love's seated in the soul, and never dies.
What then avail her charms? My constant heart
Shall gaze secure, and mock a second dart.

LYCIDAS.

But you perhaps a happier fate have found,
And the same hand that gave, now heals the
wound.
Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn,
A wretch, like me, the sport of pride and scorn?

DIONE.

O tell me, shepherd, hath thy faithless maid,
False to her vow, thy flatter'd hope betray'd?
Did her smooth tongue engage thee to believe?
Did she protest and swear, and then deceive?
Such are the pangs I feel!

LYCIDAS.

— The haughty fair
Contemns my sufferings, and disdains to hear.
Let meaner Beauties, learn'd in female snares,
Entice the swain with half-consenting airs;
Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conquering eyes,
And yet, where'er she turns, a lover sighs.
Vain is the steady constancy you boast;
All other love at sight of her is lost.

DIONE.

True constancy no time, no power, can move.
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to
love.
Though the dear author of my hapless flame
Pursue another; still my heart's the same.
Am I for ever left? (excuse these tears)
May your kind friendship soften all my cares!

LYCIDAS.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, bestow?

DIONE.

He best can pity who hath felt the woe.

LYCIDAS.

Since different objects have our souls possess'd,
No rival fears our friendship shall molest.

DIONE.

Come, let us leave the shade of these brown hills,
And drive our flocks beside the streaming rills.
Should the fair tyrant to these vales return,
How would thy breast with double fury burn!
Go hence, and seek thy peace.

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

— Fly, fly this place;
Beware of love; the proudest of her race
This way approaches: from among the pines,
Where from the steep the winding path declines,
I saw the nymph descend.

LYCIDAS.

— She comes, she comes;
From her the passing Zephyrs steal perfumes,
As from the violet's bank with odours sweet
Breathes every gale; spring blooms beneath her
feet.
Yes, 'tis my fairest; here she's wont to rove.

LAURA.

Say, by what signs I might have known thy Love?

LYCIDAS.

My Love is fairer than the snowy breast
Of the tall swan, whose proudly swelling chest
Divides the wave; her tresses, loose behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,
Are opening roses in the lily's bed,
Know'st thou Parthenia?

LAURA.

— Wretched is the slave
Who serves such pride! Behold Menalcas' grave!
Yet if Alexis and this sighing swain
Wish to behold the Tyrant of the plain,
Let us behind these myrtles twining arms
Retire unseen; from thence survey her charms.
Wild as the chaunting thrush upon the spray,
At man's approach she swiftly flies away.
Like the young hare, I've seen the panting maid
Stop, listen, run; of every wind afraid.

LYCIDAS.

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart?
Shepherd, beware—now fortify thy heart.

[To Dione.

[Lycidas, Dione, and Laura, retire behind the
boughs.

SCENE IV,

PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

PARTHENIA.

This melancholy scene demands a groan.
 Hah! what inscription marks the weeping stone?
 "O power of beauty! here Menalcas lies,
 "Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
 Why did Heaven form me with such polish'd
 care?
 Why cast my features in a mould so fair?
 If blooming beauty was a blessing meant,
 Why are my fighting hours deny'd content?
 The downy peach, that glows with sunny dyes,
 Feeds the black snail, and lures voracious flies;
 The juicy pear invites the feather'd kind,
 And pecking finches scoop the golden rind;
 But beauty suffers more pernicious wrongs,
 Blasted by envy, and censorious tongues.
 How happy lives the nymph whose comely face
 And pleasing glances boast sufficient grace
 To wound the swain she loves! No jealous fears
 Shall vex her nuptial state with nightly tears;
 Nor amorous youths, to push their foul pretence,
 Infest her days with dull impertinence.
 But why talk I of love? My guarded heart
 Disowns his power, and turns aside the dart.
 Hark! from his hollow tomb Menalcas cries,
 "Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
 Come, Lycidas, the mournful lay peruse,
 Lest thou, like him, Parthenia's eyes accuse.
She stands in a melancholy posture, looking on the tomb.
 [

LYCIDAS.

Call'd she not Lycidas?—I come, my fair;
 See generous pity melts into a tear.
 And her heart softens. Now 's the tender hour;
 Assist me, Love! exert thy sovereign power
 To tame the scornful maid.

DIONE.

—Rash swain, be wise:
 'Tis not from thee or him; from Love she flies.
 Leave her, forget her. *[They hold Lycidas.]*

LAURA.

—Why this furious haste?

LYCIDAS.

Unhand me; loose me.

DIONE.

—Sister, hold him fast.
 To follow her, is, to prolong despair.
 Shepherd, you must not go.

LYCIDAS.

—Bold youth, forbear.
 Hear me, Parthenia.

PARTHENIA.

—From behind the shade
 Methought a voice some listening spy betray'd.
 Yes, I'm observ'd. *[She runs out.]*

LYCIDAS.

—Stay, nymph; thy flight suspend.
 She hears me not—when will my sorrows end!
 As over-spent with toil, my heaving breast
 Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me rest.
[He remains in a fixt melancholy]

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA

Recall thy scatter'd sense, bid reason wake,
 Subdue thy passion.

LYCIDAS.

—Shall I never speak?
 She's gone, she's gone—Kind shepherd, let me
 rest
 My troubled head upon thy friendly breast.
 The forest seems to move—O cursed state!
 I doom'd to love, and she condemn'd to hate!
 Tell me, Alexis, art thou still the same?
 Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame
 Of thy first love? did not thy fluttering heart,
 Whene'er she rais'd her look, confess the dart?

DIONE.

I own, the nymph is fairest of her race,
 Yet I unmov'd can on this beauty gaze,
 Mindful of former promise; all that's dear,
 My thoughts, my dreams, my every wish is
 there. *[tye]*
 Since then our hopes are lost; let friendship's
 Calm our distress, and slighted love supply;
 Let us together drive our fleecy store,
 And of ungrateful woman think no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis death alone can raise her from my breast.

LAURA.

Why shines thy love so far above the rest?
 Nature, 'tis true, in every outward grace,
 Her nicest hand employ'd; her lovely face
 With beauteous feature stamp'd; with rosy dyes
 Warm'd her fair cheek; with lightning arm'd her
 eyes:
 But, if thou search the secrets of her mind,
 Where shall thy cheated soul a virtue find?

Sure hell with cruelty her breast supply'd:
How did she glory when Menalcas dy'd!
Pride in her bosom reigns; she's false, she's vain;
She first entices, then insults the swain.
Shall female cunning lead thy heart astray?
Shepherd, be free; and scorn for scorn repay.

LYCIDAS.

How woman talks of woman!

DIONE.

— Hence depart;
Let a long absence cure thy love-sick heart.
To some far grove retire, her sight disclaim,
Nor with her charms awake the dying flame.
Let not an hour thy happy night suspend;
But go not, Lycidas, without thy friend.
Together let us seek the cheerful plains,
And lead the dance among the sportive swains,
Devoid of care.

LAURA.

— Or else the groves disdain,
Nor with the sylvan walk indulge thy pain.
Haste to the town; there (I have oft' been told)
The courtly nymph her tresses binds with gold,
To captivate the youths; the youths appear
In fine array; in ringlets waves their hair
Rich with ambrosial scents, the fair to move,
And all the business of the day is love.
There from the gaudy train select a dame,
Her willing glance shall catch an equal flame.

LYCIDAS.

Name not the Court — The thought my soul con-
founds,
And with Dione's wrongs my bosom wounds.
Heaven justly vindicates the faithful maid;
And now are all my broken vows repaid.
Perhaps she now laments my fancy'd death
With tears unfeign'd; and thinks my gasping
breath
Sigh'd forth her name. O guilt, no more up-
braid!
Yes. I fond innocence and truth betray'd. [*Aside.*]

DIONE and LAURA apart.

DIONE.

Harsh! how reflection wakes his conscious heart.
From my pale lids the trickling sorrows start.
How shall my breast the swelling sighs confine!

LAURA.

O smooth thy brow, conceal our just design:
Be yet awhile unknown. If grief arise,
And force a passage through thy gushing eyes,
Quickly retire, thy sorrows to compose;
Or with a look serene disguise thy woes.
[Dione is going out. Laura walks at a distance,

LYCIDAS.

Canst thou, Alexis, leave me thus distressed?
Where's now the boasted friendship of thy breast?
Hast thou not oft' survey'd the dappled deer
In social herds o'erspread the pastures fair?
When opening hounds the warmer scent pursue,
And force the destin'd victim from the crew,
Oft' he returns, and fain would join the band,
While all their horns the panting wretch with-
stand.
Such is thy friendship, thus might I confide.

DIONE.

Why wilt thou censure what thou ne'er hast try'd?
Sooner shall swallows leave their callow brood,
Who with their plaintive chirpings cry for food;
Sooner shall hens expose their infant care,
When the spread kite fails wheeling in the air;
Than I forsake thee when by danger prest.
Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breast.

LYCIDAS.

If thy fair-spoken tongue my bosom shows,
There let the secrets of my soul repose.

DIONE.

Far be suspicion; in my truth confide.
O let my heart thy load of cares divide!

LYCIDAS.

Know then, Alexis, that in vain I strove
To break her chain, and free my soul from love:
On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wings,
Still more entangled in their clammy strings,
The slow-pac'd days have witness'd my despair,
Upon my weary couch sits wakeful care;
Down my flush'd cheek the flowing sorrows run,
As dews descend to weep the absent sun.
O lost Parthenia!

DIONE.

— These wild thoughts suspend;
And in thy kind commands instruct thy friend.

LYCIDAS.

Whene'er my faltering tongue would urge my
cause,
Deaf is her ear, and fullen she withdraws.
Go then, Alexis; seek the scornful maid,
In tender eloquence my sufferings plead;
Of slighted passion you the pangs have known;
O judge my secret anguish by your own!

DIONE.

Had I the skill inconstant hearts to move,
My longing soul had never lost my Love.
My feeble tongue, in these soft arts untry'd,
Can ill support the thunder of her pride;

When he shall bid me to thy bower repair,
How shall my trembling lips her threats declare!
How shall I tell thee that she could behold,
With brow serene, thy corse all pale and cold
Beat on the dashing billow? Should'st thou go
Where the tall hill o'erhangs the rocks below,
Near thee the tyrant could unpitying stand,
Nor call thee back, nor stretch a saving hand.
Wilt thou then still persist to tempt thy fate,
To feed her pride, and gratify her hate?

LYCIDAS.

Know, unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind
Oft' shifts her passions, like th' inconstant wind;
Sudden she rages, like the troubled main,
Now sinks the storm, and all is calm again.
Watch the kind moment, then my wrongs impart,
And the soft tale shall glide into her heart.

DIONE.

No. Let her wander in the lonely grove,
And never hear the tender voice of love.
Let her awhile, neglected by the swain,
Pass by, nor sighs molest the cheerful plain:
Thus shall the fury of her pride be laid;
Thus humble into love the haughty maid.

LYCIDAS.

Vain are attempts my passion to control.
Is this the balm to cure my fainting soul?

DIONE.

Deep then among the green-wood shades I'll
rove,
And seek with weary'd pace thy wander'd Love;
Prostrate I'll fall, and with incessant prayers
Hang on her knees, and bathe her feet with tears.
If sighs of pity can her ear incline,
(O Lycidas, my life is wrapt in thine!) [*Aside.*
I'll charge her from thy voice to hear the tale,
'Thy voice more sweet than notes along the vale
Breath'd from the warbling pipe: the moving
strain
Shall stay her flight, and conquer her disdain.
Yet if she hear, should Love the message speed,
Then dies all hope;—then must Dione bleed.
[*Aside.*

LYCIDAS.

Haste then, dear faithful swain. Beneath those
yews,
Whose sable arms the brownest shades diffuse,
Where all around, to shun the fervent sky,
The panting flocks in ferny thickets lie;
There with impatience shall I wait my friend,
O'er the wide prospect frequent glances send
To spy thy wish'd return. As thou shalt find
A tender welcome, may thy love be kind!
[*Exit Lycidas.*

SCENE VI.

DIONE, LAURA.

DIONE.

Methinks I'm now surrounded by despair,
And all my withering hopes are lost in air.
Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
Hears through long woods autumnal tempest
blow,
With hallow blasts the clashing branches bend;
And yellow showers of rustling leaves descend;
She sees the friendly shelter from her fly,
Nor dare her little pinions trust the sky;
But on the naked spray in wintery air,
All shivering, hopeless, mourns the dying year.
What have I promis'd? rash, unthinking maid!
By thy own tongue thy wishes are betray'd!
[*Laura advances.*

LAURA.

Why walk'st thou thus disturb'd with frantic air?
Why roll thy eyes with madness and despair?

DIONE.

[*Musing.*

How wilt thou bear to see her pride give way?
When thus the yielding nymph shall bid thee say,
"Let not the shepherd seek the silent grave,
"Say, that I bid him live—if hope can save!"

LAURA.

Hath he discern'd thee through the swain's disguise,
And now alike thy love and friendship flies?

DIONE,

Yes. Firm and faithful to the promise made,
I'll range each sunny hill, each lawn and glade.

LAURA.

'Tis Laura speaks. O calm your troubled mind.

DIONE.

Where shall my search this envy'd Beauty find?
I'll go, my faithless shepherd's cause to plead,
And with my tears accuse the rival maid.
Yet, should her soften'd heart to love incline!

LAURA.

If those are all thy fears, Evander's thine.

DIONE.

Why should we both in sorrow waste our days?
If love unfeign'd my constant bosom sways,
His happiness alone is all I prize,
And that is center'd in Parthenia's eyes.
Haste then, with earnest zeal her love implore,
To bless his hours—when thou shalt breathe no
more.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Dione lying on the ground by the side of a Fountain.

DIONE.

HERE let me rest; and in the liquid glass
View with impartial look my fading face.
Why are Parthenia's striking beauties priz'd?
And why Dione's weaker glance despis'd?
Nature in various moulds has beauty cast,
And form'd the feature for each different taste:
This sighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
That, for the gloss of sable tresses, dies.
Let all mankind these locks, these eyes detect,
So I were lovely in Evander's breast!
When o'er the garden's knot we cast our view,
While summer paints the ground with various
hue;
Some praise the gaudy tulip's streaky red,
And some the silver lily's bending head;
Some the jonquil in shining yellow dress,
And some the fring'd carnation's varied vest;
Some love the sober violet's purple dyes,
Thus beauty fares in different lovers' eyes.
But bright Parthenia like the rose appears,
She in all eyes superior lustre bears.

S C E N E II.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why thus beneath the silver willow laid,
Weeps fair Dione in the pensive shade?
Hast thou yet found the over-arching bower,
Which guards Parthenia from the sultry hour?

DIONE.

With weary step in paths unknown I stray'd,
And fought in vain the solitary maid.

LAURA.

Seest thou the waving tops of yonder woods,
Whose aged arms imbrown the cooling floods?
The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow,
And wash the soil from the big roots below;
From the tall rock the dashing waters bound.
Hark, o'er the fields the rushing billows sound!
There, lost in thought, and leaning on her
crook,
Stood the sad nymph, nor rais'd her pensive look;
With settled eye the bubbling waves survey'd,
And watch'd the whirling eddies as they play'd.

DIONE.

Thither to know my certain doom I speed,
For by this sentence life or death's decreed.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

LAURA, CLEANTHES.

LAURA.

But see! some hasty stranger bends this way;
His broider'd vest reflects the sunny ray;
Now through the thinner boughs I mark his
mien,
Now veil'd, in thicker shades he moves unseen.
Hither he turns; I hear a muttering sound;
Behind this reverend oak with ivy bound
Quick I'll retire; with busy thought possess,
His tongue betrays the secrets of his breast.

[She hides herself.]

CLEANTHES.

The skilful hunter with experienc'd care
Traces the doubles of the circling hare;
The subtle fox (who breathes the weary hound
O'er hills and plains) in distant brakes is found;
With ease we track swift hinds and skipping roes,
But who th' inconstant ways of woman knows?
They say, she wanders with the sylvan train,
And courts the native freedoms of the plain;
Shepherds explain their wish without offence,
Nor blush the nymphs;—for Love is innocence.
O lead me where the rural youth retreat,
Where the slope hills the warbling voice repeat.
Perhaps on daisy'd turf reclines the maid,
And near her side some rival clown is laid.
Yet, yet I love her.—O lost nymph return,
Let not thy fire with tears incessant mourn;
Return, lost nymph; bid sorrow cease to flow,
And let Dione glad the house of woe.

LAURA.

Call'd he not lost Dione? hence I'll start,
Cross his slow steps, and sift his opening heart.

[Aside.]

CLEANTHES.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandering way;
Where, in close bowers, to shun the sultry ray,
Repose the swains; whose flocks with bleating fill
The bordering forest and the thymy hill.
But if thou frequent join those sylvan bands,
Thyself can answer what my soul demands.

LAURA.

Seven years I trod these fields, these bowers, and
glades,
And by the lessening and the lengthening shades

Have mark'd the hours; what time my flock to
lead

To funny mountains, or the watery mead :
Train'd in the labours of the sylvan crew,
Their sports, retreats, their cares and loves I
knew.

CLEANTHES.

Instruct me then, if late among your race,
A stranger nymph is found, of noble grace,
In rural arts unskill'd, no charge she tends;
Nor when the morn and evening dew descends
Milks the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and dress
The polish'd manners of the Court confess.

LAURA.

Each day arrive the neighbouring nymphs and
swains,

To share the pastime of the jovial plains;
How can I there thy roving beauty trace,
Where not one nymph is bred of vulgar race!

CLEANTHES.

If yet she breathe, what tortures must she find!
The curse of disobedience tears her mind.
If e'er your breast with filial duty burn'd,
If e'er you sorrow'd when a parent mourn'd;
Tell her, I charge you, with incessant groans
Her drooping fire his absent child bemoans.

LAURA.

Unhappy man!

CLEANTHES.

—With storms of passion tost,
When first he learnt his vagrant child was lost,
On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow bosom rung;
Then up he started, and with fixt surprize,
Upon her picture threw his frantick eyes,
While thus he cry'd: "In her my life was bound,
" Warm in each feature is her mother found!
" Perhaps despair has been her fatal guide,
" And now she floats upon the weeping tide;
" Or on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
" All pale and cold she wavers in the wind.
" Did I not force her hence by rash commands?
" Did not her soul abhor the nuptial bands?"

LAURA.

Teach not, ye fires, your daughters to rebel.
By counsel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

CLEANTHES.

Ye duteous daughters, trust these tender guides;
Nor think a parent's breast the tyrant hides.

LAURA.

From either lid the scalding sorrows roll;
The moving tale runs thrilling to my soul.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps she wanders in the lonely woods,
Or on the fedy borders of the floods;
Thou know'st each cottage, forest, hill, and vale,
And pebbled brook that winds along the dale.
Search each sequester'd dell to find the fair;
And just reward shall gratify thy care.

LAURA.

O ye kind boughs, protect the virgin's flight,
And guard Dione from his prying sight! [*Exit*]

CLEANTHES.

Mean while, I'll seek the shepherd's cool abodes;
Point me, fair nymph, along these doubtful roads.

LAURA.

Seest thou yon' mountain rear his shaggy brow?
In the green valley graze the flocks below:
There every gale with warbling music floats,
Shade answers shade, and breathes alternate
notes. [*Exit* Cleanthes.

He's gone; and to the distant vale is sent,
Nor shall his force Dione's love prevent.
But see, she comes again with hasty pace,
And conscious pleasure dimples on her face.

SCENE IV.

LAURA, DIONE.

DIONE.

I found her laid beside the crystal brook,
Nor rais'd she from the stream her settled look,
Till near her side I stood; her head she rears,
Starts sudden, and her shrieks confess her fears.

LAURA.

Did not thy words her thoughtful soul surprize,
And kindle sparkling anger in her eyes?

DIONE.

Thus she reply'd, with rage and scorn possess'd.
" Will importuning love ne'er give me rest?
" Why am I thus in deserts wild pursu'd,
" Like guilty consciences when stain'd with
blood?
" Sure boding ravens, from the blasted oak,
" Shall learn the name of Lycidas to croak,
" To sound it in my ears! As swains pass by,
" With looks askance, they shake their heads and
cry,
" Lo! this is she for whom the shepherd dy'd!
" Soon Lycidas, a victim to her pride,

" Shall seek the grave ; and in the glimmering
glade,
" With look all pale, shall glide the restless shade
" Of the poor swain ; while we with haggard eye
" And bristled hair the fleeting phantom fly."
Still let their curses innocence upbraid :
Heaven never will forsake the virtuous maid.

LAURA.

Didst thou persist to touch her haughty breast ?

DIONE.

She still the more disdain'd, the more I prest.

LAURA.

When you were gone, these walks a stranger cross'd,
He turn'd through every path, and wander'd lost ;
To me he came ; with courteous speech demands
Beneath what bowers repos'd the shepherd bands ;
Then further asks me, if among that race
A shepherdess was found of courtly grace ;
With proffer'd bribes my faithful tongue essays ;
But for no bribe the faithful tongue betrays.
In me Dione's safe. Far hence he speeds,
Where other hills resound with other reeds.

DIONE.

Should he come back ; Suspicion's jealous eyes
Might trace my feature through the swain's disguise.

Now every noise and whistling wind I dread.
And in each sound approaches human tread.

LAURA.

He said, he left your house involv'd in cares,
Sighs swell'd each breast, each eye o'erflow'd with
tears ;

For his lost child thy penfive father mourns,
And sunk in sorrow to the dust returns.

Go back, obedient daughter ; hence depart,
And still the sighs that tear his anxious heart,
Soon shall Evander, wearied with disdain,
Forego these fields, and seek the town again.

DIONE.

Think, Laura, what thy hasty thoughts persuade.
If I return, to Love a victim made,
My wrathful fire will force his harsh command,
And with Cleanthes join my trembling hand.

LAURA.

Trust a fond father ; raise him from despair.

DIONE.

I fly not him ; I fly a life of care.
On the high nuptials of the Court look round ;
Where shall, alas, one happy pair be found !

There marriage is for servile interest fought :
Is love for wealth or power or title bought ?
'Tis hence domestic jars their peace destroy,
And loose adultery steals the shameful joy.
But search we wide o'er all the distant plains,
Where love alone, devoid of interest, reigns.
What concord in each happy pair appears !
How fondness strengthens with the rolling years !
Superior power ne'er thwarts their soft delights,
Nor jealous accusations wake their nights.

LAURA.

May all those blessings on Dione fall.

DIONE.

Grant me Evander, and I share them all.
Shall a fond parent give perpetual strife,
And doom his child to be a wretch for life ?
Though he bequeath'd me all these woods and
plains,
And all the flocks the russet down contains :
With all the golden harvests of the year,
Far as where yonder purple mountains rear ;
Can these the broils of nuptial life prevent ?
Can these, without Evander, give content ?
But see, he comes.

LAURA.

—I'll to the vales repair,
Where wanders by the stream my fleecy care.
Mayst thou the rage of this new flame control,
And wake Dione in his tender soul ! [*Exit* Laura.]

SCENE V.

DIONE, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Say, my Alexis, can thy words impart
Kind rays of hope to cheer a doubtful heart ?
How didst thou first my pangs of love disclose ?
Did her disdainful brow confirm my woes ?
Or did soft pity in her bosom rise,
Heave on her breast, and languish in her eyes ?

DIONE.

How shall my tongue the faltering tale explain !
My heart drops blood to give the shepherd pain.

LYCIDAS.

Pronounce her utmost scorn ; I come prepar'd
To meet my doom. Say, is my death declar'd ?

DIONE.

Why should thy fate depend on woman's will !
Forget this tyrant, and be happy still.

LYCIDAS.

Didst thou beseech her not to speed her flight,
Nor shun with wrathful glance my hated sight ?

Will she consent my sighing plaint to hear,
Nor let my piercing cries be lost in air?

DIONE.

Can mariners appease the tossing storm,
When foming waves the yawning deep deform?
When o'er the sable cloud the thunder flies,
Say, who shall calm the terror of the skies?
Who shall the lion's famish'd roar assuage?
And can we still proud woman's stronger rage?
Soon as my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name,
Sudden her glances shot resentful flame:
Be dumb, she cries, this whining love give o'er,
And vex me with the teasing theme no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis pride alone that keeps alive her scorn.
Can the mean swain, in numble cottage born,
Can Poverty that haughty heart obtain,
Where avarice and strong ambition reign?
If Poverty pass by in tatter'd coat,
Curs vex his heels and stretch their barking throat;
If chance he mingle in the female croud,
Pride tosses high her head, Scorn laughs aloud;
Each nymph turns from him to her gay gallant,
And wonders at the impudence of Want.
'Tis vanity that rules all woman-kind,
Love is the weakest passion of their mind.

DIONE.

Though one is by those servile views possess'd,
O Lycidas condemn not all the rest.

LYCIDAS.

Though I were bent beneath a load of years,
And seventy winters thin'd my hoary hairs;
Yet, if my olive branches dropt with oil,
And crooked shares were brighten'd in my soil,
If lowing herds my fattening meads possess'd,
And my white fleece the tawny mountain dress'd;
Then would she lure me with love-darting glance,
Then with fond mercenary smiles advance.
Though hell with every vice my soul had stain'd,
And froward anger in my bosom reign'd,
Though avarice my coffers cloath'd in rust,
And my joints trembl'd with enfeebled lust;
Yet, were my ancient name with titles great,
How would she languish for the gaudy bait!
If to her love all-tempting wealth pretend,
What virtuous woman can her heart defend?

DIONE.

Conquests, thus meanly bought, men soon de-
spise,
And justly slight the mercenary prize.

LYCIDAS.

I know these frailties in her breast reside.
Direct her glance, and every action guide.
Still let Alexis' faithful friendship aid;
Once more attempt to bend the stubborn maid.
Tell her no base-born swain provokes her scorn,
No clown, beneath the sordid cottage born;
Tell her, for her the sylvan dress I took,
For her my name and pomp of Courts forsook;
My lofty roofs with golden sculpture shine,
And my high birth descends from ancient line.

VOL. VII.

DIONE.

Love is a sacred voluntary fire,
Gold never bought that pure, that chaste desire.
Who thinks true love for lucre to possess,
Shall grasp false flattery and the feign'd caress;
Can we believe that mean, that servile wife,
Who vilely sells her dear-bought love for life,
Would not her virtue for an hour resign,
If in her sight the proffer'd treasure shine.

LYCIDAS.

Can reason (when by winds swift fires are borne
O'er waving harvests of Autumnal corn)
The driving fury of the flame reprove?
Who then shall reason with a heart in love?

DIONE.

Yet let me speak; O may my words persuade
The noble youth to quit the sylvan maid!
Resign thy crook, no more to plains resort,
Look round on all the beauties of the Court;
There shall thy merit find a worthy flame,
Some nymph of equal wealth and equal name.
Think, if these offers should thy wish obtain,
And should the rustic beauty stoop to gain;
Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' unequal fire,
The sudden blaze would in one year expire;
Then thy rash folly thou too late shall chide,
To poverty and base-born blood ally'd:
Her vulgar tongue shall animate the strife,
And hourly discord vex thy future life.

LYCIDAS.

Such is the force thy faithful words impart,
That like the galling goad they pierce my heart.
You think fair virtue in my breast resides,
That honest truth my lips and actions guides,
Deluded shepherd, could you view my soul,
You'd see it with deceit and treachery foul;
I'm base, perfidious. Ere from Court I came,
Love singled from the train a beauteous dame;
The tender maid my fervent vows believ'd,
My fervent vows the tender maid deceiv'd.
Why dost thou tremble?—why thus heave thy
sighs?
Why steal thy silent sorrows from thy eyes?

DIONE.

Sure the soft lamb hides rage within his breast,
And cooing turtles are with hate possess'd;
When from so sweet a tongue flow fraud and lies,
And those meek looks a perjur'd heart disguise.
Ah! who shall now on faithless man depend?
The treacherous lover proves as false a friend.

LYCIDAS.

When with Dione's love my bosom glow'd,
Firm constancy and truth sincere I vow'd;
But since Parthenia's brighter charms were known,
My love, my constancy and truth are flown.

DIONE.

Are not thy hours with conscious anguish stung?
Swift vengeance must o'ertake the perjur'd
tongue.

The Gods the cause of injur'd love assert,
And arm with stubborn pride Parthenia's heart.

LYCIDAS.

Go, try her; tempt her with my birth and state,
Stronger ambition will subdue her hate.

DIONE.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that lost maid,
Whose hourly sighs thy faithless oath upbraid!
Think you behold her at the dead of night,
Plac'd by the glimmering taper's paly light,
With all your letters spread before her view,
While trickling tears the tender lines bedew;
Sobbing she reads the perjuries o'er and o'er,
And her long nights know peaceful sleep no more.

LYCIDAS.

Let me forget her.

DIONE.

O false youth, relent;
Think should Parthenia to thy hopes consent;
When Hymen joins your hands, and music's
voice

Makes the glad echoes of thy domes rejoice,
Then shall Dione force the crowded hall.
Kneel at thy feet, and loud for justice call:
Could you behold her weltering on the ground,
The purple dagger reeking from the wound;
Could you, unmov'd, this dreadful sight survey?
Such fatal scenes shall stain thy bridal day.

LYCIDAS.

The horrid thought sinks deep into my soul,
And down my cheek unwilling sorrows roll.

DIONE.

From this new flame you may as yet recede,
Or have you doom'd that guiltless maid shall bleed?

LYCIDAS.

Name her no more.—Haste, seek the sylvan Fair.

DIONE.

Should the rich proffer tempt her listening ear,
Bid all your peace adieu. O barbarous youth,
Can you forego your honour, love, and truth?
Yet should Parthenia wealth and title slight,
Would justice then restore Dione's right?
Would you then dry her ever-falling tears;
And bless with honest love your future years?

LYCIDAS.

I'll in yon' shade thy wish'd return attend;
Come, quickly come, and cheer thy sighing
friend. *[Exit Lycidas.]*

DIONE.

Should her proud soul resist the tempting bait,
Should she condemn his proffer'd wealth and
state;

Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move,
And in his bosom wake the dying love.
As the pale wretch involv'd in doubts and fears,
All-trembling in the judgment-hall appears;
So shall I stand before Parthenia's eyes,
For as she dreads, Dione lives or dies.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, *asleep in a Bower.*

LYCIDAS.

MAY no rude wind the rustling branches
move; *[Love.]*
Breathe soft, ye silent gales, nor wake my
Ye Shepherds, piping homeward on the way,
Let not the distant echoes learn your lay;
Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat,
May no loud flake prolong the shriller note,
Lest she awake; O Sleep, secure her eyes,
That I may gaze; for, if she wake, she flies.
While easy dreams compose her peaceful soul,
What anxious cares within my bosom roll!
If tir'd with sighs beneath the beech I lie,
And languid slumber close my weeping eye,
Her lovely vision rises to my view,
Swift flies the nymph, and swift would I pursue;
I strive to call, my tongue has lost its sound;
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumb'd are bound;
Struggling I wake. Again my sorrows flow,
And not one flattering dream deludes my woe.
What innocence! how meek is every grace!
How sweet the smile that dimples on her face!
Calm as the sleeping seas! but should my sighs
Too rudely breathe, what angry storms would
rise!
Though the fair rose with beauteous blush is
crown'd,
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
The peach that with inviting crimson blooms,
Deep at the heart the cankering worm consumes;
'Tis thus, alas! those lovely features hide
Disdain and anger and resentful pride.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

Hath proffer'd greatness yet overcome her hate?
And does she languish for the glittering bait?
Against the swain she might her pride support,
Can she subdue her sex, and scorn a Court?
Perhaps in dreams the shining vision charms,
And the rich bracelet sparkles on her arms;
In fancy's heaps the golden treasure glows:
Parthenia, wake; all this thy swain bestows.

DIONE.

Sleeps she in these close bowers?

LYCIDAS.

—Lo! there she lies.

DIONE.

O may no startling sound unseal her eyes,
And drive her hence away. 'Till now, in vain
I trod the winding wood and weary plain.
Hence, Lycidas; beyond those shades repose,
While I thy fortune and thy birth disclose.

LYCIDAS.

May I Parthenia to the friendship owe?

DIONE.

O rather think on lost Dione's woe!

Must stee thy broken faith for ever mourn,
And will that juster passion ne'er return?

LYCIDAS.

Upbraid me not; but go. Her slumbers chase;
And in her view the bright temptation place.

[Exit Lycidas.]

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

DIONE.

Now flames the western sky with golden beams,
And the ray kindles on the quivering streams;
Long flights of crows, high-croaking from their
food,

Now seek the nightly covert of the wood;
The tender grais with dewy crystal bends,
And gathering vapour from the heath ascends.
Shake off this downy rest; wake, gentle maid
Trust not thy charms beneath the noxious shade.
Parthenia, rise.

PARTHENIA.

—What voice alarms my ear?
Away. Approach not. Hah! Alexis there!
Let us together to the vales descend,
And to the folds our bleating charge attend;
But let me hear no more that shepherd's name,
Vex not my quiet with his hateful flame.

DIONE.

Can I behold him gasping on the ground,
And seek no healing herb to staunch the wound?
For thee continual sighs consume his heart,
'Tis you alone can cure the bleeding smart.
Once more I come the moving cause to plead,
If still his sufferings cannot intercede,
Yet let my friendship do his passion right,
And show thy lover in his native light.

PARTHENIA.

Why in dark mystery are thy words involv'd?
If Lycidas you mean; know, I'm resolv'd.

DIONE.

Let not thy kindling rage my words restrain.
Know then, Parthenia flights no vulgar swain.
For thee he bears the serip and sylvan crook,
For thee the glories of a Court forsook.
May not thy heart the wealthy flame decline!
His honours, his possessions, all are thine.

PARTHENIA.

If he's a Courtier, O ye nymphs, beware;
Those who most promise are the least sincere.
The quick-ey'd hawk shoots headlong from above,
And in his pounces bears the trembling dove,
The pilfering wolf o'erleaps the fold's defence.
But the false Courtier preys on innocence.
If he's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, beware:
Those who most promise are the least sincere.

DIONE.

Alas! thou ne'er hast prov'd the sweets of State;
Nor known that female pleasure to be great.
'Tis for the town ripe clusters load the poles,
And all our Autumn crowns the Courtier's bowls;
For him our woods the red-ey'd pheasant breed;
And annual coveys in our harvest feed;
For him with fruit the bending branch is stor'd,
Plenty pours all her blessings on his board.
If (when the market to the city calls)
We chance to pass beside his palace-walls,
Does not his hall with musick's voice resound,
And the floor tremble with the dancer's bound?
Such are the pleasures Lycidas shall give,
When thy relenting bosom bids him live.

PARTHENIA.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from spray to spray,
Who sings a farewell to the parting day;
At large he flies o'er hill and dale and down;
Is not each bush, each spreading tree his own?
And canst thou think he'll quit his native brier,
For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with golden wire?
What then are honours pomp and gold to me?
Are those a price to purchase liberty?

DIONE.

Think, when the Hymeneal torch shall blaze,
And on the solemn rites the virgins gaze;
When thy fair locks with glittering gems are
grac'd,
And the bright zone shall sparkle round thy waist;
How will their hearts with envious sorrow pine,
When Lycidas shall join his hand to thine!

PARTHENIA.

And yet, Alexis, all that pomp and show
Are oft' the varnish of internal woe.
When the chaste lamb is from her sisters led,
And interwoven garlands paint her head;
The gazing flock all envious of her pride,
Behold her skipping by the Priestesses' side;
Each hopes the flowery wreath with longing eyes;
While she, alas! is led to sacrifice!
Thus walks the bride in all her state array'd,
The gaze and envy of each thoughtless maid.

DIONE.

As yet her tongue resists the tempting snare,
And guards my panting bosom from despair. [Aside.]
Can thy strong soul this noble flame forego?
Must such a lover waste his life in woe?

PARTHENIA.

Tell him, his gifts I scorn; not all his art,
Not all his flattery shall seduce my heart.
Courtiers, I know, are disciplin'd to cheat,
Their infant lips are taught to hiss deceit;
To prey on easy nymphs they range the shade,
And vainly boast of innocence betray'd;
Chaste hearts, unlearn'd in falsehood they assail,
And think our ear will drink the grateful tale.
No. Lycidas shall ne'er my peace destroy,
I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

DIONE,

So strong a passion in my bosom burns,
 Whene'er his soul is griev'd, Alexis mourns!
 Canst thou this importuning ardor blame?
 Would not thy tongue for friendship urge the
 same?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, blooming swain. You show an honest mind;
 I see it, with the purest flame refin'd.
 Who shall compare love's mean and gross desire
 To the chaste zeal of friendship's sacred fire?
 By whining love our weakness is confess'd;
 But stronger friendship shows a virtuous breast.
 In Folly's heart the short-liv'd blaze may glow,
 Wisdom alone can purer friendship know.
 Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays,
 Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
 Not daily benefits exhaust the flame,
 It still is giving, and still burns the same;
 And could Alexis from his soul remove
 All the low images of grosser love;
 Such mild, such gentle looks thy heart declare,
 Fain would my breast thy faithful friendship share.

DIONE.

How dare you in the different sex confide?
 And seek a friendship which you ne'er have try'd?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart.
 From thy chaste eye no wanton glances dart,
 Thy modest lips convey no thought impure,
 With thee may strictest virtue walk secure,

DIONE.

Yet can I safely on the nymph depend,
 Whose unrelenting scorn can kill my friend?

PARTHENIA.

Accuse me not, who act a generous part;
 Had I, like city maids, a fraudulent heart,
 Then had his proffers taught my soul to feign,
 Then had I vilely stoop'd to sordid gain,
 Then had I fight'd for honours, pomp and gold,
 And for unhappy chains my freedom sold.
 If you would save him, bid him leave the plain,
 And to his native city turn again;
 There, shall his passion find a ready cure,
 There not one dame resists the glittering lure.

DIONE.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain.
 Alas thou only canst assuage his pain.

SCENE IV.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

[Listening.]

Why stays Alexis? can my bosom bear
 Thus long alternate storms of hope and fear?

Yonder they walk; no frowns her brow disguise,
 But love consenting sparkles in her eyes;
 Here will I listen, here impatient wait.
 Spare me, Parthenia, and resign thy hate. [Aside.]

PARTHENIA.

When Lycidas shall to the Court repair,
 Still let Alexis love his fleecy care;
 Still let him chuse cool grots and sylvan bowers,
 And let Parthenia share his peaceful hours.

LYCIDAS.

What do I hear? my friendship is betray'd;
 The treacherous rival has seduc'd the maid. [Aside.]

PARTHENIA.

With thee, where bearded goats descend the steep,
 Or where like winter's snow, the nibbling sheep
 Cloath the slope hills; I'll pass the cheerful day,
 And from thy reed my voice shall catch the lay.
 But see, still Evening spreads her dusky wings;
 The flock, slow-moving from the misty springs,
 Now seek their fold. Come, shepherd, let's
 away,

To close the latest labours of the day.

[Exeunt hand in hand.]

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS.

My troubled heart what dire disasters rend?
 A scornful mistress, and a treacherous friend!
 Would ye be cozen'd more than woman can,
 Unlock your bosom to perfidious man.
 One faithful woman have these eyes beheld,
 And against her this perjur'd heart rebell'd:
 But search as far as earth's wide bounds extend,
 Where shall the wretched find one faithful friend?

SCENE VI.

LYCIDAS, DIONE.

LYCIDAS.

Why starts the swain? why turn his eyes away,
 As if amidst his path the viper lay?
 Did I not to thy charge my heart confide?
 Did I not trust thee near Parthenia's side,
 As here she slept?

DIONE.

—She straight my call obey'd,
 And downy slumber left the lovely maid;
 As in the morn awakes the folded rose,
 And all around her breathing odour throws;
 So wak'd Parthenia.

LYCIDAS.

—Could thy guarded heart,
 When her full beauty glow'd, put by the dart?
 Yet on Alexis let my soul depend;
 'Tis most ungenerous to suspect a friend.
 And thou, I hope, hast well that name profess.

DIONE.

O could thy piercing eye discern my breast!
 Could'st thou the secrets of my bosom see,
 There every thought is fill'd with cares for thee.

LYCIDAS.

Is there, against hypocrisy, defence?
 Who cloaths her words and looks with innocence!

[Aside.

Say, shepherd, when you proffer'd wealth and
 state,
 Did not her scorn and suppled pride abate?

DIONE.

As sparkling diamonds to the feather'd train,
 Who scrape the winnow'd chaff in search of grain;
 Such to the shepherdes the Court appears:
 Content she seeks, and spurns those glittering
 cares,

LYCIDAS.

'Tis not in woman grandeur to despise,
 'Tis not from Courts, from me alone she flies.
 Did not my passion suffer like disgrace,
 While she believ'd me born of sylvan race?
 Dost thou not think, this proudest of her kind
 Has to some rival swain her heart resign'd?

DIONE.

No rival shepherd her disdain can move;
 Her frozen bosom is averse to love.

LYCIDAS.

Say, art thou sure, that this ungrateful fair
 Scorns all alike, bids all alike despair?

DIONE.

How can I know the secrets of her heart?

LYCIDAS.

Answer sincere, nor from the question start.
 Say, in her glance was never love confess'd,
 And is no swain distinguish'd from the rest?

DIONE.

O Lycidas, bid all thy troubles cease;
 Let not a thought on her disturb thy peace.
 May justice bid thy former passion wake;
 Think how Dione suffers for thy sake:
 Let not a broken oath thy honour stain,
 Recall thy vows, and seek the town again.

LYCIDAS.

What means Alexis? where's thy friendship flown?
 Why am I banish'd to the hateful town?
 Hath some new shepherd warm'd Parthenia's
 breast?

And does my love his amorous hours molest?
 Is it for this thou bid'st me quit the plain?
 Yes, yes, thou fondly lov'st this rival swain.
 When first my cheated soul thy friendship woo'd,
 To my warm heart I took the viperous brood.
 O false Alexis!

DIONE.

—Why am I accus'd?

Thy jealous mind is by weak fears abus'd.

LYCIDAS.

Was not thy bosom fraught with false design?
 Didst thou not plead his cause, and give up mine?
 Let not thy tongue evasive answer seek;
 The conscious crimson rises on thy cheek:
 Thy coward conscience, by thy guilt dismay'd,
 Shakes in each joint, and owns that I'm betray'd.

DIONE.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O spare thy friend!

LYCIDAS.

Seek not detected falsehood to defend,

DIONE.

Beware, lest blind suspicion rashly blame.

LYCIDAS.

Own thyself then the rival of my flame.
 If this be she for whom Alexis pin'd,
 She now no more is to thy vows unkind.
 Behind the thicket's twisted verdure laid,
 I witness'd every tender thing she said;
 I saw bright pleasure kindle in her eyes,
 Love warm'd each feature at thy soft replies.

DIONE.

Yet hear me speak.

LYCIDAS.

—In vain is all defence.

Did not thy treacherous hand conduct her hence?
 Haste, from my sight. Rage burns in every vein;
 Never approach my just revenge again.

DIONE.

O search my heart there injur'd truth thou'lt find.

LYCIDAS.

Talk not of Truth; long since she left mankind.
 So smooth a tongue! and yet so false a heart!
 Sure Courts first taught thee fawning friendship's
 art!

No. Thou art false by nature.

DIONE.

—Let me clear

This heavy charge, and prove my trust sincere.

LYCIDAS.

Boast then her favours; say what happy hour
 Next calls to meet her in the appointed bower;
 Say, when and where you met,

DIONE.

—Be rage suppress.

In stabbing mine, you wound Parthenia's breast.
 She said, she still defy'd Love's keenest dart;
 Yet purer friendship might divide her heart,
 Friendship's sincerer bands she wish'd to prove.

LYCIDAS.

A woman's friendship ever ends in love.
Think not these foolish tales my faith command;
Did not I see thee press her snowy hand?
O may her passion like thy friendship last!
May she betray thee ere a day be past!
Hence then. Away. Thou'rt hateful to my sight,
And thus I spurn the fawning hypocrite.

[Exit Lycidas.]

SCENE VII.

DIONE.

Was ever grief like mine! O wretched maid!
My friendship wrong'd! my constant love betray'd!
Misfortune haunts my steps where'er I go,
And all my days are overcast with woe.
Long have I strove th' increasing load to bear,
Now faints my soul, and sinks into despair.
O lead me to the hanging mountain's cell,
In whose brown cliffs the fowls of darkness dwell;
Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall,
Shall lull my sorrows with the tinkling fall.
There seek thy grave. How canst thou bear the
light,
When banish'd ever from Evander's sight!

SCENE VIII.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows?
Does the proud nymph accept Evander's vows?

DIONE.

Can I bear life with these new pangs oppress!
Again he tears me from his faithless breast:
A perjur'd Lover first he sought these plains,
And now my friendship like my love disdains.
As I new offers to Parthenia made,
Conceal'd he stood behind the woodbine shade.
He says, my treacherous tongue his heart betray'd,
That my false speeches have misled the maid;
With groundless fear he thus his soul deceives;
What frenzied dictates jealousy believes!

LAURA.

Resign thy crook, put off this manly vest,
And let the wrong'd Dione stand confest;
When he shall learn what sorrows thou hast borne,
And find that nought relents Parthenia's scorn,
Sure he will pity thee.

DIONE.

—No, Laura, no.

Should I, alas! The sylvan dress forego,
Then might he think that I her pride foment,
That injur'd love instructs me to resent;
Our secret enterprize might fatal prove:
Man flies the plague of persecuting love.

LAURA.

Avoid Parthenia lest his rage grow warm,
And jealousy resolve some fatal harm.

DIONE.

O Laura, if thou chance the youth to find,
Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;
Should I once more his awful presence seek,
The silent tears would bathe my glowing cheek;
By rising sighs my faltering voice be stay'd,
And trembling fear too soon confess the maid.
Haste, Laura, then; his vengeful soul assuage,
Tell him, I'm guiltless; cool his blinded rage;
Tell him that truth sincere my friendship brought,
Let him not cherish one suspicious thought.
Then, to convince him his distrust was vain,
I'll never, never see that nymph again.
This way he went.

LAURA.

—See, at the call of night,
The star of evening sheds his silver light
High o'er yon' western hill: the cooling gales
Fresh odours breathe along the winding dales;
Far from their home as yet our shepherds stray,
To close with chearful walk the sultry day.
Methinks from far I hear the piping swain;
Hark, in the breeze now swells, now sinks the
strain!
Thither I'll seek him.

DIONE.

—While this length of glade
Shall lead me pensive through the sable shade;
Where on the branches murmur rushing winds,
Grateful as falling floods to love-sick minds;
O may this path to Death's dark vale descend!
There only can the wretched hope a friend.

[Ex. severally.]

ACT. V.

SCENE I.

A Wood.

DIONE, CLEANTHES (who lies wounded in a
distant part of the stage)

DIONE.

THE moon serene now climbs th' aerial way;
See, at her sight ten thousand stars decay:
With trembling gleam she tips the silent grove,
While all beneath the chequer'd shadows move.
Turn back thy silver axles, downward roll,
Darkness best fits the horrors of my soul.
Rise, rise, ye clouds; the face of heaven de-
form,
Veil the bright Goddess in a sable storm:
O look not down upon a wretched maid!
Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid,
And light his wandering footsteps to the bower
Where the kind nymph attends th' appointed
hour.
Yet thou hast seen unhappy love, like mine;
Did not thy lamp in heaven's blue forehead shine,

When Thisbe sought her love along the glade?
 Didst thou not then behold the gleaming blade,
 And gild the fatal point that stabb'd her breast
 Soon I, like her, shall seek the realms of rest
 Let groves of mournful yew a wretch surround!
 O sooth my ear with melancholy sound!
 The village-curs now stretch their yelling throat,
 And dogs from distant cots return the note;
 The ravenous wolf along the valley prowls,
 And with his famish'd cries the mountain howls.
 But hark! what sudden noise advances near?
 Repeated groans alarm my frightened ear!

CLEANTHES.

Shepherd, approach; ah! fly not through the
 glade.
 A wretch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

DIONE.

Say then, unhappy stranger, how you bled;
 Collect thy spirits, raise thy drooping head.
[Cleanthes raises himself on his arm.]
 O horrid sight! Cleanthes gasping lies;
 And Death's black shadows float before his eyes.
 Unknown in this disguise, I'll check my woe,
 And learn what bloody hand has struck the blow.
[Aside.]
 Say, youth, ere Fate thy feeble voice confounds,
 What led thee hither? whence these purple
 wounds?

CLEANTHES.

Stay, fleeting life; may strength a-while prevail.
 Lest my clos'd lips confine the imperfect tale.
 Ere the streak'd East grew warm with amber ray,
 I from the city took my doubtful way;
 Far o'er the plains I sought a beauteous maid,
 Who, from the Court, in these wide forests
 stray'd,
 Wanders unknown; as I, with weary pain,
 Try'd every path, and opening glade, in vain;
 A band of thieves, forth-rushing from the wood,
 Unsheath'd their daggers warm with daily blood;
 Deep in my breast the barbarous steel is dy'd,
 And purple hands the golden prey divide.
 Hence are these mangling wounds. Say, gentle
 swain,
 If thou hast known among the sylvan train
 The vagrant nymph I seek?

DIONE.

—What mov'd thy care,
 Thus, in these pathless wilds, to search the fair?

CLEANTHES.

I charge you, O ye daughters of the grove,
 Ye Naiads, who the mossy fountains love,
 Ye happy swains, who range the pastures wide,
 Ye tender nymphs, who feed your flocks beside;
 If my last gasping breath can pity move,
 If e'er ye knew the pangs of slighted love,
 Show her, I charge you, where Cleanthes dy'd;
 The grass yet reeking with the sanguine tide.
 A father's power to me the virgin gave,
 But she disdain'd to live a nuptial slave:
 So tied her native home.

DIONE.

—'Tis then from thee
 Springs the foul source of all her misery.
 Could'st thou, thy selfish appetite to please,
 Condemn to endless woes another's peace?

CLEANTHES.

O spare me; nor my hapless love upbraid,
 While on my heart Death's frozen hand is laid!
 Go, seek her, guide her where Cleanthes bled;
 When she surveys her lover pale and dead,
 Tell her, that, since she fled my hateful sight,
 Without remorse I sought the realms of night.
 Methinks I see her view these poor remains,
 And on her cheek indecent gladness reigns!
 Full in her presence cold Cleanthes lies,
 And not one tear stands trembling in her eyes!
 O let a sigh my hapless fate deplore!
 Cleanthes now controls thy love no more.

DIONE.

How shall my lids confine these rising woes?
[Aside.]

CLEANTHES.

O might I see her, ere Death's finger close
 These eyes for ever! might her soften'd breast
 Forgive my love with too much ardor press'd!
 Then I with peace could yield my latest breath.

DIONE.

Shall I not calm the fable hour of death,
 And shew myself before him!—Ha! he dies.
 See from his trembling lip the spirit flies! *[Aside.]*
 Stay yet awhile. Dione stands confest
 He knows me not: He faints, he sinks to rest.

CLEANTHES.

Tell her, since all my hopes in her were lost,
 That death was welcome— *[Dies.]*

DIONE.

What sudden gusts of grief my bosom rend!
 A parent's curies o'er my head impend,
 For disobedient vows; O wretched maid,
 Those very vows Evander hath betray'd.
 See, at thy feet Cleanthes bath'd in blood!
 For love of thee he trod this lonely wood:
 Thou art the cruel authoress of his fate;
 He falls by thine; thou, by Evander's hate.
 When shall my soul know rest? Cleanthes slain
 No longer sighs and weeps for thy disdain.
 Thou still art curst with love. Bleed, virgin
 bleed.
 How shall a wretch from anxious life be freed!
 My troubled brain with sudden phrenzy burns,
 And scatter'd thought now this, now that way
 turns.
 What do I see thus glittering on the plains?
 Ha! the dread sword yet warm with crimson
 stains!

[Takes up the dagger.]

SCENE II.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour.
This path directs me to my sylvan bower. [*Aside.*]

DIONE.

Why is my soul with sudden fear dismay'd?
Why drops my trembling hand the pointed
blade?
O string my arm with force; [*Aside.*]

PARTHENIA.

—Methought a noise
Broke through the silent air, like human voice.
[*Aside.*]

DIONE.

One well-aim'd blow shall all my pangs remove,
Grasp firm the fatal steel, and cease to love. [*Aside.*]

PARTHENIA.

Sure 'twas Alexis. Ha! a sword display'd!
The streaming lustre darts across the shade. [*Aside.*]

DIONE.

May Heaven new vigour to my soul impart,
And guide the desperate weapon to my heart!
[*Aside.*]

PARTHENIA

May I the meditated death arrest!
[*Holds Dione's hand.*]
Strike not, rash shepherd; spare thy guiltless
breast.
O give me strength to stay the threaten'd harm,
And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm!

DIONE.

What cruel hand with-holds the welcome blow?
In giving life, you but prolong my woe.
O may not thus th' expected stroke impend!
Unloose thy grasp, and let swift death descend.
But if yon' murder thy red hands hath dy'd;
Here. Pierce me deep; let forth the vital tide.
[*Dione quits the dagger.*]

PARTHENIA.

Wait not thy fate; but this way turn thy eyes:
My virgin hand no purple murder dyes.
Turn then, Alexis; and Parthenia know,
'Tis she protects thee from the fatal blow.

DIONE.

Must the night-watches by my sighs be told?
And must these eyes another morn behold

Through dazzling floods of tears? Ungenerous
maid,
The friendly stroke is by thy hand delay'd;
Call it not mercy to prolong my breath;
'Tis but to torture me with lingering death.

PARTHENIA.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part?
Whence are these gnawing pangs that tear thy
heart?
Is that thy friend who lies before thee slain?
Is it his wound that reeks upon the plain?
Is 't Lycidas?

DIONE.

—No. I the stranger found,
Ere chilly death his frozen tongue had bound.
He said; "As at the rosy dawn of day,
He from the city took his vagrant way,
A murdering band pour'd on him from the wood,
First seiz'd his gold, then bath'd their swords in
blood."

PARTHENIA.

You, whose ambition labours to be great,
Think on the perils which on riches wait.
Safe are the Shepherd's paths; when sober Even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of Heaven,
From danger free, through deserts wild he hies,
The rising smoke far o'er the mountain spies,
Which marks his distant cottage; on he fares.
For him no murderers lay their nightly snares;
They pass him by, they turn their steps away:
Safe Poverty was ne'er the villain's prey.
At home he lies secure in easy sleep,
No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep;
No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the buried gold;
Nor starts he from his couch aghast and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
While he, whose iron coffers rust with wealth,
Harbours beneath his roof Deceit and Stealth;
Treachery with lurking pace frequents his walks,
And close behind him horrid Murder stalks.
'Tis tempting lucre makes the villain bold:
There lies a bleeding sacrifice to gold.

DIONE.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares,
And journey through a tedious vale of tears.
Had you not rush'd between, my life had flown;
And I, like him, no more had sorrow known.

PARTHENIA.

When anguish in the gloomy bosom dwells,
The council of a friend the cloud dispels.
Give thy breast vent, the secret grief impart,
And say what woe lies heavy at thy heart.
To save thy life, kind Heaven has succour sent,
The Gods by me thy threaten'd fate prevent.

DIONE.

No. To prevent it, is beyond thy power;
 Thou only canst defer the welcome hour.
 When you the lifted dagger turn'd aside,
 Only one road to death thy force deny'd;
 Still fate is in my reach. From mountains high,
 Deep in whose shadow craggy ruins lie,
 Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe,
 And dash out life against the flints below?
 Are there not streams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
 Where my last breath may bubble on the tide?
 No. Life shall never flatter me again,
 Nor shall to-morrow bring new sighs and pain.

PARTHENIA.

Can I this burthen of my soul relieve,
 And calm thy grief?

DIONE.

—If thou wilt comfort give,

Plight me thy word, and to that word be just;
 When poor Alexis shall be laid in dust,
 That pride no longer shall command thy mind,
 That thou wilt spare the friend I leave behind.
 I know his virtue worthy of thy breast.
 Long in thy love may Lycidas be blest!

PARTHENIA.

That swain (who would my liberty control,
 To please some short-liv'd transport of his soul)
 Shows, while his importuning flame he moves,
 That 'tis not me, himself alone he loves.
 O live, nor leave him by misfortune prest:
 'Tis shameful to desert a friend distress'd.

DIONE.

Alas! a wretch like me no loss would prove,
 Would kind Parthenia listen to his love.

PARTHENIA.

Why hides thy bosom this mysterious grief?
 Ease thy o'erburthen'd heart, and hope relief.

DIONE.

What profits it to touch thy tender breast,
 With wrongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redrest?
 Let in my heart the fatal secret die,
 Nor call up sorrow in another's eye!

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

If Laura right direct the darksome ways,
 Along these paths the pensive shepherd strays. [*Aside.*]

DIONE.

Let not a tear for me roll down thy cheek.
 O would my throbbing sighs my heart-strings break!
 Why was my breast the lifted stroke deny'd?
 Must then again the deathful deed be try'd?
 Yes. 'Tis resolv'd.

[*Snatches the dagger from Parthenia.*]

PARTHENIA.

—Ah, hold; forbear, forbear!

LYCIDAS.

Methought Distress with shrieks alarm'd my ear.

PARTHENIA.

Strike not. Ye Gods, defend him from the wound!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Tis Parthenia's voice, I know the sound.

Vol. VII.

Some sylvan ravisher would force the maid,
 And Laura sent me to her virtue's aid.
 Lie, villain, die; and seek the shades below.
 [*Lycidas snatches the dagger from Dione, and
 stabs her.*]

DIONE.

Whoe'er thou art, I bless thee for the blow.

LYCIDAS.

Since Heaven ordain'd this arm thy life should guard,
 O hear my vows! be love the just reward.

PARTHENIA.

Rather let vengeance, with her swiftest speed,
 O'ertake thy flight, and recompence the deed!
 Why stays the thunder in the upper sky?
 Gather, ye clouds; ye forked lightnings, fly:
 On thee may all the wrath of Heaven descend,
 Whose barbarous hand hath slain a faithful friend.
 Behold Alexis!

LYCIDAS.

—Would that treacherous boy

Have forc'd thy virtue to his brutal joy?
 What rous'd his passion to this bold advance?
 Did e'er thy eyes confess one willing glance?
 I know, the faithless youth his trust betray'd;
 And well the dagger hath my wrongs repaid.

DIONE. [*Raising herself on her arm.*]

Breaks not Evander's voice along the glade?
 Ha! is it he who holds the reeking blade!
 There needed not or poison, sword, or dart;
 Thy faithless vows, alas! had broke my heart.

[*Aside.*]

PARTHENIA.

O tremble, shepherd, for thy rash offence,
 The sword is dy'd with murder'd innocence!
 His gentle soul no brutal passion seiz'd,
 Nor at my bosom was the dagger rais'd;
 Self-murder was his aim; the youth I found
 Whelm'd in despair, and stay'd the falling wound.

DIONE.

Into what mischiefs is the lover led,
 Who calls down vengeance on his perjurd head!
 O may he ne'er bewail his desperate deed,
 And may, unknown, unwept, Dione bleed! [*Aside.*]

LYCIDAS.

What horrors on the guilty mind attend!
 His conscience had reveng'd an injurd friend,
 Hadst thou not held the stroke. In death he sought
 To lose the heart-consuming pain of thought.
 Did not the smooth-tongu'd boy perfidious prove,
 Plead his own passion, and betray my love?

DIONE.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know;
 Lest his rash transport, to revenge the blow,
 Should in his dearer heart the dagger stain!
 That wound would pierce my soul with double pain.

[*Aside.*]

PARTHENIA.

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold)
 With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

LYCIDAS.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendship true?
 Then I'm a wretch. All peace of mind, adieu!
 If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein,
 Alexis, speak; unclose those lids again.

[*Flings himself on the ground near Dione.*]

See at thy feet the barbarous villain kneel!
 'Tis Lycidas who grasps the bloody steel!

3 R

Thy once-lov'd friend.—Yet, ere I cease to live,
Canst thou a wretched penitent forgive?

DIONE.

When low beneath the sable mould I rest,
May a sincerer friendship share thy breast!
Why are those heaving groans? (ah! cease to weep!)
May my lost name in dark oblivion sleep;
Let this sad tale no speaking stone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.
Let o'er my grave the levelling plough-share pass,
Mark not the spot; forget that e'er I was.
Then may'st thou with Parthenia's love be blest,
And not one thought on me thy joys molest!
My swimming eyes are overpower'd with light,
And darkening shadows fleet before my sight:
May'st thou be happy! ah! my soul is free. [*Dies.*
O cruel shepherds, for love of thee [*To Parthenia.*
This fatal deed was done.

SCENE THE LAST.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, LAURA.

LAURA.

——Alexis slain!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Twas I did it. See this crimson stain!
My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd.
O may the moon her silver beauty hide
In rolling clouds! my soul abhors the light;
Shade, shade the murderer in eternal night!

LAURA.

No rival shepherd is before thee laid;
There bled the chafest, the sincerest maid
That ever sigh'd for love. On her pale face,
Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace

Of thy once dear Dione? With wan care
Sunk are those eyes, and livid with despair!

LYCIDAS.

Dione!

LAURA.

——There pure constancy lies dead!

LYCIDAS.

May Heaven shower vengeance on this perjur'd head!
As the dry branch that withers on the ground,
So, blatted be the hand that gave the wound!
Off; hold me not. This heart deserves the stroke;
'Tis black with treachery. Yes: the vows are
broke [*Stabs himself.*
Which I so often swore. Vain world adieu!
Tho' I was false in life, in death I'm true. [*Dies.*

LAURA.

To-morrow shall the funeral rites be paid,
And these Love-victims in one grave be laid.

PARTHENIA.

There shall the yew her sable branches spread,
And mournful cypress rear her fringed head.

LAURA.

From thence shall thyme and myrtle send perfume
And laurel ever-green o'ershade the tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Come, Laura, let us leave this horrid wood,
Where streams the purple grafs with lovers' blood;
Come to my bower. And, as we sorrowing go,
Let poor Dione's story feed my woe
With heart-relieving tears.——

LAURA. [*Pointing to Dione.*

——Unhappy maid!

Hadst thou a parent's just command obey'd,
Thou yet hadst liv'd.—But who shall Love advise?
Love scorns command, and breaks all other ties.
Henceforth, ye swains, be true to vows profest;
For certain vengeance strikes the perjur'd breast.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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